



The
Western
Evangelist's
Sermons







Very truly yours,
Cal. Ogburn
"The Arizona Evangelist".

ONE HUNDRED
ILLUSTRATED SERMONS.

BY

EVANGELIST CAL. OGBURN,

AUTHOR OF "THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S PRAYER MEETING,"
"FIFTY TWO RESPONSIVE BIBLE READINGS," etc.

WITH SUPPLEMENTAL AND OTHER POEMS

CONTRIBUTED BY

VARIOUS AUTHORS.



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*To my Wife
Who for two decades has
Traveled Life's Highway
With me
Dividing my sorrow
And multiplying my joy
These "Sermons"
Are affectionately inscribed
By the Author.*

PREFACE.



The twofold purpose of preaching I apprehend to be that of imparting instruction in truth and righteousness, and in inducing the people to exemplify the teaching they have received by the performance of deeds of love and mercy, and in building up Christian character by cultivating all the nobler attributes of the soul—and that style of preaching is best that accomplishes these purposes best.

Illustrative preaching has always appealed to the popular mind. George Whitefield would not have stirred the people as he did if he had only offered them doctrine and dogma. Rowland Hill would have had comparatively little success if it had not been for his aptness and originality in illustrating his sermons. Spurgeon's epigrammatical sayings and "Feathers for Arrows" assisted him greatly in gaining and holding the attention of the thousands to whom he preached. Moody without his anecdotes would have been in a large measure shorn of his power to attract and hold the multitudes that every where greeted him. Gough's magical temperance addresses, that so moved and moulded the masses, if it had not been for the wealth of illustration from real life—both humorous and pathetic—that he poured into them, would have lacked half their charm and half their power.

There was One of old, "who spake as never man spake," of whom it is recorded that "the common people heard him gladly" and he inculcated great truths and taught revolutionizing doctrines by the use of homely

illustrations. His matchless parables were concerning a grain of mustard seed, buried treasure, a lost coin, new cloth on an old garment, wheat and tares, a barren fig tree, lilies of the field—illustrations that the orthodox Rabbis would have considered below their dignity to use in giving instruction to the people were employed by this Masterful Teacher to set forth clearly great principles never before so fully revealed and elucidated to the world.

Dr. Guthrie, than whom there is no better authority, for he demonstrated in actual practice what he affirms, said, "Illustrative preaching is intended as well for the unlearned as for the learned, for converting the unlettered poor, whose souls are as precious in God's sight as those of philosophers and kings. . . . A story in a sermon, like a float, keeps it from sinking; like a nail, fastens it in the mind; like the feathers of an arrow, makes it strike; and like the barb makes it stick."

As for these "Illustrated Sermons"—if the title may properly be given to them—some of which were written while I was serving as chaplain of the Nineteenth Legislative Assembly of Arizona and others since, I only express a hope that at least a few grains of wheat may be found among the chaff. The only claim that is made for them is that they are original.

The more than three score poets—many of whom are of national reputation—who have so kindly contributed especially to this volume have placed the author and the many appreciative readers of their verses under great obligations to them.

THE AUTHOR.

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Selected Especially for This Work.

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THE TERTI WATERFALL.
From the Painting by Gmelin.

ILLUSTRATED SERMONS.

—:O:—

Liberating Potential Energy.

‘Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.’—*Zech. 4:6.*

The mill on the bank of a great irrigating canal, where the farmers in the valley brought their grain to have it made into flour, was idle because there was an insufficient supply of water in the canal. The large turbine wheel that drove the machinery had ceased to revolve. Where was usually such noise and blustle and industry, now all was silent as the grave. The old mill stood with its machinery all intact, but motionless. The grain stored in the bins and elevators, could not be converted into flour—there was no power—no water in the canal.

Softly the light, airy snowflakes fell upon the mountains until there was an accumulation of congealed vapor lying upon their granite tops and in their rocky gorges like soft ermine robes wrapped about the bodies of great giants lying fast asleep under the magic spell of their own mightiness. Every drop of water, in the form of ice and snow, on the mountains, where the frost king reigned, was so much ‘potential energy, that is energy

of position in relation to the work it is capable of performing," and presented an equal amount of actual force—power to produce motion, when properly applied. The old mill, realizing this, appealed to the north wind for assistance, so the wind blew fierce and cold on the mountains, and piled the snow in great heaps, and pushed it over the sides of deep canyons, and tossed it about from place to place until it was quite exhausted. But not a drop of water from the mountains reached the mill. In fact, the small volume of water in the canal decreased steadily from the time the north wind began to blow.

Seeing the mistake it had made, the mill then appealed for assistance to the sun. He smilingly, and with unselfish interest consented at once to render the help asked for. So he began to pour his warm rays upon the ice and snow on the mountains, and to liberate the tiny drops of water there imprisoned, and to make their potential energy available for the machinery of the mill. Little rivulets began to trickle down the sides of the mountains, and, converging, formed larger streamlets, and these, as they sped on their way, became a river, from which water was diverted into the canal, the mill-wheels began to whirl, and flour was manufactured to supply the hungry people with bread—the staff of life—and all was due to the fact that potential energy had been converted into actual force and properly applied.

APPLICATION.

The beneficent possibilities of human nature, like the potential energy of the snow on the mountains, is beyond

the ability of man to measure when fully developed and properly directed. But this latent power for good cannot be made available by harsh means—"not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." It is the truth when preached in love, as directed by the Holy Spirit, that develops the potential powers of the human heart, and makes them available for good.

—:O:—

THE JOY OF SERVICE.

Not he who gives to me, but he
 Who teaches me to give, to me
 Brings richest stores of joy and peace.
 To give of self and all, and cease
 Not evermore to help and heal,
 Is Christlike both to be and feel.

My life with all it has of worth,
 I hold from God who gave it birth.
 'Tis not a treasure, rich and rare,
 To safely keep with anxious care,
 But one to be all freely spent
 For those to whom, through me, 'twas sent.

Am I, therefore, denied all ease,
 With all content and things that please?
 Not so, for God is wondrous wise.
 In pleasing self no pleasure lies.
 But pleasing others for their good
 Brings nought but joy, nor ever could.

There's nothing lost that's lost for Christ;
 The world for self hath not sufficed
 To satisfy the soul of man.
 In mercy God conceived the plan,
 That labor forth from love should spring,
 And love by laboring learn to sing.

R. B. PRESTON.

Love's Reward.

The greatest of these is love. *1 Cor. 13:13.*

Some years ago, before the exodus to the Klondyke began, a young man, who had rambled all over the west from Montana to Arizona in search of gold, decided to go to Alaska, hoping to find among the frozen secrets of that illusive Eldorado the buried treasure of which he had fondly dreamed. But he was again doomed to disappointment. If he could have exchanged hardships, privations and suffering for gold, even at a great discount, he would have had an abundance of the precious metal, but these were so common and undesirable that none cared to buy his experience, though many, who have since learned the same lessons in Alaskan territory would have saved money by paying him liberally for the information he could have given them.

Poor and miserable in the extreme he found his way from the frigid regions of storm-swept Alaska to the "Sunny south-land" of semi-tropic California. To add to his misery, his repeated disappointments had been followed by a career of intemperance. He had never known what it is to have a home, or to realize the blessedness of having some one to take an unselfish interest in his welfare. His affections were almost as cold as the frozen north he had left, and which he so detested that he wished he were able to blot from his heart its bitter memories.

Living a few miles from Los Angeles was an uncle—his father's brother—whom he had not seen since he was a little boy "back in the states"—as Californians

speak of the East. To this hospitable home he came, and for the first time in his life began to realize the signification of mother and home, for his uncle's wife—one of those saints in Israel, who leave the world poorer, and make heaven richer, when they go home to God—was to him a mother. She loved the poor wanderer as she loved her own son. Forgave him when in his weakness he did wrong, and praised him when he resisted his besetting sin. Wept over him in sorrow and sincerity when he broke his resolutions to abstain from the use of intoxicants, and always remembered him before God in her daily prayers. The work of reformation seemed slow—sometimes almost hopeless—till one day the nephew said: "Aunt, I have been intoxicated again and again, as you know to your sorrow, but, until recently, I have had no real desire or purpose to give up the intemperate life I have been living. I believe I have drunk every beverage that intoxicates, but without having any compunctions of conscience, such as I experience now. I have fully determined to reform. I can not drink a mother's tears, and yours have recently been in every cup I have placed to my lips." Love had conquered at last.

APPLICATION.

It is the utmost folly for any woman to voluntarily invite a life of sorrow by doing that which may be avoided, such as encouraging a husband to drink by being present at or in any way showing the least approval of wine suppers or banquets where any intoxicating beverage is served; or by marrying a man who is addicted

to the use of strong drink "to reform him." But if any woman has been placed by circumstances that could not be controled in the position of a wife who has a drunken husband, or a mother who has an intemperate son, she should always bear in mind that the greatest factor in bringing about a reformation is love. And it is well, in this connection, to remember the old adage that, "Prevention is better than cure." The greatest preventive of an intemperate life, or of a sinful course of any kind, is love.

—:O:—

"MY MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING."

'T was a fearful gale in sixty-one;
 All England felt the shock
 When the *Rising Sun*, a stalwart brig,
 Struck on the Longrear Rock.
 The foaming waves broke over her,
 Leaving her topmasts clear;
 And the men were clinging for their lives,
 Benumbed with cold and fear

Frantic the people watched on shore;
 One mast swayed back, and fell;
 'Shoot out the life-line, quick, brave men,
 Or none will be left to tell
 The horrors of this awful night;"
 The other mast is gone;
 And slowly the men draw in the line;
 Ah! what is fastened on
 Like a heavy log? 'T is a lifeless boy!
 The women's eyes are red,
 As they weep for some other mother,
 And kiss the fair young head.



AFTER THE WRECK.—From the Painting by C. Stanfield.

He moves! he lives! the sailor lad.
Stand back, and give him air!
Wipe off the salt sea from his lips,
And smooth his tangled hair.
He opens wide his glassy eyes;
"Where am I?" faintly said;
"You're saved, lad." "Where's the captain,—crew?"
"Ah! all the rest are dead."
He looks amazed, confounded, then,
Raising his hands on high,
"My mother has been praying!" says;
"And heaven has heard her cry."

O blessed faith in motherhood!
That on life's wildest sea,
Her voice can move the infinite
Upon a bended knee.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

——:O:——

Selfhood Revealed.

"The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of
Esau."—*Gen. 27:22.*

The other day, just at the dusk of evening, a very intimate friend called to see me. I happened to be painting the floor of my front porch when she came and was, unfortunately, the first person she met.

Clad in a misfit suit of cast-off clothing—the original color of which had been a dull brown, though now faded and bedaubed with paint of so many hues, tints, tinges and shades, that it might well have been styled, if there had been any style about it, a "variegated suit;" and wearing an antiquated slouch hat, the band of which

rested upon my ears, while the dropping brim almost concealed my face. I was down upon my hands and knees applying the paint-brush with a deftness and alacrity that would have shamed a master artist, when my friend approached and in a very dignified and formal but courteous manner inquired of me if she could go into the house by the front door, or was there fresh paint on the floor of the porch so she could not enter?

I am very frank to confess that my "garb," position and occupation just at that time were anything but those of a "clergyman," though of neither had I, under the circumstances, any reason to be ashamed. My occupation, if not dignified and graceful, was at least humble and convenient, while my clothing was easy-fitting and well suited to the work I was doing. A double-breasted Prince Albert coat of conventional black, white satin cravat and silk hat, a la Dunlap would hardly befit a "practical house-painter" when plying his trade.

I presume that never before in all her life had my friend been greeted by her host on the threshold of his own dwelling, on bended knees, as she was on this occasion, but to my complete surprise she failed to recognize me! She thought I was "some painter," and only saw her mistake when I spoke to answer her query about entering the house. She knew me then, like Isaac of old knew Jacob, by my voice.

APPLICATION.

In some way our identity will be revealed, and we shall be known by those characteristics that are really our own rather than by those we have assumed. The

latter may deceive for a time, but sooner or later our real selfhood will consciously or otherwise manifest itself. The mask will be torn off.

“To thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou can’st not, then, to any one be false.”

—:O:—

WEAVING.

My life is all a weaving
Between my God and me;
I may but choose the colors,—
He worketh steadily,
Full oft he weaveth sorrow;
And I in foolish pride,
Forget he sees the upper
And I the under side!

I choose my strands all golden,
And watch for woven stars;
I murmur when the pattern
Is set in blurs and mars.
I cannot yet remember
Whose hands the shuttles guide;
And that my stars are shining
Upon the upper side.

I choose my thread all crimson,
And wait for flowers to bloom,
For warp and woof to blossom
Upon my little loom!
Full oft I seek them vainly,
And fret for them denied;—
Tho’ flowering wreaths and garlands
May deck the upper side,

My life is but a weaving
 Between my God and me;
 I see the seams, the tangles,—
 The fair design sees he!
 Then let me wait in patience
 And blindness,—satisfied
 To make the pattern lovely
 Upon the upper side.

FLORENCE ALT GIBBS.

—:O.—

Ingratitude.

Ahithophel is among the conspirators with Absalom. *2 Sam. 15:31.*

The winter had been unusually severe, and the people who lived in sparsely settled neighborhoods on the western frontier had experienced great hardships from cold and insufficient food, clothing and shelter, though they had fared somewhat better than their domestic animals.

During the long, cold winter a great many cattle perished, and the few that survived, by browsing the elm and basswood trees that the farmers and frontiersmen felled for that purpose grew poorer and weaker when spring came and they could get here and there an occasional mouthful of fresh new grass. They became so weak that they could scarcely walk, and their owners would frequently find them lying utterly helpless and unable to rise. Calling on their neighbors for assistance they would go and help the poor creatures up, and offer them food and water, when the foolish animals would charge furiously on the men and continue to fight until, completely exhausted, they would fall and could not rise again without assistance.

APPLICATION.

Sometime, alas, people act in a similar manner.

A man is "down" financially and otherwise and friends help him to rise, when instead of being appreciative of their kindness he turns upon them with the fury and treachery of a savage. His attacks are grossly malicious and frequently repeated as long as he is able to continue them.

A son, in some "far country" of sin, is not only famine-stricken and friendless but has been prostrated by disease. His parents fly to his relief and nurse him back again to life when, Absalom like, he repays them with the basest ingratitude.

A church is in poverty financially and spiritually, when a self-sacrificing man of God goes to their assistance. He works and prays night and day and at last "gets the church on its feet again," when the "ruling element"—the bossy minority, to be found in almost all congregations—attacks him and he is impaled on the sharp horns of hyper-criticism and merciless misrepresentation.

Alas, that any man or woman, created in the likeness and image of God, and capable of doing good and of being grateful for favors and blessings bestowed, should be like "dumb, driven cattle!"—that Ahithophel and Absalom should ever conspire together, or cherish a desire for the beneficent king's dethronement.

“NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The little opening flower transported cries,
 “Not to myself alone I bud and bloom:
 With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,
 And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes,
 The bee comes sipping, every eventide,
 His dainty fill:
 The butterfly within my cup doth hide
 From threatening ill.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The circling star which honest pride doth boast,
 “Not to myself alone I rise and set:
 I write upon night’s coronal of jet
 His power and skill who formed our myriad host
 A friendly beacon at heaven’s gate,
 I gem the sky,
 That man might ne’er forget, in every fate,
 His home on high.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,
 “Not to myself alone, from flower to flower,
 I rove the wood, the garden, and the bower,
 And to the hive at evening weary come:
 For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
 With busy care,
 Content if he repay my ceaseless toil
 With scanty share.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The soaring bird, with lusty pinion, sings,
 “Not to myself alone I raise my song;
 I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
 And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
 I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
 And God adore;
 I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
 And sing and soar.”

"Not to myself alone,"
 The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,
 "Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;
 I scatter health and life on every side,
 And strew the field with herb and floweret gay,
 I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
 My gladsome tune;
 I sweeten and refresh the languid air
 In drougthy June."

"Not to myself alone:"—
 O man, forget not thou,—earth's honored priest,
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart,—
 In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part!
 Chiefest of guests at Love's ungrudging feast,
 Play not the niggard; spurn the native clod;
 And self disown;
 Live to thy neighbor; live unto thy God;
 Not to thyself alone.

—:O:—

DEPENDENCE.

High heaven stoops to draw the ocean-mist,
 The lowly land looks skyward for its rain;
 The seasons need the sun to keep their tryst
 With earth, and make the dour world glad again.
 Deep-hidden well-springs feed the hungry soil,
 The river slakes its thirst at many streams;
 Night turns to day for realty and toil,
 The day to night for solacement in dreams.

There is no thing in all creation free:
 One needs the other—all depend on God.
 The bird looks for it lodgement to the tree,
 The tree must fix its roots beneath the sod.
 Then, heart-I-love, no more in pride refuse
 My willing service—all I have to give.
 Were it for this alone, I still would choose,
 In spite of pain and poverty, to live.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

Autumn Foliage—Dead Leaves and Hopes.

“What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.”—*Phil 3:7*

The autumn foliage was variegated and beautiful, like the complex hopes and inspirations of a noble youth. The leaves had been breathed upon by the Frost King, that queer, illusive old magician, and under his magic spell had been gradually changed from bright green to russet, brown, yellow and red. Nothing could have been added to make the trees of the forest more attractive to the eye than they were. There was not about them the beauty of budding springtime or of staid mid-summer. It was not the fascination of the beginning of life, nor of its full possession, but rather that of its decline, for there is—if not a charm—an indefinable something about the incipient approach of death to the leaves of the forest that commands admiration.

You look at some tall, symmetrical maple, wearing its cerements of many colors, and you think of the fable of the dying swan. Or your eyes rest upon some primeval oak, clad in its variegated robe, and the approaching death of an old patriarch is suggested to your mind.

The frost has done its work. The leaves are dying—the leaves only. The trees that produced the leaves are as much alive as ever. They are only being prepared by the loss of their foliage for another year's growth and another and larger crop of fruit. The changing, dying leaves had completed their work. The trees have power to produce more leaves—and at the proper time will do so—to assist in maturing the fruit of an additional harvest. The old leaves are dead. 'Tis well.



GOLDEN LEAVES.

From the Painting by J. E. Grace.

APPLICATION.

How attractive and necessary are our hopes and aspirations. Pathetically beautiful is their death. They were ours. We had begotten them, and fondly cherished them so long!

Hopes grow like buds develop in the spring, when the genial sun shines and the warm winds blow. Hope is not fruition. Our hopes and inspirations only assist us in maturing the harvest, then the chilly blast of disappointment is felt and our hopes perish. But we do not die with them. Where the old hopes were, that died and fell away like the leaves in autumn, there are revealed the buds of new and better hopes, and in due time these, coming to maturity, will assist in producing a larger crop of fruit—kind words and good deeds. Mourn not because the blighting frost of disappointment has struck you. The apostle Paul had many such experiences. What had been the means of gain he lost—for Christ. So let the old hopes perish—they can not give or sustain life. Their work is done.

WHAT LIFE HATH.

Life hath many a tender tinting
 Of forgotten tears;
 Life hath many a woeful lesson
 Garnered from the years;
 And we have stronger grown
 By the trials we have known;
 Though tomorrow
 Hath its sorrow—
 We have never walked alone.

It is better that some sorrow
 Here should mark the way
 Than to find our each tomorrow
 Brighter than today.
 Blossoms spring through April showers,
 Harvest cometh after flowers;
 Although for years
 We sow in tears
 They shall thrive, those fields of ours.

For the Master sees our sowing,
 Whether smiles or tears—
 He will leave them for the reaping
 Of our ripened years.
 By each action we are sowing—
 Wheat or tares are daily growing;
 Golden sheaves
 Or withered leaves—
 Which shall be the harvest's showing?

WINFIELD L. SCOTT.

Two Games.

Andrew . . . first findeth his own brother Simon, and saith unto him, We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ. And he brought him to Jesus. *Jno. 1:40—42.*

There is a game in which rings made of iron, brass, rubber, or other suitable material, by being thrown a certain distance are placed around spikes driven into a board. Two or more persons may play the game at the same time, and the one placing the greatest number of rings nearest the center of the board is the winner. The nearer the players are to the board the easier, of course, it is for them to “ring the spikes,” which is by no means easy, even experienced players having much difficulty to “ring the center”—which counts most in the game—when only a short distance away, but a novice or a child could go to the board and place every ring in the middle of the board.

APPLICATION.

Our attempts at soul-winning are aptly illustrated by this game. We get far away from the souls we are endeavoring to save and occasionally toss a fragment of the gospel at them—when it is “our turn to play”—and if one is encircled by the saving power of Christ we congratulate ourselves upon our skill and good luck!

Oh, for personal contact in bringing men to Christ! Andrew should go and bring his brother Simon to the Savior.

MORE WORKERS FOR CHRIST.

More workers for Christ are needed today;
 Oh, who will respond to the call;
 The harvest is white, then, do not delay,
 For the night will come to us all.

More workers for Christ is what the world needs,
 Not seekers for fame or for gold;
 But men, who will prove their faith by their deeds,
 And bring the lost ones into the fold.

A. R. ADAMS.

—:O:—

TO WIN THE WORLD.

How shall we win the world to Christ?
 Have our words availed, have our gifts sufficed?
 Have our prayers and pleading been enough?
 O, the way is long and the road is rough!
 We may sit at the summit of Wisdom's peak
 And call to the climbers who toil and seek
 For the summit of Truth. We may rise and throw
 A rope of gold to the souls below,
 But unless we give them our strong right hand,
 Unless we are willing ourselves to stand
 On the perilous steep which their feet have trod,
 We never can win him to Christ—to God.
 When the rich no longer oppress the poor,
 When the mighty and fortunate cease to lure
 The feeble and fallen—when great and good
 Are bound in a cable of brotherhood,
 When the haughty grow humble, the bitter sweet,
 The world will turn upon hastening feet,
 Willing and glad to be led again
 By the way of truth which has made *us* men!

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.

Refractory Quartz.

"Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Heb. 12: 11.

The quartz lying on the "dump" appeared to the inexperienced eye to be only a heap of broken rock, but samples of it had been tested by the assayer and he had found it rich in gold and also "carrying" enough silver and copper to pay for mining the ore, although it was exceedingly hard and refractory. So the "claim" was bonded to a company of eastern capitalists and a mill was erected to crush the quartz. Day and night the heavy steel stamps thumped, and pounded and crushed the ore-bearing rock. Gradually each rough, refractory, granite-like piece of quartz lost its angularity, and as the pounding, crushing, grinding process continued, its identity disappeared entirely. It was no longer sharp, and jagged, and cutting, but had been reduced to powder. And while this was being done a stream of water was washing the finely pulverized quartz over a series of amalgam plates to which the gold, silver and copper adhered and were saved while the worthless particles of broken rock were carried away by the water.

The rough treatment to which the quartz was subjected was necessary that its inherent value might be extracted and be made available for use. But, oh, how it complained while it was being crushed by the great steel stamps! "Why not have allowed it to remain in the 'ledge' where nature placed it? For what purpose had it been removed and ground to powder? Was its

intrinsic value not as great before it was pulverized and the precious metals extracted?" Yes, but its usefulness and utility were impossible till the stamps had done their work.

APPLICATION.

It is just so, many times, with people. In every man and woman there is more or less of inherent worth. Capacity and ability to be useful to themselves and others. But often before this intrinsic power to bless can be utilized or made available they must pass under the chastening rod. Afflictions, disappointments, bereavements, tribulations must do their work, and not infrequently many and bitter are the complaints that are made while this chastening is going on, but "afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

—:O:—

NORTHLAND.

As desolate as arctic night
 That drags the chain of tardy dawn
 Are those far wastes, devoid of light,
 Whereinto thou art gone.

For Sorrow's North hath icy ways,
 Where pallid groups, without a plea,
 Endure the burden of the days
 In bitter company.



CHRIST AT GETHSEMENE.
From the Painting by Hoffman.

'Midst grief's grim solitudes they bide;
 Forgetfulness the goal they seek;
 While memory, keeping close beside,
 Strides strong when the are weak.

Thank God, if, in the land of dole,
 Too sad for tears, too dark for dreams,
 At last upon thy night-bound soul
 Hope's wide aurora streams.

GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

——:O:——

GETHSEMANE.

Peace, ye winds, o'er night worlds weep-
 ing, while the Man of Galilee
 Prays for weaker brothers sleeping in
 His lone Gethsemane.
 Grandeur than the songs of sages runs the
 fiat through the ages,
 Graven deep on mortal pages—spoken by
 the Suff'rer prone;
 "Not my will, but Thine, O, Father—not
 my will, but Thine be done!"

Down from olden flowing Kedron, down
 from grim Golgotha's hill,
 Whisp'ring love to hearts deep ladened,
 they are singing, "Peace be still."
 Through the labyrinths of crosses, life's,
 ambitions bent with losses,
 Where Fate's tempest Hope's ship tosses,
 gleam the beams of Mercy's Sun,
 And the soft sweet words of comfort—
 "not my will, but Thine, be done."

Louder grows the boom of battle, and the
 life-tide gurgles deep—
 "Taps" of doom in splendor's tattoo—
 crimson tears that mothers weep—
 Only love unthorns the roses, warms the
 wind when summer closes;
 Love that hides the sins of mortals, leads
 the poor, blind wander on
 Into God's supernal portals, where His
 will alone is done.

Peace, ye winds o'er night-worlds weep-
 ing, for the Man of Galilee
 Long has loved the heedless sleeping in
 the dark Gethsemane.
 Sweeter than the songs of sages runs the
 fiat through the ages,
 Graven deep on mortal pages—spoken by
 the martyred One:
 "Not my will, but Thine, O Father—not
 my will, but Thine, be done!"

ELMORE LUCEY.

————:O:————

A Corrupt tree.

A corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit. Matt. 7: 17.

Let us destroy the tree with the fruit thereof. Jer. 11: 19.

Some years ago it was my fortune, whether good or bad, to become the owner of a small ranch in "Our Italy"—as the southern part of California, on account of its salubrious climate, has been aptly styled. When making the purchase I observed a tree growing in the door yard and said to the man from whom I was making the purchase, "Why have you permitted that tree to grow on your premises, for you have certainly recognized

the fact that it matures many crops of seeds annually and that the wind scatters the seeds broad-cast over your own land and that of your neighbors causing much trouble and expense to eradicate the young trees that spring up from this wholesale seeding?"

"You see," said he, in reply, "that the tree is symmetrical and beautiful, its shade inviting, and its blossoms always abundant and fragrant. I prevent the deleterious effects its harvests of ripened seeds would cause by going over the tree frequently and carefully removing the seed before they mature."

"But," said I, "do you not find that a great deal of trouble, and each time the task greater than before, because the tree is larger and the harvest more plentiful?"

"Yes," he replied, "it does require no small amount of both time and labor to remove the seed before they ripen, and each harvest is somewhat larger than the preceding one, but I have become attached to the tree, having planted and cared for it all these years, and do not object to the trouble."

"Suppose," said I, "you should neglect or for some reason be unable to exercise this wholesome restraint even for a short time, would not the tree, with all of its commendable qualities—its pleasing appearance, and acceptable shade—forefeit all its right to live by just the one crop of seed it would mature? Would not the injurious effects of this single harvest more than counter-balance all the benefits that could be derived from it? In other words, is not the tree naturally more potent for evil than for good!"

To my somewhat circumlocutory, but at last, pointed questioning, he answered, "Yes, certainly, the baleful effects and the power of the tree to cause injury, when left to itself, would be much greater than the good that comes from it, but," he added, placing some emphasis on the personal pronoun of the first person, "I have always controled it."

And so he had, but the tree had been increasing constantly in its ability to produce a larger and larger harvest, when it should be left to itself. I decided, after making the purchase, to have the tree removed at once—but neglected to do so, and when I visited the ranch again in a few weeks the largest crop of ripened seed the tree had ever been capable of bearing had been scattered far and wide!

APPLICATION.

Frequently a man will cultivate some appetite or passion under the false belief that he is able to control it, until, in an unguarded moment, it asserts the mastery over him. This is especially true of intemperance. The "social glass" has prepared the way for the "flowing bowl," and the awful harvest of misery and wretchedness, for himself and others, that inevitably follows. The tree as well as the fruit is corrupt, and the only safe course is to "destroy the tree with the fruit thereof."

A PRAYER.

O, Father mine,
 While yet the maddening dance goes on,
 and flows the Bacchic wine,
 Like bartered blood from Virtue's veins
 on Youth's low shattered shrine;
 While 'round the ribald rev'lers laugh, as
 ebbs the ceaseless sand,—
 O, lend Thy love, bend down and lift me
 from the dark quicksands,—
 Take Thou my hand!

O, Father mine,
 Had I but known these placid paths led
 down to reeking swine,
 The serpent slept in trait'rous coils be-
 neath the blossoming vine,
 I had not reaped these tear-damp tares in
 fields of sunless morn!
 O, guide my feet to life and light, to
 heavenly hills of dawn,
 Lead Thou me on!

TH. ELMORE LUCEY.

—:O:—

A Backslidden Ranch.

“The last state of that man is wors than the first.” Luke 11: 26

The land was what is called “virgin soil.” That is, it had never been cultivated. It was a rich, sandy loam and with skillful cultivation would produce abundantly. A man purchased it and began at once to prepare it to receive the seed, and in due time it yielded abundantly. Large crops of wheat, barley and alfalfa were harvested year after year. People as they passed by said, “What a

beautiful ranch." But by and by domestic trouble came to the owner of the farm and litigation followed. There was a long series of suits in court in which the title of the farm was involved, and for years it had ceased to be cultivated, till in the course of time mesquite, catclaw, grease-wood, and other noxious weeds and plants took full and complete possession. You would never have guessed that the land had ever produced anything but these, or that it could bring forth anything better even under the most fevorable conditions. And certainly it would have been no small task—as difficult if not more so than at first—to have prepared it for culivation a second time. And then all those years in which great crops would have been harvested if the land had not been neglected were gone forever. Lost opportunities. Wasted years. No harvest!

APPLICATION.

How strikingly this represents the backslider. The man or woman who once brought forth the fruits of a righteous life. Under the Holy Spirit there was "love, joy, peace, long-suffering gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance," but now instead of these there is "adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, reveling, and such like." How sad and yet how true that such a change is possible to any Christian! "What I say unto you I say unto all, watch," lest any should backslide and thus the last state become worse than the first.

A SONG OF CHEER.

Does the night seem dark and drear,
The future filled with doubt and fear?
Cheer up; these clouds will pass away,
The darkest night will change to day;
Tho' the future now seems dark and dim,
Look up and put your trust in Him
Who "heareth his children when they call,
And noteth even the sparrow's fall."

Does your heart seem crushed with care,
Life's burden greater than you can bear?
Cheer up; these too, will pass away,
There soon will dawn a brighter day;
Soon will pass the night of gloom,
The birds will sing and the flowers bloom;
Look up, dear one, there's light above,
Look up to Him for light and love.

After the clouds, the mist and rain,
Sunshine and flowers will come again;
Storm, night and darkness will fade away,
And after the night will dawn the day;
The hours of gloom will soon be past,
Sweet peace and joy will come at last;
Tho' now you bow beneath the rod,
Look up and put your trust in God.

Then look above and dry your tears;
Trust God thro' all the coming years;
He'll lead thee tho' the way seems dark,
Tho' the tempest wild, He'll guide thy bark;
He knows the way, He holds the key;
To all thy future destiny;
Cheer up; once more the sun will shine,
Look up, and trust your God and mine.

"No Ice."

Be kindly affectioned one to another, with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another; not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Rom. 12: 10, 11.

On the back of a pew, in a fashionable church, there were some printed instructions to which the pew-holder's attention had been directed by the familiar word "Notice," but some waggish (or wise) person had erased the "t" which made it read "No ice." While perhaps the transmutation of the original word into this significant phrase might have been unpleasantly suggestive to the occupant of the pew, because of it being considered somewhat local and personal in its application, it contained, nevertheless, a most wholesome bit of advice. Too often the "leading churches" have deserved the appellation of "holy refrigerators." More fervency and less ice would make them more comfortable. To "be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love" is more pleasant and profitable to all than to be frigidly polite.

APPLICATION.

Try it.

:O:

A FASHIONABLE PRAYER.

Give me an eye to others' failings blind—
Miss Smith's new bonnet 's quite a fright behind!

Wake in me charity for the suffering poor—
There comes that contribution plate once more!

Take from my soul all feeling covetous—
I'll have a shawl like that, or make a fuss!

Let love for all my kind my spirit stir—
Save Mrs. Jones—I'll never speak to her!

Let me in truth's fair pages take delight—
I'll read that other novel through tonight!

Make me contented with my earthly state—
I wish I'd married rich. But it's too late!

Give me a heart of faith in all my kind—
Miss Brown's as big a hypocrite as you'll find!

Help me to so see myself as others see—
This dress is quite becoming unto me!

Let me act out no falsehood, I appeal—
I wonder if they think these curls are real!

Make my heart of humility the fount—
How glad I am our pew's so near the front!

Fill me with patience and strength to wait—
I know he'll preach until our dinner's late!

Take from my heart each grain of self-conceit—
I'm sure the gentleman must think me sweet!

Let saintly wisdom be my daily food—
I wonder what we'll have for dinner good!

Let not my feet ache in the road to light—
Nobody knows how these shoes pinch and bite!

In this world teach me to observe the next—
Church out! Charles, do you recollect the text?

An Aspiring Foothill.

“Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate.”—
Rom. 12: 16.

There was a beautiful green foothill that nestled securely with many of its associates at the base of a very high mountain. It was in the midst of kindred spirits and enjoyed the happiest fellowship, till one day it happened to look up and see the great mountain towering majestically above it, when it at once grew dissatisfied. It complained bitterly of being compelled to occupy such a humble position and wished it could be a mighty, snowclad mountain instead of an insignificant little foothill covered with green grass and horrid yellow poppies. It was true that it had not been lonely for a single hour for it had always had many congenial companions with whom it could hold pleasant conversation at any time, and besides many tourists and sight-seers visited it frequently and never failed to speak of its modesty and beauty. But notwithstanding all this it grew more and more dissatisfied with what it was pleased to call its “prosy life,” and a night never passed without a prayer—or rather a complaint—being made that it might be transformed into a great mountain. So one morning, to its unspeakable delight, it found that during the night its prayer had been partially answered. It had grown perceptibly larger. The second morning it was quite a good deal larger and it really felt as though it were almost a condescension to return the friendly greetings of its old neighbors—the *verdant foothills*. Thus, as it continued to grow, day after day, and night



ALPINE HUNTER.

From the Painting by E. Young.

after night, its off-repeated prayer was being answered. But one morning, after an unusually chilly and uncomfortable night, it found that its beautiful covering of grass and flowers was gone, and that it was not quite so happy since this loss had been sustained, but it was becoming a mountain, and it comforted itself with the hope that trees and other kinds of vegetation would soon come to take their place, and they did, but the top of the little hill was pushed up higher and higher till at last the "timber line" was passed and upon its summit there was no vegetation of any kind save here and there some patches of steel-gray moss upon the great rocks. And there it stood in eternal solitude while the storms of perpetual winter swept over it. Its prayer had been answered.

APPLICATION.

Sometimes a plain, useful man becomes dissatisfied with his humble lot in life, and desires to occupy a more conspicuous position, so the prayer is repeatedly made for a more exalted place. Not that his usefulness may be enhanced, but that he may have the selfish satisfaction of looking down upon those less fortunate (?) than himself. If the prayer is answered, as in many instances it is, he finds himself, like the dissatisfied foothill, cold, companionless, and unhappy. "Mind not high things, but condescend to (be) men of low estate."

—:O:—

THE APPLE TREE.

There's a tree right under my window,
It's a gnarled old apple tree,
And its limbs are scarred and twisted,
As apple tree limbs can be.

But the blooms that come on its branches,
They are always sweet and fair,
And its rough old limbs in the autumn
A plenteous harvest bear.

The stately trees of the forest.
Breathe low of secluded rest,
And murmur that peace and quiet
Away from the world is best.

But of labor and love and courage
The apple tree sings to me,
And its cheerful song rings gayly,
As it tosses its limbs in glee.

And whether the summer zephyrs
Among its blossoms blow
And, heavy with their fragrance,
Sway them gently to and fro,

Or whether the boisterous breezes
That come with the winter's reign
Throw its twisted branches rudely
Against my window pane,

The old tree's song is ready,
And I always love to hear
Its droning hum in the stillness,
Or its louder song of cheer
That it sings with a rising courage
When the day is cold and drear.

STELLA CLANTON DYSART.

The Stagnant Pool and the Rainbow.

The Samaritans did not receive him, because his face was as though he would go to Jerusalem. And when his disciples James and John saw this, they said, Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them, even as Elias did? But he turned and rebuked them, and said, Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them.—Luke 9: 52-56.

This is the message that we have known from the beginning, that we should love one another.—1 Jno. 3: 11.

In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. 1 Jno. 4: 9, 11.

There was once a stagnant, filthy pool of water that everybody disliked, not only on account of its unsightliness, but especially because it bred disease. The miasmatic vapors that arose from it caused much sickness and many deaths. It was so pestilential and destructive that there was not a family and scarcely a person living in its vicinity that had not felt its deleterious and baleful influence. All wished it were a thousand miles away. At last the warm sun shone upon it from a clear sky, and little by little the water disappeared till it was at last entirely gone, and all the people rejoiced.

Then one day a small cloud appeared in the heavens, and it grew larger and larger until the rain came down gently and the people were delighted and said to each other, "What a refreshing shower! What a welcome rain!" And the children exclaimed, "What a beautiful rainbow!" But none of the people seemed to think that the drops of rain were the same that had filled the despised pool with stagnant water and caused so

much sickness and suffering, nor did the children realize that it would have been impossible to have had the beautiful rainbow they so much admired without the drops of water that had come from the filthy pond. Yet the water was the same in the prismatic rainbow that they had seen only a short time before in the detested pool. Through the operation of God's laws the marvelous change had been wrought.

APPLICATION.

Similar to this are the wonderful transformations that have taken place in the lives of men through the power of divine love. James and John, especially the latter, are striking example of this. The transition was as enchanting as that of the filthy pool to the refreshing shower and the beautiful rainbow, and the incomprehensible love of God, manifested in Christ, had produced it.

There is no comparison or similarity between the spirit of the man who would call down fire from heaven to consume the inhospitable Samaritans, and that of the man whose constant ambition and admonition was to "love one another," and yet the same lips gave utterance to both desires. Why may not we also be made beautiful in character? We shall be if we only reciprocate the love of God. Amen, and amen.



LISTENING TO THE NIGHTINGALE.
From the painting by C. Bodenhausen.

 THE PAST IS O'ER.

The past is o'er—
 Waste not thy days in vain regret;
 Grieve thou no more.

Look now before,
 And not behind thee; do not fret—
 The past is o'er.

The pain was sore,
 And thou hadst cause for sorrow, yet
 Grieve thou no more.

Close Memory's door,
 That day is dead, that sun has set—
 The past is o'er.

There are in store
 For thee still happy days. Forget!
 Grieve thou no more.

Smile as of yore—
 No longer let thine eyes be wet.
 The past is o'er;
 Grieve thou no more!

—CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

 BRAVE CALM.

Why fret thee, Soul,
 For things beyond thy small control?
 Why fret thee, too,
 For needed things that thou canst do?
 Whate'er thou canst help—help!
 Whate'er thou canst not, with no useless worry, bear.
 Two things at least, then, Soul, need never cause thee care.

GERARD B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

Two Handfull of Corn.

“Except a corn of wheat fall in the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die it bringeth forth much fruit.”—Jno. 12: 24.

There was once in opposite corners of a farmer’s granary, two handfull of wheat of the same variety, but decidedly different dispositions. One handfull desired to remain as it was—that is, it did not wish to become a larger quantity—while the other handfull wanted to be increased. They frequently exchanged ideas and expressed their opinions very freely, but the wish of each remained the same.

When the seed time came the farmer took from his granary, along with much more wheat, the handfull that had cherished a desire to be multiplied, while the wheat that had no such desire was left in the bin. It was simply an accident, to be sure, for the farmer knew nothing of the conversation in which they had engaged, or the wish either had expressed, and perhaps if he had, he would only have laughed.

It so happened when the handfull of wheat was cast by the farmer into the soil prepared to receive it, that each kernel was separated from its fellows, and consequently it was very lonely for all of them. They had been so closely associated together in the granary, and had enjoyed each other’s company so much that it seemed very hard indeed for them now. And besides being lonely the ground was so damp and clung to each grain so closely that, in spite of its long cherished desire, the handfull of wheat almost wished to be back again in its cosy corner in the farmer’s granary near its conservative

old neighbor. And no wonder, for it seemed quite probable, amounting in fact to a certainty, that with such conditions it could never realize its desire. Each kernel begged for companionship and for a more wholesome and congenial environment, but all in vain. So the handful of wheat pined away and died. But there sprang up from the grave of each grain, Phoenix like, a vigorous green sprout, and the sunshine and the rain strove with each other to see which could do the more to nurture and develop the orphan plants, and cause them to grow and mature until at last they had completed their work and the ripened field was ready for the sickle. Each kernel of the handful of wheat sown had been multiplied from thirty to one hundred fold, and now there were many handfuls to be placed in the farmer's granary. The desire had been realized.

APPLICATION.

It is an inalienable law of God, that out of death comes life. Addition is effected by subtraction, paradoxical as it may seem. Giving is essential to receiving. Selfishness defeats its purpose. The corn of wheat must fall into the ground and die in order that it may bring forth much fruit. The truly unselfish man of God, who "counts not his life dear unto himself," is the one who is reincarnated, and lives again in the hearts and lives of others. The self-denying missionary of the cross, who has been cut off from home and home associations by her voluntary exile among the heathen, and whose grave will at last be made in some foreign land, is the one whose seed shall be multiplied. She is the corn of wheat that abideth not alone.

SEEDTIME.

I know it is my place
 Some seed to sow,
 And God will give the grace
 To make it grow.

Better to till my field
 In weary pain—
 Tho' half may never yield
 The golden grain,

Than let it lie forlorn,
 Weed-grown and wild;
 A measure full of corn
 Would feed a child.

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.

THE SNOWBIRD.

Hear the brown snowbird high in the cherry-tree
 Merrily chirping a blithe little lay!
 How can it twitter, and sing, and so merry be,
 If it remembers a happier day?—
 If it remembers the spring and the nest of it,
 When the cold winter wind ruffles the breast of it?
 Ah, but it's brave to be making the best of it
 Up in the cherry-tree!

Brave little friend up there in the cherry-tree,
 Facing, undaunted the snow and the blast,
 Soon will the winter go, and of a verity
 Spring will restore you the dear nest at last.
 I too remember my spring and the nest of it,—
 Ah, I'm afraid I'm not making the best of it!
 Teach me your courage, and cheer, and the rest of it,
 Up in the cherry-tree.

HELEN W. HOLDSWORTH.

By permission of the "Sunday School Times".

Repairing the Old House.

If any man be in Christ he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold all things are become new.—2 Cor. 5: 17.

He that sat on the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. Rev. 21: 5.

The old house was badly out of repair, so much so in fact that it was almost untenable. The roof was weather-worn, and leaked in many places; the doors were almost off their hinges, and the fastenings were broken; the windows were entirely minus many panes of glass, and others were partially gone; the plastering was off the walls and ceilings in a number of places; and the weather-beaten siding needed a new coat of paint. On the whole it was a most dilapidated old structure, and in every way very undesirable as a place of residence, and no person recognized this more than the owner himself. So after long procrastination he decided that he would make some much-needed improvements.

The house was greatly in need of an entirely new roof, but he only substituted a few new shingles from time to time for those that were so badly decayed as to be absolutely worthless. Many of the timbers in the building were rotten, and should have been taken out altogether, but instead of doing so he only removed some of those that were most decayed. The house should have been repainted inside and outside, but the owner did nothing more than to occasionally apply a little cheap paint to the most unsightly places. The plastering was so badly broken that it ought to have been entirely removed and the house replastered, but he only "patched" it a little here and there and "let it go

at that for the present." The windows and doors received about the same attention from time to time that he gave to the roof, the plastering, and all the other parts of the house. Notwithstanding the repairs that were frequently being made, the building gradually became more and more dilapidated, fell utterly into decay at last, and the old hodge-podge was never tenanted after the penurious and eccentric owner—who was abundantly able to have provided himself with an entirely new residence with all modern improvements—was carried forth to his burial.

APPLICATION.

It is frequently the case that a man will recognize the dilapidated condition of his character, and occasionally make some repairs, when the thing he ought to do, and of which he is fully conscious, is to become an entirely new creature (creation) in Christ. The old tenement should be utterly abandoned and the spacious temple of Christian character occupied. Why tenant longer the dilapidated old structure that really never was a fit habitation for one who bears the image of God? Vacate now the old house for the new one.

THINE EVERMORE.

Lord, Thy word hath made me bold—
Let Thy will, my future mold;
Let Thy love my life enfold,
Till I reach the gates of gold.

Then to all eternity,
Thou wilt share Thy home with me;
And my King and Brother be
Jesus Christ of Galilee!

WM. K. PALMER.

—:O:—

TWO TAVERNS.

I remember how I lay
On a bank a summer day,
Peering into weed and flower;
Watched a poppy all one hour;
Watched it till the air grew chill
In the darkness of the hill;
Till I saw a wild bee dart
Out of the cold to the poppy's heart;
Saw the petals gently spin,
And shut the little lodger in.
Then I took the quiet road
To my own secure abode.
All night long his tavern hung,
Now it rested, now it swung,
I asleep in steadfast tower,
He asleep in stirring flower,
In our hearts the same delight!
In the hushes of the night;
Over us both the same dear care
As we slumbered unaware.

(From Edwin Markham's new book of poems.)

Christmas Day—Observations and Reflections.

“Their soul is melted because of trouble.”—Ps. 107: 26.

“They are brought low through oppression, affliction and sorrow.”—
Ps. 107: 39.

“They were exceeding sorrowful.”—Matt. 26: 22.

“But I rejoiced in the Lord greatly.”—Phil. 4: 10.

To-day is Christmas. Whatever its origin, it is a synonym of gladness, of joy unrestrained. It is expected that everybody will be happy on Christmas, but, alas, many are not. I was not unusually happy myself this morning, though I had no reason for not being, when I left home to walk to the postoffice, a few blocks away. I was much happier, however, when I returned, a half hour later. I had received no mail, except a sample copy of a “Journal of Osteopathy,” so it was not “good news from a far country” that I had received that had produced the change. Nor had I been expecting a message of sadness—no person but a pessimist would expect to receive unwelcome news on Christmas—that did not come that had caused the radical and very agreeable transition. Some people I saw as I was going to and returned from the office had converted me. Not the many apparently happy people whom I saw greet each other with a “Merry Christmas;” not the scores of laughing, light-hearted children I met; not my friends who smiled as I passed by; no, not any of these nor all of them together had wrought the magic spell. They had their influence, to be sure, but I acknowledge myself debtor to an opposite class of persons for my happier frame of mind.

I saw an illy clad bootblack, with a wooden leg,



PICTURE OF HEALTH.
From the Painting by J. E. Millais.

hobble to his "stand," immediately in front of a saloon—the door of which swung frequently to and fro as men went in and came out—to earn his meager salary—a mere pittance—barely enough to enable him to eke out a miserable existence. Nobody wished him a "Merry Christmas." It would have seemed like mockery to have done so. None cared. He was only a piece of driftwood on the beach, cast there by the storm.

I looked next into the pale, wan face of a "consumptive"—many of them in fact—anxiously expecting a message of love from home. How sad to be a stranger in a strange land at Christmas time, and especially if one is in search of health! Hundreds go away from home every year—all alone, hoping to find health—that most precious boon—in some sunny southland, but many never find the object of their search until they enter in through the gates into that city where there is no sickness. No warm grasp of the hand for the sick stranger to-day, no familiar voice giving hearty Christmas greeting, no tender caress.

A widow in mourning. She smiles as she meets her old friends, but it is a sad smile—one that reveals the disconsolateness of her heart, just as the momentary opening of the cottage door at night, when the lamp is burning brightly in the hall, reveals the darkness without. You voluntarily shrink back. Who has the courage or grace to wish her a "Merry Christmas"? Poor woman! The lamp of joy swings low for her to-day.

I met an orphan child. I would have known it was an orphan if I had not known the child. "How?" do you ask? By seeing its tattered clothing—if rags and

strings may be called clothing—bare feet, unkempt hair, empty hands, disappointed look. No father to be “Santa Claus” for it. No mother wakened and welcomed it at early dawn with her cheering “Christmas gift, darling!” A waif! Frail craft, far from any secure harbor, tossing on the waves of life’s stormy sea. How I pity you! You will never know what Christmas is except by its opposite.

Then I saw an old man in an invalid’s chair, being wheeled along the crowded street by a young man, presumably his son, and accompanied by a gray-haired woman, who was no doubt his wife. The machinery of life had broken, perhaps irreparably. He was now wholly dependent upon others. Could it be a joyous time to him when he could no longer go when and where he desired, as he once had done? Would not the recollection of better days mar his Christmas joy—if he had any? I did not want to exchange my two strong limbs for his easy chair, tired as they are sometimes from walking up and down the streets and lanes of the city.

Soon after I saw the old man in his invalid’s chair I passed a small store kept by a very unfortunate merchant. Years ago he was to have been married to a queenly young woman in one of the “states,” but on account of his failing health the wedding was postponed from time to time to this present day. She is still waiting for his hand, as she has had for many years his heart, but that can never be. The marriage will never take place. He is a confirmed invalid, now beyond the fiftieth milestone on life’s highway, making a bare living for himself by

giving all his time, not required to nurse his bodily ailments, to his little store. Hope turned to ashes!

Threading his way carefully along the crowded thoroughfare, a blind young man approached me. His sightless eyes were turned heavenward, as if piteously pleading with the great Father for an explanation of his blindness, as he felt his way along the street with a stick which tapped, tapped the sidewalk as regularly as the drum major signals with his baton to the company of musicians he is leading. Life to him will be one long night filled with murky darkness. Not a ray of light for his sightless eyes, though all the world is ablaze with it. No beautiful face, no graceful form of loved one can ever be photographed on his soul. There is no longer any sensitive plate in the camera of his eye. Blind—a word difficult of definition always, and impossible at Christmas time.

On my way home from the postoffice I stepped into a barber-shop to have some work done. I could not be served at once, so I waited. Presently a little hunch-backed boy came in. He looked thin and pale, as all such deformed children do, and though I was "next" and in a hurry, I could not claim my rightful turn—according to the unwritten law of all well-regulated barber-shops—but waived my right in his favor. I had an opportunity to exchange places temporarily with him, and why should I not do so? He will be jostled and crowded all too much in the unequal conflict he will have to wage before the sun of his life goes down below the western horizon. The fight is hard enough without being handicapped by an incurable deformity. Pity him as I do, I

would not want to make any permanent exchange with him in his favor. This may be selfish in me, but if so I cannot help it. Christmas would lose its charm if I did.

APPLICATION.

There is nothing that more quickly prepares a person to enjoy the manifold blessings of life, of which he is the daily recipient, than to realize the sorrow, affliction and trouble that others have to bear.

————:O:————

CHRISTMAS.

Let labor cease, let wearied brawn have rest,
 Repose let come to those of toiling brain,
 And let all live free from the wrench and strain
 Of daily life and for this day be blest
 With cheerful joy of Gratitude's behest;
 And as the shepherds on Judean plain.
 Heard angels sing, we'll hear them sing again,
 When we've imparted to some aching breast
 Some solace we may bring, some joy bestow—
 Old age may now its youth again renew,
 And every heart in blessedness may grow,
 Till heaven's peace shall come as Hermon's dew;
 And we shall see, as once did Magi, know—
 It is the star of Bethlehem we view.

J. W. ELLIS.

————:O:————

Firey Serpents.

"Firey serpents . . . bit the people; and much people of Israel died."
—Num. 21: 6.

Scripture Lesson.

The word of the Lord came to Moses saying, The firey flying serpents are causing many deaths among my people the children of Israel.

Therefore whenever it is convenient thou mayest call a council of the elders to consider the manner of innoculation as well as the poisenous nature of the virus that is causing this fatal malady.

And thou mayest select representative men who look wise and who wear high-sounding titles to write learned disquisitions on the "Symptomology and Comparative Pathology of Reptilian Poisening."

And moreover thou mayest appoint a committee to collect the mortuary statistics for each decade that the people may have the means of knowing what proportion of the deaths for any given period are attributable to the firey serpents.

And furthermore thou mayest encourage the organization of "relief committees,"—by becoming an honorary member thereof, and in other easy and convenient ways—to care for the suffering and to assist somewhat in burying the dead.

The priests also may hold conventions to consider the most orthodox methods of administering comfort to the bereaved when death invades the home as a result of being bitten by one or more of the flying surpents.

Lecturers also, who are eloquent, humorous or pathetic, may go among the people from time to time to

deliver addresses on such important subjects as "The Diagnosis and Prognosis of Snake Bites," "Firey Serpents Necessary Evils," and "The Better Land—No Reptiles There!"

And in addition to all this, entertainments may be given at appropriate seasons, under the auspices of some society or organization, in which, by offering prizes, children may be induced to recite "selection" from popular authors depicting in the most vivid manner possible the dying agonies of those who have been fatally bitten, and the desolate homes they left—all for "sweet charity's sake!"

* * *

Imagine all of this and much more of a similar character being done, and you have a real picture of the present in our manner and method of dealing with those who have been, or who are liable to be, bitten by the "Serpent of the Still." The only certain remedy for the evil of intemperance, as has been so many times clearly demonstrated, is prohibition of the liquor traffic by the nation, and total abstinence by the individual.

APPLICATION.

It is no use to say that this can not be done. Total prohibition of the traffic in intoxicants may not be possible today, but every individual can and should refrain from the use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage *now*.

And seeing the enormous evils that result from intemperance, will they not do it?

LITTLE MEN.

How little must a person be,
In principle, humanity,
Who spends his manhood, gold and all,
To manufacture alcohol?
Indeed he is a little man,
And built upon the Brownie plan;
His principle, humanity,
Gould packed into a thimble be.

Well, then, how small is he who stands,
With bloated cheeks and blood-stained hands,
Behind the bar, to deal to men.
Beer, whiskey, alcohol and gin?
He is as little as his deed,
No larger than a mustard seed;
A small gun-cup well crowded in.
Will hold a thousand of such men.

And, then, how small must be the man,
Who votes to keep the license plan—
To manufacture ale and gin,
To ruin boys and dethrone men?
To see him with the naked eye,
Sheer folly it would be to try,
For all the lenses of earth and sky,
Are far too weak to magnify,
The little, teenty, weenty man
Who votes to keep the license plan.

L. O. THOMPSON.

Co-Operation.

We are laborers together with God.—I Cor. 3: 9.

The valley was parched and dry. There had been neither rain nor dew for many weeks, and everything was famishing for water. The cattle lowed plaintively as they drank from the stagnant, filthy pool, and begged for water. Men looked up toward the brassy sky and prayed for water—the harvest would fail without it—but none came. Thus the weary weeks dragged slowly by without any relief being afforded.

One day some small clouds passed over the valley, and, looking down, saw the awful famine that prevailed and heard the piteous cry that came up from every animate object for water. They pitied the sufferers, but did nothing more, for indeed what could they do? So much was needed that they could not possibly supply the demand. They wished they could do something to give relief, but it seemed utterly impossible. So they continued their journey to the distant mountains—the favorite trysting-place of the clouds—and there related their experiences and observations to other clouds, and enlisted their sympathy, and they all exclaimed, ‘‘Poor, famine-stricken valley! How we pity you!’’

For several days the clouds stayed about the summit of the mountains, enjoying each other’s society, until one evening there was a slight change in the temperature, which was very perceptible to the clouds, and the following morning there was not one of them to be seen in its original form. They had been turned to snow during the night, and now lay in great white heaps upon the

mountains. The light, airy vapor, of which they had been composed, had been congealed. Though they had assumed a different form, they still felt a deep interest in the thirsty valley. But what could be done? They were so far away and so stiff with cold.

Just then the warm, genial sun came forth from his chamber, where he had spent the night, and kindly offered his assistance. He, too, felt an interest in the parched valley. He first embraced each feathery snowflake, for they all complained of being chilly, and breathed his warm breath upon them all day long, from early morning till very late in the evening, and each crystal snowflake became a tiny drop of water. But none of them were any nearer the valley than before. So the sun sent three of his servants, Affinity, Adhesion and Gravitation, to assist in answering the prayer that was being offered everywhere in the valley for water. Affinity caused the little globules of melted snowflakes to have greater longing for each other's society and to endeavor to come nearer together; Adhesion held them in close contact, and would not willingly permit the slightest separation, while Gravitation gently, but firmly and persistently, pulled them down the mountains and far out into the parched valley—and the prayer of the famishing was answered. Each tiny speck of vapor that had once passed over the valley as a part of the cloud that had at that time and afterward so feelingly expressed its sympathy, had done its part in bringing relief.

APPLICATION.

The cry of the needy is constantly ascending heavenward. There are many who are famishing for the water

of life. We look about us and see the desolation and misery of the famine-stricken and hear their piteous appeals for relief, coming often from mute lips, and we stand appalled by the awful condition that prevails and our almost utter inability to render any needed assistance. So we pass on to enjoy each other's Christian society in some more congenial place, and thus try to forget our responsibility. Fortunate, indeed, are those who there or elsewhere are made to fully realize before it is too late that "we are laborers together with God," and to do their part, however small, in answering the prayer of those who are pleading for that water that shall be in them "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."



A NEARER HEAVEN.



"Know ye not that the kingdom of God is within you?"

Softly the whispering winds bring tonight,
 A message of comfort to me.
 As they tell of a land of radiant light,
 That awaits beyond life's troubled sea.
 I can see it there, though the surges roll
 Between me and that beautiful shore
 And the winds gently whispes, O weary soul,
 Come and rest in that land ever more

But I cannot go, my heaven is here,
 In the work that is given to me.
 While serving humanity Jesus is near,
 In his presence heaven I see.
 God is love; and on earth or in heaven
 That soul may true happiness know,
 Whose every thought is unceasingly given
 God's love for his children to show.

R. H. SAWYER.

THE INNER HEAVEN.

—O—

"The kingdom of God is within you."—Luke 17: 21

Why this oft-perplexed inquiry,
 Why this fretfulness of soul
 To know what may await thee
 Gaining life's eternal goal?
 Heaven is a consummation,
 A most happy culmination,
 A well-brought destination
 To each traveler who is guided by "Pilgrim's Parchment Roll":
 Yes; but heaven is also present; part of transient time's duration,
 A hither, inner kingdom, "coming not with observation,"
 Waiting not for realization
 Till the setting of life's sun;
 But all the way to heaven is that heaven here begun.

G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

—————O—————

Good Advice from an Unexpected Source.

—O—

"Balaâm loved the wages of unrighteousness; but was rebuked for his iniquity: the dumb ass speaking with man's voice forbad the madness of the prophet."—2 Pet. 2: 15, 16.

I was recently called on business to Washington Park—the Monte Carlo of New Jersey—and was curiously interested in much that I saw during my short visit to this popular "resort," but that which in one respect most deeply impressed me was a peculiar "cent-in-the-slot fortune machine." In fact I saw many of these and similar devices scattered about the park.

In this particular style of machine there were thirty one maxims or bits of information—the numbers ranging from six to thirty six—printed on a card, which was always in plain view, in a glass case. By dropping a

cent into the "slot" the machine would—I suppose, for so the printed instructions affirmed—shake a set of dice, also plainly seen in the case, and the "fortune" was indicated by the number of the spots that corresponded with the number of the maxim on the card. If, when the automatic shaking of the dice had ceased, the number of the "spots" on the upper side of the dice when added together was eighteen, following this number on the card one would read, "Be civil to every man; for you know not who may prove to be your friend"—all of which is good advice, and if more generally carried out in practice would be a fortune for many a man.

If twenty one was the "lucky number" the plain, printed and suggestive question, "Do you expect to plunge your hand into the fire and not be burned?" was what was read by the fortune hunter.

Like one of the wise sayings of Seneca or a proverb of Solomon was the maxim numbered thirty one: "The end of dissipation is speedy death—avoid this and live long." Imagine in the midst of a great beer-garden this wholesome advice repeatedly—if not conspicuously—given, so that all may read it again and again as they stroll about from place to place, and the drinking by men and women alike going right on without the slightest interruption! It reminded me of the handwriting on the wall—only it produced no consternation among the people.

If the spots aggregated thirty six the person who had parted with his money—and the printing on the card could all be read without the expenditure of a cent—would read, "In your family be liberal, but in your business

save every penny: ten pennys make a dime”—which is sound advice notwithstanding the lame orthography.

APPLICATION.

People seldom go astray ignorantly. It is not often from a lack of good advice that men sin, for we have all been admonished again and again and frequently in unexpected ways and places, and we all know better than our conduct justifies. Is not this a sadly strange commentary on our actions? Why do people sin against light and knowledge? Alas, Balaam has had many representatives and they have had many unexpected reprovers, but without causing repentance and reformation of life. “All we . . . have gone astray,” is still the sad confession. May the Good Father pity and forgive all of us!



“WHEN MORNING APPEARS.” Psa. 46: 5.



Pilgrim, struggling and toiling alone—
Weak and wavering, thy courage nigh gone;
List to this promise, and banish thy fears,
“*God shall help thee, when morning appears.*”

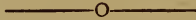
Are you fearful of foes that lurk by the way—
Enemies, near thee by night and by day?
Remember thy strength, it is greater than theirs,
“*God shall help thee, when the morning appears.*”

Do you have to regret that, oft by the way
“The sin that besets,” still leads you astray?
Press onward! press onward! only a few more years
And he will deliver, “when morning appears.”

Remember his promise, what clearer could be?
 "I'll come and make my dwelling with thee
 Through all thy conflicts, thy toiling and, tears,
 Nor ever forsake thee," till "morning appears."

Until that day cometh, though weary, and lone,
 In the "kingdom, and patience of Jesus," press on
 Till the end of toiling thy weary soul cheers,
 And God, to take thee, "when morning appears."

CYRUS HURLBUT.



A SONG OF FAITH.



O the fog is abroad,
 And the landscape is marred,—
 But the sun's in the east!
 And the mist will soon quiver and rise
 And dissolve to the green of the wood and the blue of the skies,
 For the sun's in the east.

Not a song of a bird
 Or a child-note is heard.—
 But the sun's in the east!
 And a thrill will soon break from the trees.
 And the merriest bubble of children join carol with these,
 For the sun's in the east.

Now arouse thee, my soul,
 In the gloom and the dole,
 For the sun's in the east!
 What to thee though the darkness is dumb?
 There's a music, a splendor, a heaven of glory to come,
 While the sun's in the east!

AMOS R. WELLS.



MORNING.—From the Painting by Thomas Cole.

Attending One's Own Funeral.



Ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.—
Matt. 23: 27.

I remember well of dreaming when a boy of being dead, and of being present at and taking part in the preparations that were made for my funeral. I closed my own eyes, pressing the lids gently down never to be opened again. I took my cold, dead hands in my warm, living ones, and crossed them in the usual way upon my breast, allowing, as I did so, my living hand to rest for some time over my dead heart, to determine in this way whether life was really extinct, or whether I had only swooned away, for I had then, and have to this day, an indescribable horror of being buried alive. I closed my speechless mouth and tied a white bandage under my chin and over the top of my head, to keep my lower jaw from falling away from my upper one. I extended my limbs, and placing my feet close together, secured them in that position by tying a strip of white cloth about my ankles. My warm tears fell upon my cold, palid face as I kissed myself good-by. Then I drew down the window shades, and, walking softly, so that I might not awaken my dead self, I went out of the room, closing the door gently behind me, to assist still further in arranging for my burial. Out of doors we talked in an undertone about the time and place for the funeral, the sad message announcing my death that should be sent to distant relatives, and perfected all necessary arrangements for having the grave dug. That night the watch with the dead was long and sad. I was one of those who did not

retire, but remained with the watchers till morning. I heard frequently, during the long, painful night of watching, the stifled sobs of my parents, and wished so much that I had not died, chiefly because it was such a source of sorrow to my father and mother. Then came the day and hour for the funeral. I could never realize till then that I had so many friends. They came from every home in the neighborhood and from quite long distances beyond. I could see in every face the revelation of a sad heart, and my death had caused it all. I could hear expressions of regret on account of my untimely decease, and I, too, regretted it, mainly because they did. The long funeral procession wended its way slowly from my father's house to the cemetery, in the edge of the forest, some two miles away, and I realized that I was going away from home forever. I looked upon every familiar object as we passed, with an unusual interest, for I knew it was the last time I should see them. At the grave, kind, careful, strong men—my father's old neighbors—gently lowered the coffin in which I lay into the cold, damp ground. The minister read a short selection from the Holy Scriptures concerning One who is "the resurrection and the life," offered a fervent, sympathetic prayer, and then repeated slowly and solemnly, "Earth to earth; ashes to ashes; dust to dust," as the first shovelfuls of earth were returned to the grave, amid the weeping and lamentation of those who were present. When the grave was filled, and the oblong mound of earth completed to mark my place of repose, I assisted my friends in arranging the flowers, so soon to wither and decay, and then, with the other

mourners, turned sorrowfully away from my dead and buried self.

Afterward I plucked the choicest flowers in their season—violets, roses, carnations, wild honeysuckles, climbing ivy, and many other varieties, both of cultivated and wild flowers and vines—and, twining them into appropriate designs, came regularly to decorate my own grave. There is a peculiarly weird sadness about decorating the graves of others, but how much more so to be acutely conscious of placing bouquets, wreaths and other floral emblems on one's own tomb! To be dead and know it, and to come regularly to decorate the grave—one's own!

It was a peculiar dream that I had, as indeed most dreams are. I had dreamed much that was literally and absolutely impossible, but which, notwithstanding, was strikingly typical of actual daily occurrences that are real, and a thousand times more weird and awful than any dream.

APPLICATION.

There are millions of people, once noble and God-like, whose former selves are dead and buried, and they are kept busy decorating their own graves.

Here is a man keenly conscious of the fact that his honor is dead, and he is spending his time decorating, with the flowers of assumed gentility and politeness, the place where it lies buried. When any man has forfeited his honor to that extent he is dead.

Another, with the unceasing attention that a more worthy object deserves, replenishes the flowers of decorum

and suavity in the broken vases of the grave where his purity of character is entombed. He puts in all his time, when in "good society," trying to act like a gentleman, instead of always endeavoring, both in public and in private, to be one.

Within the heart of another, truth is dead, and he scatters in great profusion the flowers of affected plausibility over its grave to conceal the sad fact that so noble a virtue is no longer alive there.

A fourth has buried his devotion, but continues to visit the place of its interment with marked regularity to cast bouquets of formality in worship upon the sleeping dust of his former righteousness.

Folish mortals! Endeavoring by garnishing the sepulchres of their noblest attributes to thus hide from God and man the fact that they are dead, and that their tombs are "full of all uncleanness." Better call on the Master to come and resurrect these dead virtues and graces, and infuse new life into them, than to spend time whitening and decorating their sepulchres!

WHAT I LIVE FOR.

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've battled for my sake;
The patriot crowned with glory,
The martyr at the stake.
Bards, prophets, heroes, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is Divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truths from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from confliction,
And fulfill God's grand design.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old,

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance.
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

(By the late GEORGE LINNEUS BANKS, in *Christian Work*.)



The Fault-finding Bucket.

“Oh, dear, Oh dear, said the bucket to the sweep, now tired I am of this circumscribed life. I do nothing day after day and all day long but go down and up and up and down in this horrid old well, and this I have been doing ever since I can remember.”

This was not by any means the first outbreak of a similar kind that the bucket had made. It had frequently complained before, so now the good natured sweep, who was always smiling and bowing to everybody—including the most unworthy persons, and even horses and cattle,—thought he would try to make the bucket see the folly and wickedness of being discontented and finding fault. With this purpose in view he said. “We can not all be useful alike, nor can we exchange places and do the work of each other successfully. I know your work does not give you that freedom that some others have, but after all you are granted some privileges that they do not have. You have a comfortable place in winter in which to work, and it is always cool and pleasant in summer, and besides on hot days you



RUSTIC BEAUTY.—From the Painting by Debat-Ponssan.

frequently take refreshing plunges in the clear sparkling water."

"Yes, indeed," the bucket replied, "I do get very frequent plunges, but, being of the temperament I am, I cannot say that they are refreshing, and as to its being a pleasant place in which to preform my daily routine of duties, to me it is a dingy old prison. How I sigh for sunshine and pure air."

"But you forget, I think," said the sweep, "that the more you work the greater the amount of sunshine you have to enjoy, or rather, I should say, you have more opportunities to enjoy, and the more wholesome you make the atmosphere of your workshop. You know when you are hard at work you come often to the top of the well where you have the full benefit of the sunshine, and"—

"Benefit of the sunshine, indeed," interjected the bucket before the sweep had time to finish the sentence. "I scarcely get above the well curb, as you positively know, until I must return to my prison cell and to the performance of my threadbare task. Is this what you would call enjoying life? Why, I can only get a glimpse of the many beautiful things that are every where about you"—and the emphasis was placed most emphatically on the personal pronoun of the second person—"till I am forced to return to my underground duties. How I hate such words as duty, task, work. To me they are perfectly distressing. Oh, dear, such a hard lot in life I have, and then to get no sympathy. It is almost more than I can bear."

"Well, dear bucket," the sweep said soothingly, "you

are drawing wrong inferences I fear, and using words out of their proper places. It is not sympathy we need when performing our several duties, but appreciation. Sympathy is for the suffering, appreciation for the dutiful. As to that you are appreciated. Busy people cannot always stop to tell you of their appreciation of what you are doing. Pardon any allusion to myself, but whoever immortalized the old sweep? What poet has sung the praises of "The Weather-worn Sweep," as he has "The Old Oaken Bucket?"

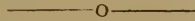
The bucket had entertained a secret suspicion for a long time that the sweep was just a little "distant" so these honest expressions of appreciation and the sensible advice that was given was misconstrued as insincere, and without any further consideration of the matter the bucket suddenly let go its hold upon the rope by which it was attached to its unrecognized and un-appreciated co-laborer, the good natured sweep, and descended to the bottom of the well to pout,—though it was overheard to say something about "taking a rest," and there it lay in the ooze and mire for a long, long time, till it was almost forgotten,—the farmer having been compelled to buy a new bucket to take its place.

APPLICATION.

Godless discontent is a growing sin among those who profess to be disciples of Christ. The church is not flourishing and spreading itself like a green bay tree, so some of the members become dissatisfied with what they are pleased to call "routine duties," and refuse to assist any longer. The Sunday school is not prosperous, so

some of the teachers become discontented and "drop out of the school to rest awhile." The Young People's society is not thriving, so some of the young people—"the future hope of the church"—take a vacation.

So the usefulness of the church, the Sunday School and the society, is impaired to the extent of the ability of those who have withdrawn their assistance. And often to a much greater extent, for, as it was impossible for the sweep without the help of the bucket to draw water from the well, so it frequently happens that those who are willing to work cannot succeed for lack of assistance.



JUST BE GLAD.



O heart of mine, we should'nt
 Worry so!
 What we've missed of calm we could'nt
 Have, you know.
 What we've met of stormy pain,
 And of sorrow's driving rain,
 We can better meet again,
 If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,
 We have known
 When the tears fell with the shower
 All alone.
 Were not shine and shower blent
 As the gracious Master meant?
 Let us temper our content
 With his own,

For we know not every morrow
 Can be sad,
So forgetting all the sorrow
 We have had
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
 Just be glad.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

—○—

Wandering Away from Home.

When he came to himself. Luke 15: 17.

In the latter part of December, 1898, a young man of exemplary habits who lived alone near San J—, Cal., was found one morning by his neighbors to be absent from home, and as there were unmistakable evidences that something very serious had happened to him, search was immediately instituted by his friends and relatives and a man was found during the day who had seen him quite early that morning near the foothills, five or six miles from home, to whom he said he was "going into the mountains to meet a party on business." He acted rather strangely, the man said, and seemed to be in a great hurry. This was the only information they had been able to obtain, but it served as a clue to his probable condition and also to where he might be found. The unanimous opinion was that while under the strange spell of some mental hallucination he had gone away from home and that he was probably wandering aimlessly in the mountains. The search for him was continued that day, but he could not be found. Early the next day his brother, with the assistance of some

Indian trailers, followed the demented wanderer far into the mountains, but without being rewarded by finding him. The two or three succeeding days they continued the search, but with no better results. The keen-eyed Indians pursued the delirious fugitive through dense thickets of chapparal, over the most dangerous precipices, into deep, dark canons, and up, up among the clouds on the tops of the highest mountains, but he unwittingly eluded their vigilant pursuit. Their supply of food being exhausted, and being almost worn out by the long, fatiguing tramp, they were compelled to give up the search and return to the valley to rest before renewing their efforts to find the unfortunate man. The Indians reported that he had stopped to drink at every spring and streamlet, and that when he came to the snow higher on the mountains, he frequently ate of it, which clearly indicated that he was very thirsty and was probably suffering from an attack of fever—which was afterward verified, the physicians pronouncing his ailment “ambulating typhoid fever.”

Almost a week after he had wandered away from home, his sister who lived some fifty or sixty miles distant, hearing a faint knock at the kitchen door early one morning opened it and was astonished to see her lost brother. In a letter to one of my friends, which I have recently been greatly interested in reading, the sister said, “I never beheld such a pitiful object in my life, and I could scarcely realize that he was my brother, though I knew he had wandered away from home. He was greatly emaciated—almost a skeleton—his eyes deeply sunken in his head, his voice feeble and

unnatural, his face haggard, and his clothing was torn to shreds."

The sister nursed him back to life again, and when he was sufficiently recovered to do so he recounted to her what he could recall of his strange experiences. He said, "The evening before I went away, not feeling well, I had a presentiment or foreboding that I was going to be seriously sick and I wanted to arrange my business as quickly as possible and come to you. This is the last I remember till I suddenly regained my consciousness or reason, probably several days thereafter, for my mind is a perfect blank. When I came to myself I was in the mountains sitting on a narrow ledge of rocks overlooking a deep gorge. There was a perpendicular wall of rock above and behind me, and how I came to be there was a mystery to me, and how I should ever get away was a greater problem, but I made my way in some manner—I scarcely know how—to the bottom of the canon, and following it for a long distance I came to the railroad. Then I knew where I was, and I thought possibly I might be able to come to you. It was a severe tax on my strength, but by dint of will-power I succeeded."

APPLICATION.

Unfortunately for themselves and others, hundreds of young men have wandered away from home, and urged on by that satanic, demoniacal delirium by which they were possessed, have gone into the midst of dangers more awful than those experienced by this demented man, without realizing the imminent peril they were in until they "came to themselves," and then, alas many of them failed to reach a place of safety.

It seems impossible to believe that any person would go deliberately into the “far country” of unrighteousness if he were fully conscious of the terrible suffering that would come upon him there. The expression—“and when he came to himself!”—reveals the state of mind that produces and accompanies a life of profligacy.

“Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.” “The way of the transgressor is hard.” “The wages of sin is death.” “He that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption.” These and other emphatic declarations from God’s word, verified by the universal experiences of every sinful man and woman, ought to bring the dissolute wanderer to his right senses. Stop, and reflect!



“NOTHING BUT LEAVES.”

“Nothing but leaves,” where golden grain
Might fill thy hand with sheaves,
While, over years of mis-spent time
Thy sadden’d spirit grieves.

“Nothing but leaves while,” clustering fruit
Might life’s fair tree adorn;
And, on thy crownless head, at last,
A diadem be worn.

“Nothing but leaves,” ‘twill not avail
To say, “My spirit grieves;”
What answer wilt thou frame to this
Where are thy golden sheaves?

“Nothing but leaves,” for summer showers
For sunlight bright, and fair,
For all the wealth of sweetness borne
Upon its blamy air.

And when the summer days are past,
 And chilled its balmy air;
 And field and forest, far and wide,
 A look of sadness wear,

And when, as autumn comes apace,
 Thy saddened spirit grieves,
 Shall this, at last, be thy sad plaint?
 "Nothing, alas! but leaves!"

CYRUS HURLBUT.

—○—

SOME DAY.

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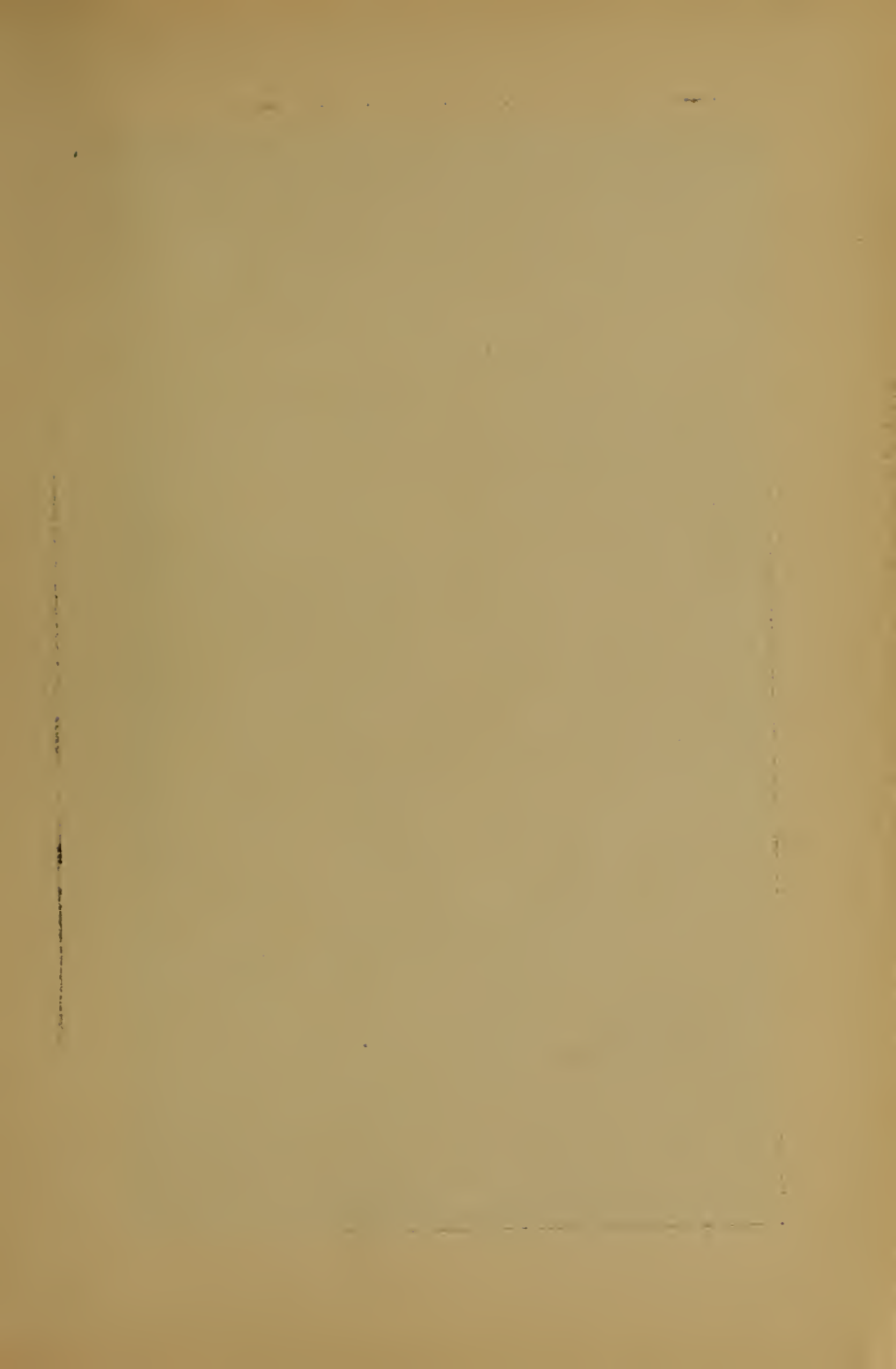
Some day—I know not when—this soul of mine,
 A-fire with expectation, will break forth
 From out its earthly tenement of clay
 And soar to worlds beyond.

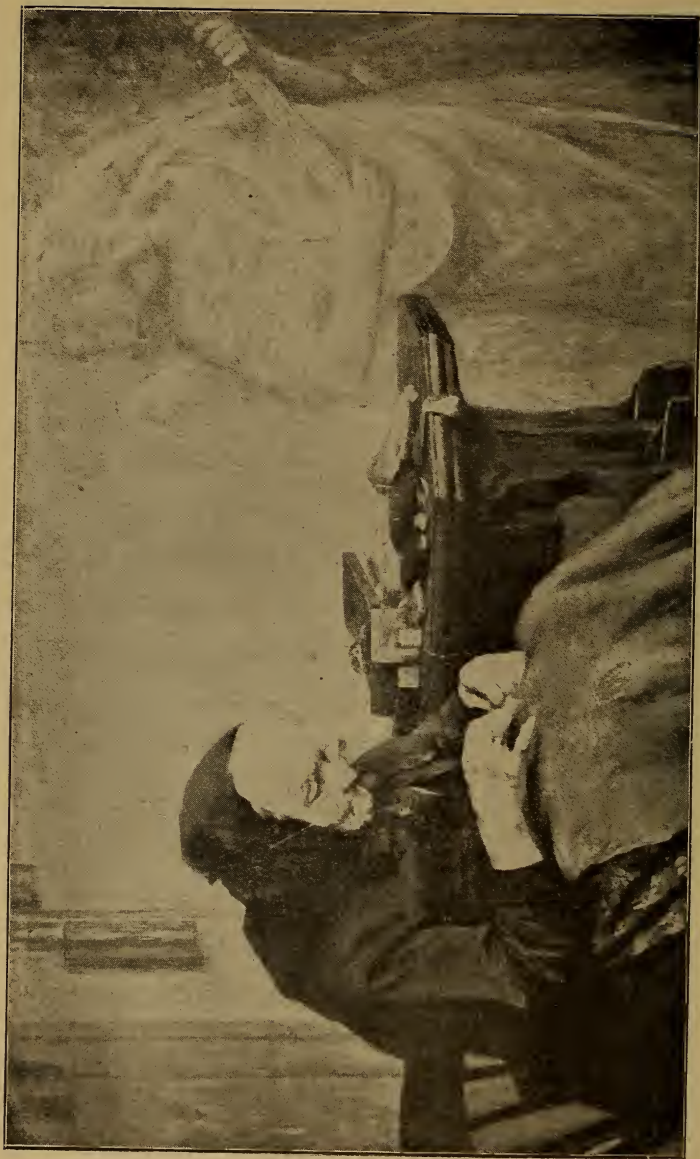
Oft have I dreamed

Of glories that awaits beyond the veil
 And grown impatient. Now my soul is chained,
 Fettered and bound by earthly limitation,
 Imprisoned in a cage of mortal flesh.
 I am not free; I am a prisoner,
 While here I stay.

Sometimes I hear,

When night is come, and earth is wrapped in silence,
 A fleeting echo from that far-off land
 Where souls are free. I hear a strain of music,
 So wondrous sweet, majestically grand,
 That I am all enraptured. Could I hear
 The harmony complete, 'twould draw my soul,
 A joyous fugitive, from earth to heaven.
 It comes to me but faintly, and I miss
 Full half its beauty and its melody.
 I am dissatisfied; I fain would hear,
 In rich completeness, heaven's diapason.





REMINISCENCES. — From the Painting by C. Walther.

This life is sweet to live; 'tis hard to die;
For inborn fear oft triumphs over faith.
We struggle to remain midst shades of night
When bright before us shines the light of day.
If I be fearful when my hour approaches,
I pray, dear Lord, that Thou wilt let me hear,
Full and complete, one note of heaven's music,
That, hearing, I may quickly banish fear,
And gladly enter into liberty.

From Oracle Publishing Co.—ARTHUR O. GARRISON.

—○—

Longing for Rest.

—○—

“Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” Matt. 11: 28.

It was a beautiful evening in June. The long day was drawing to a close. The sun had completed his day's journey and quietly laid down to rest below the western horizon. Almost imperceptibly the azure tint of the cloudless sky had given place to crimson and gold, and now these were fading. The twilight was receding and night was coming on.

Within a humble dwelling an old woman, whose three score years and ten had been told for almost two decades, was waiting for the silent boatman. She was the last of her generation. One by one she had bidden adieu to those who began the race of life with her, and to many others who had entered the race long after. Beside her sat one of her daughters—the last born—tenderly anticipating, and as far as possible, supplying every want. Nothing that filial love could suggest or do

to make the aged mother more comfortable was neglected.

Together they had talked of the past and the future—the distant past and the near future—until the frail old body had become fatigued and the eyes had closed heavily. She was sleeping.

There was a slight motion, like the rustle of a leaf when the gentle breeze sighs through the forest at eventide, and the ever-vigilant watcher, bending over the loved form, asked, "Is there anything you want, mother? What can I do for you?"

The heavy eyelids swung slowly back once more, and looking up into the face of her daughter she said, "I am so tired. I want rest."

"Yes, mother," the daughter replied, "I know you are tired, and I wish I could give you rest, but I can not. Only Jesus can do that."

The eyes closed again. There was a very slight—almost imperceptible—tremor, and she had entered into rest—eternal rest.

APPLICATION.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Blessed invitation. How sad life would be with its toil and weariness without the assurance of rest. Glorious realization at last! The Savior has promised it, and he has all power. Rest will come to the faithful in due time. I can not give that rest, but He can—and will.



AT REST.



I cannot think that she is gone
So far away.
She's resting now ! She will return—
She will not stay !

I cannot think that pleasant smile
No more I'll see.
'Tis only veiled a little while,
From you and me.

I cannot think that cheerful voice
Is hushed for aye.
In angel choir it will rejoice
One long, glad day

I cannot think that brilliant brain
Will mount no more;
For loftier height it will attain—
New realms explore.

I cannot think that loving heart
Will throb alone,
With Christ she chose the better part
All his are one !

A loving Savior's hand I trace
In all I see,
He went but to prepare a place
For you and me.

O, patience, heart ! Grief unalloyed
Is not his will !
On earth there is no aching void
But Heav'n can fill.

SUE E. GRANT.



YES THEY'LL MEET US.

—O—

Will they meet us at the portals
 When we reach the better land,
 Will they give us cordial greeting
 And extend the welcome hand,
 Will there be a place made ready
 Where our weary heads may rest
 In the mansions fast and holy
 With the happy pure and blest?

Yes they'll meet us, gladly greet us,
 And the Lord will dry our tears.
 In his presence with the ransomed
 We will dwell through endless years.

Will the music of the angels
 Sweetly fall upon our ears,
 Will they raise a mighty chorus
 In our great Redeemer's praise?
 And the loved ones gone before us
 On that bright celestial shore
 Will they see us there and know us
 As they did in days of yore?

Yes they'll meet us, gladly greet us,
 And the Lord will dry our tears.
 In his presence with the ransomed
 We will dwell through endless years.

MRS. INDIA SCOTT RIGDON.

—:O:—

“Put Out Your Lights.”

Then spake Jesus unto them, saying, “I am the Light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.—Jno, 8: 22.

Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.—Is. 45: 22.

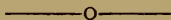
One night, some years ago, I boarded the steamer at M— bound from San Francisco to San Diego. It was one of those dark, inky nights, when objects with which a person is ordinarily perfectly familiar assume a grotesque strangeness, as dimly seen by the faint light of a friendly lantern, and seem to have shifted from their normal position—when everything appears unnatural and to have assumed peculiar proportions and unusual locations—thus easily producing confusion in the mind of the individual.

Half a dozen persons, with lighted lanterns, were walking about on the wharf as the boat approached, when suddenly there came from across the water the stentorian voice of a sailor and we heard distinctly above the murmur of the sea, “Put out your lights,” and almost instantly every lantern was darkened, and the only light on the wharf was the “signal.” The plurality of moving lights confused the sailors so that they could not make the landing, but when the only light was the beacon they could easily get their bearings and soon brought the steamer to its proper position along side the wharf.

APPLICATION.

It is not an unusual thing now to see men carrying false lights. They stand in the darkness of prejudice, superstition, ignorance and sin and make it more difficult

for sailors on life's sea to reach the harbor of safety. Their shifting, changeable, Jack-o-lantern signals render it almost impossible sometimes for the tempest tossed seaman to recognize "the Light of the world." And notwithstanding the request to "Put out your lights" that is being constantly made they persist in keeping them burning. Let all heed the universal request to "Put out the lights" of false doctrines and false lives that only the True Light may be seen—"the Light of Life."

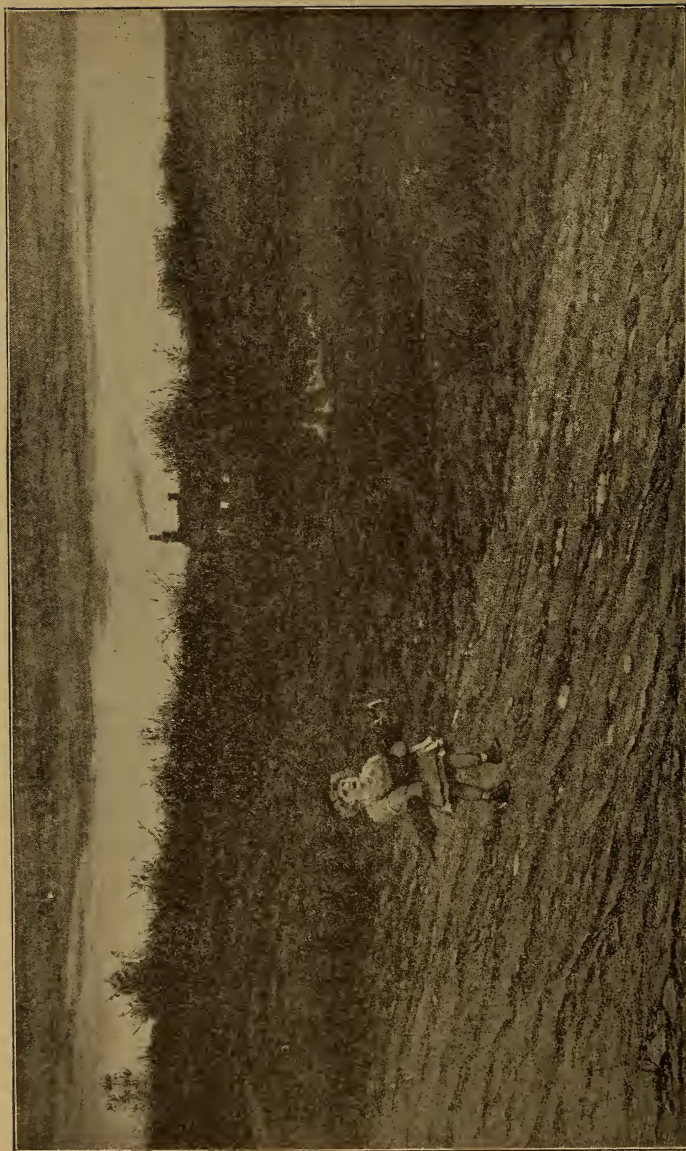


TWILIGHT.

Softly fall the twilight shadows,
 Over all the waiting land,
 Like a silent benediction
 From the loving Father's hand.
 In the glowing west suspended,
 Hangs the new moon clear and bright,
 Like a basket whence the angels
 Scatter stars of purest light.
 Day has many cares and trials,
 But from these we find release,
 When the twilight's dusky shadows
 Fold us round with wings of peace.

Once, when in the Book most precious,
 Of the "endless day" I read,
 Prayed I that the twilight shadows
 Might *sometimes* be given instead.
 That, throughout the gem-walled city,
 Through pearl gates, down streets of gold,
 Twilight's dusky shades might gather,
 Bringing comfort as of old.
 Now, since life has made me wiser,
 I can see with grief-cleared sight,
 That the twilight *there* is needless;
Perfect joy can bear the light.

NELIA MCGAVACK.



BELATED TRAVELER, — From the Painting by G. H. Boughton.

“THE EVENING AND THE MORNING.”

Dusk—and stars !

The great gloom gathers slowly on the trees,
Thrusts out remorseless from the crevices
The lingering light that flies into the West
To die on drowning sunset's submerged breast;
The world is cast adrift upon the wide
Swift current of the dark's engulfing tide,
No haven and no anchorage, until far
Lightens—a star !

Dawn—and a bird !

The vague, prophetic splendor of the day
Spreads its dim garment on the untrod way;
The earth lies on the dreaming edge of sleep,
And over all expectant tremors creep,
Touched with a sweetness that grows poignant pain,
Then shivers back to ecstasy again;
And through the tensity of dawn deferred
Wakens—a bird !

GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN

—:O:—

The Truth Confessed Unwittingly.

“Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.”—Matt. 12: 34.

Liquor drinking usually takes the padlock off the lips so that free expression is given to the emotions and sentiments of the heart. The artesian well is uncapped and the stream gushes forth.

Not long ago a well-dressed young man, apparently of a good family, and of more than ordinary intelligence staggered down the street under the influence of liquor repeating over and over again, with a weird, dirge-like intonation half moan and half chant, “Nobody knows

how bad I am! Nobody knows how bad I am!" People stopped and listened to the plaintive, melancholy, and doubtless truthful repetition, as the perennial fountain of his impure life gurgled forth, "Nobody knows how bad I am," and beyond a peradventure many who listened confessed to themselves that that note of sadness and gloom found a chord in their own hearts that vibrated responsively, "Nobody knows how bad *I* am," but who, alas, did not entertain a simple thought of reformation.

APPLICATION.

What a terrible thing it is to go on adding one secret sin to another until the heart becomes utterly corrupt, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth at last gives utterance to the fact of its awful pollution. "Cleanse thou from secret faults," is an every day prayer for everybody.



PEACE BE STILL.

My life is like the boundless sea,
 O'er which the winds of passion blow—
 Sometimes its song is glad and free;
 Sometimes 'tis fraught with deepest woe.

The howling tempest oft doth shake
 Its inmost depths, its hidden caves,
 Till all its energies awake
 And cry to Him who ever saves.

And lo! upon the stormy sea
 The winds are hushed, the waves are still.
 How gladly and how joyfully
 They yield obedience to His will.

And in the calm so sweet and blest,
 He stands beside my heart to cheer;
 He banishes my life's unrest,
 And takes away its doubt and fear.

ROSE MARTIN WELLS.

Destroying to Save.



If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.—Matt. 5: 30.

A fire had broken out in a part of the city most favorable for a great conflagration. An alarm was turned in and the firemen responded with alacrity and heroically fought the advancing flames, but in spite of all they could do the fire spread with great rapidity and threatened to sweep everything before it. All efforts to stop the terrible conflagration were futile. Finally it was decided that an elegant structure that had only recently been erected, that stood directly in the course of the approaching holocaust, should be razed to the ground to afford the firemen a better opportunity to withstand the advancing hosts of Prometheus with their chariots of flame. It seemed a great pity to destroy such a fine building, but it was necessary to prevent the destruction of property much more valuable.

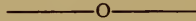
A vessel, with a cargo worth thousands of dollars and a passenger list of scores of persons, was caught in a fearful storm in mid-ocean. For hours she was able to weather the gale with but little damage, but the storm increasing in fury the vessel sprung a leak, and to save the passengers the cargo had to be thrown overboard. It was a great loss, but was necessary in order to prevent a greater one—men are worth more than merchandice.

During a battle a soldier was slightly wounded in the foot. He could not receive prompt or proper attention and gangrene set in. Consultation of surgeons was held and it was decided that the man's foot must be amputated

to save his life. It was a very great sacrifice for him to sustain the loss of a foot, but, under the existing conditions, it was not an exorbitant price to pay for life.

APPLICATION.

Comparatively few people recognize the importance of what may be fitly denominated heroic action. Dangerous crises come upon all, and greater crises—those fraught with calamitous results—may often be obviated by doing promptly that which ought to be done. To attempt to save what must inevitably be destroyed sooner or later, to say the least, jeopardizes that which might be saved if heroic and timely sacrifices were made. There should be no hesitation, where wisdom indicates it to be essential, about destroying the lesser good in order to retain the greater.



THE EARTHQUAKE.

When the mighty hills and mountains
Are shaken like a reed,
And we stand in sore amazement
In helplessness and need,

It is then we feel our weakness
And want of His strong arm,
Who rules the boundless universe,
Its winds and waves and storms.

Before these deep-toned temblors*
In abject fear we stand,
Frail as bubbles on the water.
Or tracks made in the sand.

*) Spanish for earthquakes.

All our boasted strengeh and prowess.
 How puny now and weak,
 While the bravest one among us
 With dread can scarcely speak.

Yet a mighty Friend stands near us
 On whom we may rely,—
 Though heaven and earth should pass away
 He'll hear His children's cry.

Then waves may roll and mountains fall,
 He'll not forget his own
 Who humbly walk by faith and say
 Thy will, O Lord be done.

MRS. INDIA SCOTT RIGDON.

——:O:——

Retributive Justice.

“Be sure your sin will find you out”—Num. 32: 23.

“Brown vs. Brown. Case set for May 21st.” That is what appeared on the court clerk's records. But that was not all. Back of this simple memorandum was a history that was to be read by the writers in open court and published to the world. It was an unsavory history to, as divorce proceedings usually are.

Years ago, for “Brown” is now an old man, he promised a fair young bride at the marriage alter in far-off Canada, to love, cherish and keep her until they should be separated by death. This promise, so solemnly made, he ruthlessly broke, leaving his wife, then the mother of some helpless little ones, destitute and alone. He “came West,” married again, became the father of a family, and a recognized leader in the church and in

society. Fortune also smiled upon him and he became the owner of a great deal of property. He had the confidence and respect of all who knew him.

After many years the bride of his youth, whom he had so grossly wronged, learned of his residence in the "far West" and the sequel to the history of almost an entire life of three score and ten years is divorce proceedings, and thereby a revelation of past sins given to the world, sons and daughters disgraced, his own reputation blasted, the church injured, and devils and bad men pleased.

APPLICATION.

"Be sure your sin will find you out." God has more than one Nemesis to ferret out the individual who has been guilty of sin and bring him to judgment, but usually it is that agent, who, if kindly treated, would like the wife of one's youth, be an everlasting benediction, but abused, becomes the means of bringing retributive justice down upon him. When will men learn that,

"Every guilty deed
Holds in itself the seed
Of retribution?"

—:O:—

 FORECAST.

Take back, take back the harsh word now;
 Consider it unspoken;
 Break, break, though late, the angry vow
 That better far were broken.

The stream of death will bear away
 The object of thy passion;
 Oh, then obliterate to-day
 The thought of his transgression.

Forget the little ill, revealed
 As though by hate's intention;
 Remember all the good, concealed
 As though by love's invention

The hour may come when thou wilt stand
 Unsheltered and unshriven;
 Forgiveness' price is in thy hand,
 To-day let it be given.

With hatred in the heart at last
 Bethink thee of his terror
 Whose alienated gaze were cast
 On love's eternal mirror.

Thou might'st endure the sight of woe—
 The scoffing—the derision—
 But where thou dost expect to go
 How couldst thou bear the vision?

EDWARD N. POMEROY.

 :O:

Insincerity.

“Ye seek me . . . because ye did eat of the loaves, and were filled.”
—Jno. 6: 26.

“From that time many of his disciples went back, and walked no more with him.”—Jno. 6: 66.

Near the intersection of two of the principle streets in one of our large cities there stands an unoccupied building that was erected half a century or more ago and used for a church.

On approaching this edifice from any direction it appears at first to have been constructed out of great blocks of smoothly-dressed stone, but a closer inspection reveals the disappointing and humiliating fact that it was built out of very common brick and plastered and “penciled” to imitate stone! Here and there patches of the “concrete veneering” have been loosened by wind and weather revealing the coarse, red bricks and in spite of yourself the conviction is forced upon you that probably this “sham stone” building fitly represents some who worshipped there. The building impresses you with the insincerity and hypocrisy of “professors of religion,” and even suggests the possibility that many other disciples may desire to appear more substantial and granite-like than a closer test would warrant.

APPLICATION.

Let us have church building and Christian men and women altogether free from every appearance of sham and insincerity. “Veneered disciples” will not stand the test of time and trial.



AFTER VESPERS.—From the Painting by C. Delort.

AGAIN AND AGAIN.

Have you a comforting word for the needy,
Tempered to ease a heart's pain,
Strengthening hands that are weak and unsteady?
Tell it again and again.

Have you a touch that can straighten the twistings
Tangled in some poor life's skein,
Smoothing the blurs of a troubled hand's wrestings?
Use it again and again.

Have you a smile that can vanquish the shadow
Threatening a soul's fairest plain,
Backing the mists by its binding embargo?
Smile it again and again.

Have you a song that can brighten the weary,
Easing time's pressure and strain,
Drying the tears that have turned bright eyes bleary?
Sing it again and again.

Have you a tenderness apt in forgiving
Faults that were fought off in vain,
Feeling hope lives while the sinner is living?
Show it again and again,

Pass on the rich coin of true golden action,
Deem no repetition as vain;
Each kindness can form with a heartache connection
So pass them again and again.

O. J. BULFIN.

IMITATION.

Who has not seen a puff of smoke arise,
 And float in misty majesty above,
 As like a cloud as any in the skies,
 Whereon we look with wistfulness and love?

Who has not seen a crowd of fluttering things
 Wheel white before the breeze, as frail as froth,—
 Mere withered leaves, but seeming to have wings
 As light as those of any wandering moth?

One moment—then, alas! the spell is done,
 The cloud, that was not cloud at all, is past;
 The moths, that were no butterflies, are gone;
 They held us—but their tenure could not last.

Since semblances achieve such perfect grace,
 Why strive to answer more than beauty's call?
 Beauty is brief, and, fading, leaves no trace:
 The true alone's what triumphs after all

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

—:O:—

Rivers of water.

"A man shall be . . . as rivers of water in a dry place,"—Is. 32: 2.

For many, many miles in every direction there is a dreary, desolate waste. Sagebrush, mesquite and cacti of various kinds are the only signs of vegetable life. The burning sun scorches and withers. Sterility and barrenness alone greet the eye of the traveler.

In the distance are the snow-capped mountains from which burst a hundred perennial springs, the sources of half a score of rivers that meander through the land on their way to the sea—God's great store house.



LANDSCAPE AND WATERFALL.—From the Painting by Herzog.

A surveying party has gone out upon the desert and one of the party is looking through the telescope of his trident-instrument towards the mountains in the distance. By his directions others are driving down stakes here and there. "Lines" are being run. The surveying party has been sent out by men who have formed themselves into an Irrigation Company. Then other men come with teams and scrapers and excavate canals where the surveyors have been at work.

At last water from the mountains is running in the canals and is being turned upon the land. What a change! There is verdure everywhere. Great, broad fields of barley, wheat and alfalfa; cattle and horses grazing contentedly in a hundred pastures; vineyards, orange groves and olive orchards have taken the place of sagebrush, mesquite and cacti. No new elements were added to the soil. The climate is just the same that it was before; but water has been supplied, and to that and intelligent cultivation the marvelous change is due.

APPLICATION.

"A man shall be . . . as rivers of water in a dry place." Christ came in "the fullness of time"—after due preparation had been made by the prophets and others for his advent. He came to humanity as the perennial mountain stream came to gladden the parched, dried, unproductive desert, and the wonderful transformation that has taken place marks the difference between the heathen and Christian world.

THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Christ was not born within a palace gate;
 No cloth of purple wore he, delicate
 And costly. And the glorious star did bring
 The shepherds to no princely halls. The thing
 Did come to pass within a stable, late
 In the night watches. They who did await
 Sad Israel's consolation—not the great—
 Only the wise and just did know their King,
 When Christ was born!

Where shall His Spirit come, to what high state?
 Not to the haughty heart nor obdurate,
 But in the lowly heart the angels sing
 Their glad hosannas to the new-born King;
 Unto the humble heart—O, happy fate—
 The Christ is born!

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.

—:O.—

Getting the Correct Time.

I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day—Acts 23: 1.
 I thank God, whom I serve from my forefathers with pure conscience.
 —2 Tim. 1: 3.

I was sitting one day conversing very pleasantly with a friend in a railroad office in a little village on the "main line" of the S. P. in central California, when my attention was attracted by the unusual stillness of the telegraph instruments, and I immediately spoke of it to my friend who was the company's agent at that place.

Said he, in reply to the series of inquiries I made—for I have seldom been too modest to ask questions,

notwithstanding the fact that to do so reveals my ignorance.—“It is now almost twelve o'clock. Every day at noon we get the correct time, and there are no messages sent over the wires for a short time just before twelve. The measured click of the instrument you hear is the tick of the clock at Lick Observatory, with which every telegraph office on the line of the S. P. in California is connected. We railroad men have to regulate our watches and clocks every day by the time that is given us over the wires from Lick Observatory?”

Just then the “sounder” of the telegraph instrument gave forth a peculiar noise and I knew that it was the twelve o'clock signal. A moment later and the instruments were clattering away as usual. Messages were being sent and received and the routine business of the road was being transacted the same as before the signal was given. Once in every twenty four hours every timepiece in use by the employees of this great corporation has to be compared with and regulated to correspond exactly with the time indicated from this one authoritative source. This is necessary to prevent collisions and consequent loss of life and property. No matter if nine tenths or more of all the employees have precisely the same time, if it is not in harmony with that at Lick Observatory it must be corrected. The clocks and watches of the army of railroad men are utterly worthless, for the purpose for which they are intended,—though they were of pure gold studded with diamonds—if they are not kept in harmony with each other, and the only way to have them harmonize is to regulate them often by an absolutely correct standard.

APPLICATION.

Conscience is not an infallibly safe guide. It is a watch. It is useful in its place if properly regulated. It can not regulate itself, nor be regulated by the consciences of others. If the conscience of one man agree perfectly with those of a thousand others it will not be safe to conclude that the thing about which they agree is therefore right. All may be wrong. Conscience only says, "Do right," but does not point out what is right. To live conscientiously is not enough, unless the conscience is kept in perfect harmony with the only authoritatively correct standard, no more than it will do for a train dispatcher to send out trains on schedule time as indicated by his watch, simply because it may be running and has not stopped since it was taken from the factory. He does not know whether it is "fast" or "slow" for he makes no comparisons with standard time.

Christ is the clock in the observatory—the infallibly correct regulator—for the conscience of every man. If all lived conscientiously in accordance with his teaching there would never be any collisions. Perfect harmony would prevail in the moral world.

Paul declared that he had "lived in all good conscience" both before and after he became a Christian, but, judged by his conduct, Paul the conscientious Christian was as unlike Paul the conscientious Jew as noonday is different from midnight. By all means live conscientiously, but know that you are living so in perfect harmony with Christ, the authoritative regulator of the conscience.



THE DEATH OF MINNEHAHA.—From the Painting by W. L. Dodge.

PRAYER.

—O—

'Tis sweet to breathe in prayer
 Thanksgiving to our Father above,
 But sweeter far to feel and know
 The joy of his unceasing love.

'Tis sweet to breathe in prayer,
 "Hallowed be thy name, O Lord—
 Let not my footsteps go astray.
 But guide me by thy word."

'Tis sweet to ask in prayer
 For our Savior's constant aid,
 That we may daily stronger grow
 In the faith that he portrayed.

EMMA G. WOODY.

——:O:——

The Indian Mother Comforted.

—O—

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.—Is. 40: 1.

A party of Christian tourists visited, in the state of California, an Indian rancherie or village, and as they drew near they heard the sound of weeping. Coming still closer they perceived that the sound came from the direction of one of the adobe huts of which the village was composed. Going to this particular cabin they found a group of ten or twelve Indians—both men and women—sitting on the floor in a circle, in the center of which was a dead child. They were all making loud and bitter lamentation. The young mother, who sat at the child's head, seemed, naturally, to be most affected. Her body swayed to and fro as if rocked by some mighty tempest, while her lamentation was most piteous. She

was evidently mourning the loss of her only child. By her side sat an elderly woman, who appeared to be her mother, and who seemed vainly endeavoring to console her daughter, who, like Rachel, refused to be comforted.

They were evidently very poor, and it was suggested by one of the party that some money be given them with which to buy food and clothing, and "this would perhaps comfort them too, for they certainly do not grieve as other people do." So the money was given, but the weeping continued.

Learning, upon inquiring of an Indian who stood near, that they understood English, a thoughtful Christian woman said, "Let us sing to them," and acting upon her suggestion the tourists sang, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." They had scarcely begun to sing when the weeping ceased, and there was a calm like that when the storm is past—when it has spent its fury—and you only hear the rain drops falling from the eaves, the belated breeze sighing through the boughs, and the gentle ripple of the newly made rivulet on its way to join the deep blue sea. They had been comforted.

APPLICATION.

Bereavement comes to all. The king upon his throne, and the dusky child of the forest have naturally hearts alike. They love, and grieve, and hope. They sorrow and demand to be comforted, and will not—can not—be satisfied except with the consolation that comes through the gospel of the Son of God. "Comfort ye my people."

AS WE PASS.

In the crush of the crowded street
Where friends as strangers meet
And pass, and scarcely know
The face familiar—thus we go,
In this world's haste our way—
Day after day—day after day !

O friend ! while thus we pass,
I fain would speak the word, alas !
Too often left unsaid !—God speed
Thy journey ! Grant thy deed
Be nobly for the true and right,
Accounted worthy in His sight !

And stranger ! On whose quiet face
I joy to mark the Spirit's grace
And greet a soul in silence !—yet
Long to know thy secret !—Let
This world in passing find and bear
A little of the cross and care !

O brothers in the bond of toil
I bid you hail ! In the turmoil
Of this world's wrong, go thou
Forth bravely ! We may not now
Pause long ; and yet, fain would I share
With thee thy burden and my prayer !

CHARLES BLANCHARD.

GETHSEMANE.

To-night the sight of the great silent earth
Wrapped in white moonlight, strangely saddens me.
Hushed of its tumult and the sound of mirth,
The world sleeps on as when in vanished years,
So lonely and so weary, with what tears,
Christ prayed alone in dark Gethsemane.
O sleeping ones, devoted yet so blind!
Had you but felt the horror of His fate!
Had you but known the meaning of the kind
Yet warning words He uttered, had you known
How much your Master suffered there alone
You might have helped to bear the crushing weight!
"Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Alas!
If His disciples had but understood!
Deserted by the disappointed mass
Of fickle Galileans,—as He wept,
Nearer and nearer those savage shadows crept,
Roman and Jew, burning to shed His blood.
What comfort in His struggle to have felt
A brother's sympathy, however slight!
While for his poor disciples,—to have dealt
Him consolation, it had been so high
A privilege! I only wish that I
Had lived and watched with him that fatal night.
And yet to all who live must come an hour
Of fierce temptation, when the soul must go
Thro' perils such as make the strongest cower;
These are our Gardens of Gethsemane,
All who have passed the crisis faithfully
Have watched with Christ altho' they did not know.

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.

“Facts as Idle Tales—Therefore Incredible.”

“Their words seemed to them as idle tales, and they believed them not.”—Luke 24: 11.

One day last week I learned a valuable lesson from a street waif. As I was passing leisurely along one of the crowded thoroughfares of this great city I overheard a little boy, who was evidently a child of very poor parents, ask a fruit vender for two or three partially decayed peaches which were lying apart from the other fruit he was offering for sale, but to my surprise the little fellow's request was refused.

Calling him to me, I asked, “Would you like to have a nice, ripe peach?” He hesitated in making any reply, so I said, “I think you would enjoy eating one of those luscious peaches, and if you will select the one you prefer I will pay for it.”

He seemed confused and began to say something that I did not quite understand, as he spoke in a subdued tone of voice, so I said again, “Come, my boy, have a fine, large peach at my expense.”

I was never more sincere in my life, and I endeavored to so impress him, but to my great astonishment he only hung his head in embarrassment and finally said, in reply to all my urging, “I don't want no peach!”

The fact was that he did not believe that I was in earnest. My offer was more generous than his previous experiences and observations in life would allow him to accept as genuine. He would gladly have taken the rotten, worthless peaches—if the fruit vender had given his consent,—because he had known nothing better, but my liberality was to him incredible.

APPLICATION.

This incident, simple as it was, started a train of thoughts and resulted in teaching me an important and useful lesson. I understand from this why the disciples did not believe the report of the woman that Christ was risen from the dead—the news was too good. And I knew better than I had known before why there are so few who respond to the preaching of the gospel now. To them it is incredible that so many great blessings are freely offered. The promises of God through Jesus Christ are to them as "idle tales," and they only wonderingly exclaim, as did one of old, "How can these things be?"

Oh, for more men and women of God who will earnestly, patiently, persistently, repeatedly—and therefore convincingly—proclaim a risen Savior's undying love to the faithless and unbelieving!



 MY LORD AND MY GOD.

Once at my very side
 Shone there a face,
 Full of unfathomed love,
 Full of all grace;
 Then glanced my Father's look.
 Speaking to me;
 Beamed then my brother's brow
 Noble and free!

Peaceful and innocent
 Pure—like my child;
 Deep as my husband's heart
 On me it smiled.
 In it there gleamed the light
 (Ah, what a glow.)
 Of my dear, friendly loves,
 All that I know.

From it a radiance streamed
 Sun-like, sublime!
 There gathered holy looks
 Those of all time.
 Aspects of sainted souls
 (Felt I their tears.)
 Full of all heavenliness,
 Martyrs and seers.

Mighty, angelic power
 Seraphic grace,
 Mingled their mellow fires
 In that one face.
 Opened Eternity
 Then at a word,
 Knew I the face of Him,
 Jesus, my Lord!

MRS. MERRILL E. GATES—in "Christian Work."

 "AND HE WAS NOT, FOR GOD TOOK HIM."

So sudden and so swift
 The earthly end to him!
 Upward, O God, we lift
 Our eyes suffused and dim.

Yearning to see, above
 These clouds about us blown,
 In sign thou still art love,
 The rainbow round the throne!

WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON,

 THE LORD'S DAY.

O golden day, on which the Savior rose!
 O blessed day, which brings such holy thoughts!
 Sweet day, so full of light, of life, and love!
 So fraught with peace and joy for all mankind!
 A day of rest from earthly toil and strife.
 The first day of the week, on which we meet
 With him, and for a while we lay aside
 All selfish thoughts of gain and earthly care,
 Raising to him glad songs of sweetest praise
 For vict'ry over sin, death, and the grave,
 And while our lips the sacred emblems touch,
 Those emblems kiss forgiveness to each soul:
 The sun shines brighter on this holy morn
 For we can look beyond all earthly light
 Into the very presence of the king
 Who shines into each heart with light divine,
 And brings to us the sweet hope that some time
 His pierced hand will touch the bars of death
 To open wide the graves wherein we lie,
 And we shall rise with him to endless day.
 His word is sure; his promise he will keep,
 He'll come at last for those who in him sleep.

ADAH TORREY HENDERSON.

Saint Martin and the Impostor.

"Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails . . . I will not believe."—Jno. 20: 25.

One day when Saint Martin was busy with his sacred duties, there was a knock at the door of the monastery and, responding to his call, the old monk was met by a stranger who desired admission. He was of lordly mein, and his dress, as well as his personal appearance, indicated him to be a man of great distinction.

Nothing abashed by his commanding and dignified bearing, St. Martin said, "Before I can consent to admit you into the sacred precincts of this monastery I must know who you are, and on what business you come."

To this the visitor, expecting to be immediately admitted, replied, "I am Christ," and advanced towards the half-open door, but the monk, guarding the entrance, said, "Show me the print of the nails." But his jeweled hands did not bear this indubitable mark of Christ's person, and confused by the sagacious old monk's searching and unexpected test, that revealed his true character and exposed his attempted deception, the impostor quickly fled from Saint Martin's presence.

APPLICATION.

This legend suggests the only infallible means of distinguishing between the true and the false in men, and systems of religion that purport to have come from God. There are numerous deceivers in the world in all ages making delusive statements, teaching alluring doctrines, and announcing fascinating revelations, who

would persuade the people to substitute these new beliefs for the old faith. The only sure way of knowing these false pretenders is by applying the test of Saint Martin: "Show me the print of the nails." Nothing is from Christ that does not plainly bear his mark upon it. Any doctrine or plan of salvation that has not as its central fact the gospel of the wounded, bleeding, dying Christ is a snare and a delusion.

THE UNBELIEVER.

He said there wasn't a God on high, he laughed at the Christian's hope;
He looked at the stars in the dotted sky, at the rock on the mountain
slope—

The ponderous rock that jutted out, high over the murmuring sea—
And said that they were among the things which merely happened to be;
It was "only a matter of cooling off and condensing that had
brought

The system, with their suns and worlds, to perfection out of naught."

He spoke of the sun-kissed pagan's creed and the god unto which he
bowed;

He spoke of the drooping flower's need of the mist from the passing
cloud;

He spoke of the dumb brute's fear of death, of the wild hind's mother
love,

And he smiled at the claim that man draws breath through the favor of
One above;

He heard the bell as its echo spread on the peace of the Sabbath morn,
He listened to what the preacher said, and he turned away in scorn.

He stood by the bay as the tide came in; he watched the billows that broke;
 He saw the volcano across the plain, with its summit wreathed in smoke;
 "They were things that had come out of empty space;" he could tell you how and why.
 But a pallor spread over his baby's face, and they said that the child would die!
 Then the man who had scoffed fell down on his knees, he still had a prayer to make;
 "Oh, God," he pleaded, "spare him, please! God, spare him for Christ's sake!"

S. E. KISER.

—:O:—

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

It is the night whereon the Christ was born,
 And tender memories chain my thoughts, the while
 I dream of the awaking Asian morn
 Which looked the first upon his infant smile.

I see the swarth Judean shephards pass
 Along the lonely street at break of day;
 I see them bow betweeu the ox and ass,
 And by the manger-cradle kneel to pray;

I see the calm content upon the brow
 Of her who bore him broaden with the light;
 And pent-up gladness of long months gleams now
 As she unveils for others that dear sight.

I fain would take my place to praise and pray,
 Beside the manger in the cattle-shed,
 Where, though the morning breaks o'er cast and gray,
 A light celestial crowns a baby head.

But while I pray the shadows pass away,
 And, standing by a cross, I seem to see
 In the full sunshine of the Christmas Day
 A risen Savior stretch his hands to me.

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD.

Gossiping Flowers.

When Saul was come to Jerusalem he assayed to join himself to the disciples: but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple. But Barnabas took him, and brought him to the apostles, and declared unto them how he had preached boldly at Damascus in the name of Jesus. And he was with them coming in and going out at Jerusalem.—Acts 9: 26-28.

Growing in the midst of roses, geraniums, fucias, pansies, violets, cala lilies and other beautiful tropical and semitropical flowering plants and shrubs in a spacious and well-kept park or garden was a "century plant"—*Agave Americana*—that was the cause of no little anxiety to its ever-blooming and much admired neighbors, as the object of their contempt and criticism.

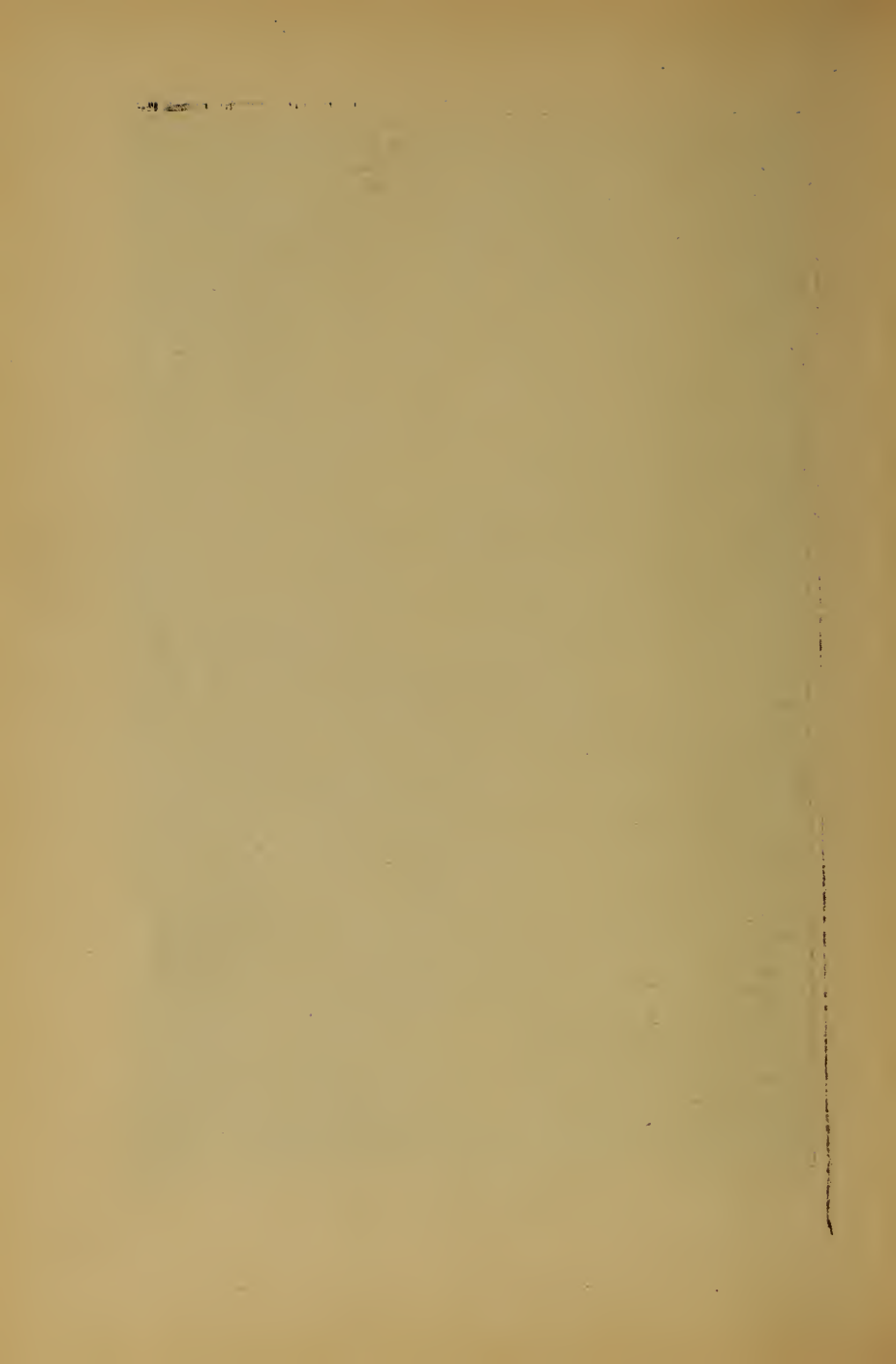
One day some fresh, young violets were laughing at the century plant when an old rose bush, that stood near, said to them, "You certainly should not be blamed for what may seem to others a lack of good breeding. To my positive knowledge this clumsy, conservative old "mossback" has remained during the last ten years or more just about as you see him now. It may do him some good to be made to realize that he is nothing but a laughing-stock."

Some morning glories, clinging to a near-by trellis, overhearing the remarks made by the old rose bush, said, with an unlady-like laugh, that revealed much more than their words, "We are usually regarded as being 'wall-flowers,' but we are not to be compared in this respect to the object of your just criticism. Indeed you



MARGUERITE.

From the Painting by J. M. Bertrand.



might, with perfect propriety, have said much more concerning our 'steadfast neighbor' than you did say."

"Very true," ejaculated a venerable and tenacious geranium. "I have lived all the years of my life in close proximity to Mr. Agave Americana—the wearer of a high-sounding title—and have seen that the faithful gardener gives him the same care and attention that the rest of us receive, and if he ever appreciated in the least what has been done for him I have never been able to recognize the fact."

"I think," remarked a richly, and fashionably attired fusia, "that I never in all of my observations saw a more ungrateful object. Why you can not come near the old churl without you are in constant danger of being pierced through and through by his sharp spines. Every avenue of approach to him is carefully guarded by a score or more of needle-like thorns. I would not be surprised if his heart should be accidentally discovered if it would not be found to be a combination of buckthorn, catclaw, Spanish dagger and cacti."

The cala lilies lifted up their white blossoms—emblems of purity—and for once, at least, forgetting to be modest, exclaimed in harsh, discordant accents, very unlike their naturally sweet, pleasant voices, "Just so, we have found the presence of the century plant at times almost unbearable, but hesitated to say anything for fear of giving offense, but forbearance has ceased to be a virtue. Mere words can not express our antipathy towards this intruder, which is undoubtedly 'the thorn in the flesh' of all of us."

"It may not become us to say anything," began a bed

of beautiful pansies, from which one would naturally have expected better things, "but we wish to assure you that we are in hearty sympathy with all that has been said in criticism of the uncanny agave, and—," but before the sentence could be finished the pretty pansies became so much embarrassed at the thought of the new role they had assumed that further utterance was impossible.

Notwithstanding the many objections that were made, the sunshine and the rain and the faithful old gardener never failed to discharge their duties fully toward the despised agave during the long, long years of its slow growth and development.

One day not long after the critical flowers had given "vent to their feelings" for the thousandth time, they observed that a very rapid and radical change was taking place in the much-abused century plant, and almost before they could realize what was happening a tall, symmetrical flower-stalk had sprung up to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, and a great bunch of lovely creamy-white blossoms, like the mammoth plume on the helmet of some giant knight, had appeared thereon, completely overshadowing all of them. They were greatly surprised and ashamed, for they had not thought it possible that the object of their repeated ridicule was capable of such wonderful and pleasing development. It was a hard thing for them to do, but they all apologized in a becoming manner for their rudeness and discourtesy, and the kingly agave, with dignified grace and modesty, smilingly, assured them that "all was forgiven.

APPLICATION.

It not unfrequently occurs in "this progressive age" that some rough, uncouth man, who had for years lived a sinful life—a Jerry McAuley, Henry H. Hadley, John B. Gough, Saul of Tarsus, or some other desperately wicked man—has been turned to God and desires to identify himself with the disciples, but instead of being received by them he is refused their fellowship. When he assays to join himself to them they declare that they are afraid of him, and will not believe that he is a disciple. Such hyper-critical "professors of religion" practically acknowledge their disbelief in the possibility of any change in the lives of sinful men and women through the gospel—God's power unto salvation. They are septsics.

The development of Christian character and attainments may be slow, but God and Barnabas are always faithful in giving encouragement to those who signify the least desire to bring forth the flowers and fruits of a righteous life. Better act like Barnabas—you can not tell but what you may be encouraging a Paul.

—:O:—

THE TONGUE.

"The boneless tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian Proverb wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes takes this for instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed,"
Say the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great store-house is the heart."

From Hebrew writ the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

—————:O:—————

Guilty and Defenseless.

"Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is ever at the right hand of God * * * maketh intercession for us."—Rom. 8: 34.

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father; Jesus Christ the righteous"—I Jno. 2: 1.

A man who had been charged with having committed a crime had been arrested, arraigned, tried and found guilty as charged. He had carried the case from one court to another, each time having the decision of the lower court sustained till at last he was to have a hearing before the supreme court of the land. An appeal had been taken to that court, but alas, his means to defray expenses was exhausted. He has not only been adjudged guilty again and again, but he is a bankrupt and entirely ignorant of how to proceed to have his case properly

presented before the last court of appeal. He must go to prison for life, unless the decision can be reversed here. When he is in this awful dilemma an advocate of superior ability comes forward and offers to prepare his case and present it before the highest tribunal without demanding any fee whatever. The poor, dejected, heart-broken defendant cannot find words with which to express his appreciation and joy. But before the time set for the final hearing of his case he unceremoniously and abruptly dismisses the attorney who had so graciously offered his service in his behalf. Foolish man! There is now no hope!

APPLICATION.

Just so many persons are now doing. Found guilty at the bar of knowledge, reason and conscience, the case must be heard before the Supreme Judge. They are poor, friendless and miserable. Unable to secure means to employ counsel, the case must go before the court for final hearing without a competent advocate. "Jesus Christ the righteous" comes forward to make the plea, and the defendant is happy. * * * The day and hour set for hearing the case has come, but the wretched culprit's Counsel has long since been dismissed. The transgressor's doom is sealed. Poor backslider, if he had only retained the services of the Wonderful Counsellor.

 THE GREAT RUNNING ACCOUNT.

When there is danger in the way
 And clouds are dark above,
 You steal into your closet, where
 You kneel and call, in tearful prayer,
 On God to prove his love.

When all the spreading world is fair,
 With cloudless skies above,
 You ask not for God's guidance then—
 You sally forth to vie with men,
 Unmindful of His love.

The man who cries: "God, guide me!" when
 He needs the Fathers love,
 And walks alone in easy ways,
 Forgetting all the gloomy days,
 Will need a bond above.

The man who sings a song of praise
 And still has faith and love
 When all the ways ahead are clear
 May have to find indorsers here,
 But his word will do above.

S. E. KISER.

 'O'

 O ROCK OF MY SALVATION.

O Rock of my salvation,
 When I am stayed on thee,
 Abroad is agitation
 Tranquillity with me.

Afar thy shadow falleth—
 My shelter and retreat;
 No terror here appalleth,
 No snares beset my feet.



DEPARTURE OF THE FISHERMEN.
From the Painting by Theo. Weber.

Thou beatest back the billow
When sorrow's surges roll;
Thy peace is 'neath my pillow,
Thy strength within my soul.

The clouds may brood above thee,
The tempests smite thy breast;
Nor gloom nor storm can move thee,
My Refuge and my Rest.

O Rock of my salvation,
I stay myself on thee;
Thou art my habitation,
Through thy eternity.

EDWARD N. POMEROY

—————:O:—————

Polish Pirates.

Ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world.—Eph. 2: 12.

When Poland ceased to have a separate existence as a nation, she had but one man-of-war on the sea, and when the sailors aboard that vessel, then in the Southern Ocean, heard that their nation had become extinct—that the flag they were flying represented nothing that would be recognized or respected—they held a council and decided to engage in piracy. Accordingly the Polish flag was hauled down and the black banner—the emblem of death—substituted in its place and the merciless and relentless career of piratical life was begun. It is said that in all the history of piracy on the high seas that these sailors—without home or country—had no equals for bravery, recklessness or cruelty. They hesitated at nothing that was daring or dastardly.

APPLICATION.

The most dangerous temptations, or rather temptations attended by the greatest dangers, come to those who have nothing to admonish them to perform well their part in life; who recognize no wholesome, restraining influences, who are "strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world."

Alas, that the false idea should ever prevail that there is nothing noble for which to strive, and thus the way be prepared for a life of piracy against purity, honesty, sobriety, good order and righteousness.

—:O:—

"LO, I AM WITH YOU."

Lo! I am with you alway,
 I will never leave thy side;
 I will help and bless and cheer thee,
 If thou wilt in me abide;
 Through this dark and gloomy valley
 I will guide thee, never fear,
 And when dangers round thee gather,
 Thou shalt feel my presence near.

With us always, blessed promise,
 How it cheers us on the way,
 How it lightens all the burdens
 We must bear from day to day;
 Cheer up, brother, Christ is with you,
 Though in darknes you way roam,
 Trust him, he will safely lead you
 To the saints' eternal home.

A. R. ADAMS.

—:O:—

Saving the Gold.

"Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so-called."—1 Tim. 6:20.

"That good thing which was committed to thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us."—2 Tim; 1: 14.

It was a queer looking device that I saw in the inventor's workshop, not unlike some inquisitorial machine of the dark and bloody past that was used to tear the helpless victim limb from limb in order to extort an orthodox confession from him.

Cylinders, with iron teeth, some revolving this way and some that. Wheels and pulleys, belts and bands—Ezekiel's vision materialized! Of what use could it be? For what purpose had such a machine been constructed? Was it some contrivance for aerial navigation? Or was it an "infernal machine," such as an anarchist might devise with which to enforce his ideas of righteousness between himself and some fellow-mortal? Oh, no, it was nothing of the kind. It was a "gold extractor"—a device that automatically separated the gold from the dirt, sand and gravel with which it was mixed.

The earth, rocks, pebbles, sand, gold—altogether—are shoveled into the machine and the work of separation begins. First the larger rocks are eliminated and the clods broken by a large, strong, toothed cylinder, then passing on to another cylinder, the process of separation goes on by the smaller pebbles being expelled and the clods pulverized, and thus by means of cylinders and screens the pulverizing, sifting, eliminating process continues till at last the fine dirt and sand containing the gold are blown against a quicksilver or "amalgam" plate,

and, the gold and quicksilver having great affinity for each other, the gold adheres to it and is saved.

APPLICATION.

“Avoiding profane and vain babblings, and oppositions of science falsely so-called, that good thing which was committed to thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us.” This should be the process of separation that should especially and continually characterize the Christian. He must necessarily see and hear many things that should be unheeded, and many other things that should be forgotten as quickly as possible. The process of elimination ought to go on and on until only the gold of truth, held securely in the heart by the amalgam of God’s Spirit, remains.

—————:O:—————

TRUTH.

O what is valor on the side of wrong?
 O what is love unless our faith be strong?
 Or what is faith when fixed on that which fails?
 The Truth, the Truth alone preserves, prevails!
 The Truth shall make you free, the Savior saith,—
 The courage born of Truth has conquered Death.
 O to be brave no matter what the cost!
 O to be true tho’ all save Truth be lost!

GOD’S PLANS.

I see God’s plans in all the powers that stir,
 In failure and in triumph, loss and gain;
 In every pang of thine, O sufferer,—
 The sweetest rest comes after sharpest pain.

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.

Remarkable Transformation.

Thanks be to God, that whereas ye were the servants of sin, ye became obedient from the heart to that form of teaching whereunto ye were delivered; and being made free from sin, ye became servants of righteousness.

What fruit had ye at that time in the things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death. But now being made free from sin, and become servants of God, ye have your fruit unto sanctification, and the end eternal life.—Rom. 6: 17, 18, 21, 22.

One day, some years ago, when strolling leisurely and somewhat aimlessly along the streets of Los Angeles “sight-seeing”—for it was at the time of my first visit to this modern Mecca—I saw an old Chinaman, the very picture of abject misery and wretchedness, busily engaged picking up rags and papers from the gutters, alleys and byways of the city. He carried two large baskets, one on each end of a stout pole about four and a half or five feet in length, which he dextrously balanced from shoulder to shoulder thus shifting the baskets alternately from front to rear as he desired, and with a short stick armed at one end with a sharp hook he would transfix the rags and bits of paper and transfer them to the two rude receptacles he carried to receive them, placing the paper in one basket and the rags in the other. Thus the poor, stupid man eked out a miserable existence as he went about the city day by day doing the work of a scavenger, his sole remuneration being the few cents he received from the proprietor or agent of some paper mill, which varied slightly each day according to his industry or good luck but was never more than the merest pittance. However he had a monopoly of the business in which he was engaged, and probably would never

have any competitor—just that ideal position for which many are longing.

The ignorant old Mongolian and the repulsive work he was doing seemed to me to be exactly adapted to each other. The rags were filthy and apparently utterly worthless, while the Chinaman was the helpless and hopeless bondservant of heathen degradation. And to my mind, at that time—for I was not then a Christian—fitly represented his race. I thought the Chinese a very inferior people superstitiously bearing the awful burden of heathenism, and for whom there was no hope. With many others I was inclined to say, "Can any good thing come out of China?"

A fortnight ago I attended a reception at the Los Angeles Christian Mission given by the Christianized Chinese to their teachers and friends, and I noted with profound interest and unalloyed pleasure the marked contrast between these Christian Chinamen and the poor, old rag-picker whom I had looked upon as the representative of his people. The contrast was greater than that between the clean, white paper and the filthy rags out of which it was manufactured.

APPLICATION.

Many and wonderful are the transformations that are taking place in the material world by the application of scientific knowledge. Soiled rags are transmuted into pure, white paper by simple mechanical and chemical processes. But more wonderful changes are taking place in the moral world through the proclamation of the gospel. The hearts and lives of the vilest men that sin, satan and heathenism can produce are being purified by

obedience to the truth. Of many, in all lands, it may now be said, "Whereas ye were the servants of sin, ye became obedient from the heart to that form of teaching whereunto ye were delivered, and being made free from sin, ye became the servants of righteousness." For this let all exclaim, "Thanks be to God."



FISHERS OF MEN.

Down by the sea of the mild Galilee,
The Savior passed time and again;
From the shore of the sea, He called, "Follow me
And I'll make you fishers of men."

He is calling to-day, in the same earnest way;
He is calling for fishers again;
And the brightest names known up around God's throne
Will be those who were fishers of men.

WILL H. DIXON.



The Quarrelsome Watch.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another.—Rom. 12: 4, 5.

The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary.—I Cor. 12: 21, 22.

While winding my watch the other night I imagined the various parts that enter into its construction were engaged in a very animated discussion. I listened, and heard the mainspring say in a complaining mood, "I am shut up here in this prison and can only pull and pull

to make the rest of you go, and I'm getting very tired of it. I am the essential part of any watch, and I protest against such treatment from my inferiors."

At this seemingly unprovoked attack the balance wheel chimed out, "I am quite as necessary as you are," laying a great deal of emphasis on the personal pronouns, "and here I am being constantly jerked from side to side till I am so dizzy I could not stand alone, if I had the privilege of trying. It is too bad."

This explosive speech from the somewhat unbalanced wheel gave the delicate hairspring occasion to relate her grievances, which she did in very plain language. "Do you mean to insinuate," said she, "that I am the cause of all your annoyance? You are forever determined to go to one extreme or the other, and I am so tired trying to keep you in your proper place that I think I shall certainly have an attack of nervous prostration. Will you not hereafter conduct yourself as a balance wheel should? And please do not insinuate, at least while you are so eccentric, that I am of little importance. If it were not for me, delicate as I am, a watch would not be a watch."

Then the second hand accused the minute hand of being lazy, and the minute hand retorted by saying, "I am not lazy, I would have you know. You certainly have forgotten that I have a greater distance to travel than you have, and that my work is much more important than yours, for while you tick off the seconds I count the minutes. Besides, I perform twelve times as much labor as my neighbor, the hour hand, for he travels around the face of this dial but twice in twenty-four

hours, while I go around twenty-four times. I've a great mind to sue you for slander for accusing me of being lazy."

Before the minute hand had finished his harangue the hour hand interrupted him by saying, "The insinuation you have just made to your noisy little neighbor, that I am not doing my duty is false and ridiculous. It is my business, as you very well know, to mark the hours as they go by, while it is your business"—and this was spoken in such an emphatic way as to convey the impression that the minute hand was inclined to meddle with the business of others—"to tell off the minutes. This duty I have done faithfully and well. It requires sixty minutes to make an hour, therefore I am sixty times more important than you. I am come to bear witness to the truth."

Just then the watch suddenly stopped, and the combined efforts of all the hands and of all the springs could not move a wheel. The conference assumed a different aspect, and upon due inquiry it was found that a very small cog had been broken out of a very insignificant little wheel—presumably by the bickering and contention that had prevailed—rendering the watch practically useless.

APPLICATION.

Unfortunately, there are egotistic, disparaging, contentious church members as well as self-centered, hypercritical watch springs, hands and wheels, and the one is as ruinous to the church as the other is to the watch. Let us strive to realize that "those members of the body which seem to be more feeble are necessary,"

and as Christians govern ourselves in harmony therewith. Nothing more quickly destroys the usefulness of a congregation than for the spirit of fault-finding and disparagement to prevail. Keep selfishness without by keeping love within.



THE FIR TREE.

In a dark old German forest,
Where the pines stood straight and tall,
Grew a little stunted fir tree,
Shunned and hated by them all.
Green moss carpets spread about it,
Into fairy patterns traced;
Where the squirrels frisked and chattered,
And the shy rabbits raced.

There the lofty oaks and hemlocks
Held the song-winds in their heart;
But the patient little fir tree
Stood neglected and apart.
Not a bird would bend its branches,
Not a star would smile on him,
Not a single shaft of sunlight
Would slide through his branches dim.

Soon the summer days were ended,
And the snow-king of the north,
From his frozen home of crystal,
On his white steed sallied forth.
Then a light of pearl and amber
Rose and smoldered in the west,
While the ground was white with snowflakes,
And the trees in ermine dressed.



MORNING.—From the Painting by J. Matak.

From the quaint old German chapel,
 Standing black against the sky,
 Sweet the Christmas chimes were pealing,
 When St. Nicholas passed by.
 And the good old saint at twilight,
 Speeding through the naked wood,
 Saw the lonely, patient fir tree,—
 And he blessed it as it stood.

Lo, that night the pines and cedars
 Flung their dark arms far and wide;
 While within the wax-lit chapel
 Stood the fir-tree, glorified.
 Starred with tapers, hung with love-gifts.
 Wound with ribbons every bough;
 And the shining eyes of children
 Were his sunshine,—and are now.

FLORENCE ALT GIBBS.



Kibroth-hattaavah.

And he called the name of the place Kibroth-hattaavah: because there they buried the people that lusted.—Num. 11: 34.

Yesterday a man who had grown prematurely old on account of his profligacy, committed suicide, and today he was buried—that is his body was buried. It was the last of many funerals he had had, for often before this, strange as it may seem, he had been guilty of self-destruction. His first act was to deliberately destroy his self-respect. This he had done by cherishing secretly the desire to commit sins of various kinds until he had ceased to think himself as a manly man. The deed was done by repeatedly administering a slow poison. Each time that the suggestion came to him to do wrong he

entertained it, till ere long his self-respect was dead. Returning from the lonely grave where, during the darkness of the night, he had buried this noble and vital part of himself, he garroted his conscience to death. It was an awful struggle, but he had grown desperate because of the dreadful but true accusations his conscience persisted in bringing against him from time to time, and in his desperation he succeeded in accomplishing his dastardly purpose. By the side of his deceased self-respect, in an unmarked grave, he secretly buried his conscience.

Soon after this he murdered his reputation. It was a great shock to all who knew him. The funeral, unlike the other two that he had had, was public, and there were many present. One of the peculiar features was that the murderer himself acted as one of the pall bearers, and would have been the chief mourner only that he did not realize fully what he had done by destroying his reputation. There were others, however, who wept for him, and came again, and again to the grave with inconsolable grief, among them a noble father, a fond mother, a loving wife, and innocent children.

Then, as if possessed by the very demons of self-destruction, the monomaniac slew his usefulness, his happiness, and his hope, and these were all buried near each other beside his reputation—never to be resurrected. All this time he had been making repeated attacks upon his character, till at last that also lay slain before him, bearing the marks of the dagger with which it had been repeatedly wounded—finally unto death.

Sometimes indeed the miserable man, like the prodigal that he was, "when he came to himself," would entertain the desire to resurrect and resuscitate these essential attributes of himself, but, alas, how could he do it? Realizing his weakness—his inability to give life to the dead—disappointed, despondent, utterly wretched he slew his body—which was the least of all the great crimes he had committed against himself, terrible as it was.

APPLICATION.

Friends and relatives, sadly realizing what had been the primary cause of all that had occurred, called the cemeteries where the man's noble attributes were entombed, as well as where his body was buried, Kibroth-hattaavah—"the graves of lust"—and vainly endeavoring to assuage each other's grief could only say,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, It might have been."



 TRUST ON!

Though in thy name of treasure there be nought,
 And scant the store from which to do or have
 Though larger gifts thy heart devoutly crave
 And wider scope for action thou hast sought
 To find thy yearning feebler faith hath wrought,
 Thy culture scantier fruitage, seeming, gave,
 And challenged ills—thy courage sought to brave—
 New weapons to the field of conflict brought:—
 Yield not, disheartened, to the subtil foe!
 From out the clouds—through yonder shining rift—
 Come snatches wafted of victorious song
 From those who suffered most of earthly woe!
 The race is not *forever* to the swift
 Nor is the battle, *always*, to the strong

JOHN TROLAND.

 :O:

 The Lost Child.

The Son of man is come to save that which was lost.—Matt. 18: 11.

Yesterday morning I witnessed a rare but sadly beautiful and very suggestive sight. Being out on the street at an early hour I saw a lost child, or rather a child that soon would have been lost had it not been for an observing, kind-hearted man. The gate in the front of the house had been left ajar and the little fellow had found it, while playing in the front yard, and had gone out, and was almost a block away from home when the thoughtful man coming down the street saw that the child—two and a half or three years of age—was alone, and recognizing it was one of his neighbor's children he



PITCHER OF TEARS.
From the Painting by Paul Thuman.

stooped down and said coaxingly, "Put your little hand in mine, and I will take you home. You might get hurt on the street." The wee one immediately reached up its tiny, chubby hand and placed it confidently in the hard, horny hand of its savior—the man like our Master, was a carpenter—to be led safely home. Looking back over my shoulder, as I passed on I saw the man and the child walking together hand in hand away from danger—toward home.

APPLICATION.

How strikingly this illustrates the mission and work of the Savior and his disciples. He came to save the lost, and is saying to every one who is wandering away, "Put your hand in mine, and I will lead you safely home."

—————:O:—————

HIS MONUMENT.

He built a house, time laid it in the dust;
 He wrote a book, its title now forgot;
 He ruled a city, but his name is not
 On any tablet graven, or where rust
 Can gather from disuse, or marble bust.
 He took a child from out a wretched cot,
 Who on the State dishonor might have brought,
 And reared him in the Christian's hope and trust.
 The boy, to manhood grown, became a light
 To many souls, and preached for human need
 The wonderous love of the Omnipotent.
 The work has multiplied like stars at night
 When darkness deepens; every noble deed
 Lasts longer than a granite monument.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

The Laborer and His Burden.

“Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.”—Ps. 55; 22.

A common sight in the rural and mining districts in the West is that of laboring men, such as farm hands, miners and others who perform similar labor, going on foot from place to place in search of employment, carrying athwart their shoulders a roll of blankets or “conforters.” Wherever night overtakes them they spread their blankets on the bare ground—if they can do no better, which is frequently impossible—lie down and sleep as best they can till morning, when they roll their blankets up again, place them on their shoulders, and continue on their journey.

APPLICATION.

How many people there are who have burdens of various kinds that they use in a similar way. They carry them about wherever they go all day, sleep on them at night—if they sleep at all—take them up again and pack them away in the morning. This process they repeat regularly every twenty-four hours. Is it any wonder that they complain of being tired? Why not cast thy burden upon the Lord? Yes, why not?

—:O:—

FOLLY AND THE FALL.

—O—

Some pretty little sparrows had worked with all their might,
Beginning very early, as soon as it was light,
And had at last completed, in a tall old maple tree
A nest that was as cosy as any nest could be.

The nest had been constructed out of moss, and wool, and hair,
And bits of rags and paper, they'd picked up here and there.
The work had not been slighted in any way at all.
They had carried out exactly the details, great and small,

Of the Supreme Designer who had given them the plan,
And taught them how to build as only sparrows can.
But they'd made a mighty blunder in the choice of a place,
Which, like a fatal journey, they never could retrace

The maple had a rotten limb—one limb among the rest—
And here the foolish sparrows built their cosy, little nest
In which to rear their fledglings and teach them how to fly,
While the summer and the autumn were gliding swiftly by.

Last night the rain descended and the wind blew hard and long—
This morning, as there had been, there was no sparrow's song!
But beneath the maple tree was limb, and nest, and all,
A shapeless, hopeless wreck—caused by folly and the fall.

These sparrows may have builded many another nest,
But this one's been more valuable to us than all the rest,
If by it we've learned the lesson, so easy to be known,
That as reapers we shall gather whatever we have won.

CAL. OGBURN.



The Old Foundation.

I am resolved what to do —Luke 16: 4.

This will I do.—Luke 12: 18.

On a large and very finely located corner lot in the best residence portion of the city, overlooking the business houses, halls, churches and other buildings below, the long wharf that extends far out into the harbor, and the majestic Pacific that stretches westward as far as the eye can look—the horizon only being broken by a few groups of small islands thirty or forty miles away—may be seen the substantial foundation of fine red sandstone, where some years ago a man began to erect an elegant residence. It was in the days of the “boom”, when all sorts of people were guilty of all kinds of chimerical eccentricities, that this was done, and it remains like many another old foundation or unfinished and unoccupied structure to “point a moral or adorn a tale”—or preach a sermon.

The foundation is a very essential part of every building and should be equally or more substantial than the superstructure that is to stand upon it. But the foundation is not the house, and it will never develop into one by any law of nature or evolution. It requires the patient, persistent, well-directed industry of many laborers—masons, carpenters, plasterers, painters, and decorators—to rear the edifice in accordance with the architect’s plans.

APPLICATION.

The temple of Christian character must be built—built by patient toil. To lay the foundation by firm

resolution is quite necessary, but it is not enough. No person ever did or ever can become a wise master-builder of Christian character who did not do more than form good resolutions. Whoever has resolved to erect the majestically beautiful temple of Christian character, according to the plans approved by the Chief Architect, has done well, but he should begin at once to carry out his good resolutions. Much valuable time is being wasted by waiting, and the temple, so admirably designed, may never be finished—sadder still, the erection of the superstructure may never be begun. Delays are treacherous. Begin now.

—:O:—

MY CASTLE.

I have a castle in far Spain,
 With alabaster walls;
 Gigantic statues crown the towers,
 High-vaulted are the walls;
 And there are many frescoed rooms,
 All hung with pictures rare,
 And when I seek this sheltered spot,
 My soul doth know no care.

The battlemented heights arise,
 Of mountains towering high;
 Like sentinels they watch from out
 An andalusian sky;
 Blows soft the breeze o'er purple seas,
 That lap my castle walls;
 The water from the porphyry fount,
 Most musically falls.

But oh I dream, ye are but dreams;
 I have no castle walls,
 For work and duty, toil and care,
 My very soul enthalls,
 But yet when sinks the sun to rest,
 And toils and cares surcease,
 I love o build my castle halls,
 And dwell therein in peace.

Nay, nay, perhaps it is not all
 A dream, that somewhere lies,
 A house immaculately fair,
 Beyond the sunset skies;
 Perhaps beyond the stars of night,
 Beyond the jasper sea,
 My soul shall rest in mansions fair.

EUGENE CLAY FERGUSON.

Two Trees with Two Desires.

Not as I will, but as thou wilt.—Matt. 26: 39.

Two fine young trees of the same variety, very much admired by all the other trees about them, grew close together in a great forest. The two trees were, in most respects, congenial spirits, and often engaged in pleasant conversation with each other, though concerning one thing they could not agree. They frequently heard the sound of the woodman's ax as it reverberated through the forest and echoed and re-echoed from hill to hill, and the crash and roar of falling timber often startled them. They fully realized that at any time they, too, might fall before the sturdy woodman's ax. To one of the trees this was a source of no small degree of discomfort and anxiety. It could not get its consent to yield to the wish of the woodman and be cut down. In fact it was

very painful to it to think of this being the fate of such a beautiful, symmetrical and much-admired tree as it was. The disposition of the other tree in this respect was altogether different. It always said calmly, whenever the subject was touched upon in their conversation, "Whatever is best—the woodman knoweth."

Early one morning they heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and presently the woodman appeared with his keen ax athwart his shoulder. He advanced directly toward the complaining tree as though he intended to hew it down, but whether or not he heard the plaintive plea it was making to be left standing, he only looked at it and passed on to its companion, and with well-directed strokes with his good ax, soon laid it low. Then men came with teams and wagons and hauled it away to a great ship-yard by the sea where it was utilized in building a majestic ship to voyage the ocean and carry the people and products of great nations.

The other tree stood for some time in sadness and loneliness—for, though in the midst of and much admired by many others of its kind, it had been deprived of companionship—admiration is not fellowship; it lacks reciprocity, congeniality, warmth, soul. There it stood till one night a storm passed over the forest and it with many others was prostrated. There it lay year after year, being gradually consumed by decay, until it became absolutely worthless even for fuel. "Whatever is best—the woodman knoweth."

APPLICATION.

Beyond a doubt many a person who has cherished a spirit of discontent and insubordination has been left to

A CONTRAST.

by his "own sweet way" without any interference on part of Him who knows best the purpose for which could be utilized. He has been left standing selfishly in his place until some storm has laid him low to rot away by slow degrees and at last become utterly worthless. To all inquiries and questionings, whether from without or within, the one safe answer is: "Whatever is the Woodman knoweth." "Not as I will, but as thou wilt."



A CONTRAST.



Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children, when the day was done,
About their door.
One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other, with his head in sadness bowed,
Made night of noon.
One loved each tree and flower and singing bird
On mount or plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.
One saw the good in every fellow-man,
And hoped the best;
The other marvelled at his Master's plan,
And doubt confessed.
One, having heaven above and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontented, lived in woe,
And hopeless died.

SARAH K. BOLTON



THE PLOUGH.

From the Painting by W. C. T. Dobson.

Not Peace, but a Sword.



Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter in law against her mother in law. And a man's foes shall be they of his own household—Matt 10: 34-36.

Suppose you are walking with a farmer across his meadow. The grass is green and beautiful, and here and there the loveliest flowers imaginable—dandelions, Johnny-jump-ups, daffodils and other early spring-time blossoms—smile at you as you pass. The farmer says, "Is it my intention to destroy all this grass and all of these flowers as soon as I can possibly do so." You are astonished and exclaim, "Destroy them! Why should you do that? They are not noxious plants. They are beautiful and useful and should be preserved." And you feel really indignant, and wish you had the power to keep him from carrying out his purpose.

But when the farmer explains that he desires to raise a crop of corn where the grass is growing and the flowers are blooming, and that it is absolutely necessary to plow the ground and thus destroy all the vegetation in order that corn, which will be much more valuable, may be produced, you no longer object to that which the farmer expects to do, but find yourself heartily coinciding with him in his purpose.

A party of surveyors is going through the country "running lines" through orchards and vineyards and across grain fields, and it is the accredited report that they are employed by a powerful company whose purpose

it is to destroy everything—trees, vines and growing grain—where the survey is being made. And in a few days men come with axes, and mattocks and plows and the work of destruction begins. You are filled with indignation at what you believe to be the ruthless and wanton destruction of valuable property, but when you understand that a great rail road is being constructed, and that there will not only be a fair price paid for the property they are compelled to destroy in order to build the road, but that there will also be increased facilities for transportation, better prices for all products, and many other advantages that will accrue to those who are sustaining the loss of a portion of their possessions, you not only become reconciled to the work of destruction but fully endorse all that is being done.

APPLICATION.

This faintly illustrates the aggressiveness of the gospel. That the blessings of a righteous life may be enjoyed, it sometimes becomes necessary that the wishes of one's own family must be disregarded, if they oppose the step that is being taken.

If the son or daughter who purposes becoming a Christian yields to the opposition of father or mother, it may result in preventing or restoring domestic tranquility—peace in the home—but there can be no harvest of righteousness. If a choice must be made, which shall it be? Blessed is that person who makes no mistake. "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." The greater blessing of present and eternal salvation through Christ should be accepted by every person even if it seems to preclude that of

domestic happiness, for almost invariably reconciliation will follow any alienation growing out of the acceptance of Christ as a personal Savior.



GOING UP THE GRADE.



I've sometimes thought the road's been long and dreary,
That with aching heart and head and limbs a-weary,
I've trod;
And that the summer sun, nearer my noonday,
Has fiercer shown; and that I've been going away
From God—
While climbing up the grade.

Sometimes I've looked about me and the view
So circumscribed, so near, has shown me nothing new,
Or strange.
Before me and on either side I've only seen
Hills and mountains high with gorges deep between
Each range—
While struggling up the grade.

Again, at times, I've glimpses caught of pine-clad peaks,
And snow-capped mountain tops touched by crimson streaks
At morn

That made me think perhaps I did not blindly grope
My upward way, for these rare glimpses gave a hope
New born—
While toiling up the grade.

And when I've paused and backward cast my eyes,
Seen how blessings often came in queer disguise,
I've wept,
Because I'd murmured at the goodness of the Lord,
When every promise, according to his word,
He'd kept—
While going up the grade.

CAL. OGBURN.

—O—

Pine Creek Caverns.

"Thy testimonies are wonderful."—Ps. 119: 129.

In the territory of Arizona—a land where many strange things abound—some eighty miles in a direct course, north east of Phoenix near the boundary line between the counties of Gila and Coconino, on Pine Creek, there is a series of subterranean caverns that is truly wonderful. One striking peculiarity about these underground rooms or chambers is that they are all connected together by small openings or fissures, so that upon entering one of them a passage, sometimes quite narrow and tortuous, leads to another and this is connected in a similar manner with other chambers—and so on and

on one may go, no person knows how far, through a perfect labyrinth of aisles, fissures, grottoes and caves.

Living near these caverns is a quaint old Scotchman—David Gowan, by name—who for many years has made this his home, and who, but for his pronounced sociability, might truly be called the “Scotch Hermit of the Pine Creek Caverns”—his nearest neighbor living six miles away. This daring old Scotchman has frequently explored this net-work of subterreanean passages for quite long distances, and is of the opinion that he has scarcely made a beginning. He says that he can take the visitor to new caverns day after day for a month or more. Though difficult of access these grottoes are so remarkable that year after year many sight-seers visit them, and “Dave” Gowan is never happier than when conducting a party of visitors through this “Mystic Maze.”

There are stalactites, more delicate and beautiful than the drapery of a kings bed-chamber, suspended from the ceilings of these under-ground rooms, while the walls in many places are studded with crystals that, reflecting the light from the visitor’s candles, are more bewitchingly enchanting than any of the fanciful revelations of “Arabian Nights” would be if they were real. The explorer is agreeably surprised—charmed—at every step he takes as he enters cavern after cavern—the last one apparently more enchanting than any of those seen before. And when he ceases his explorations, and realizes that in addition to all that he has seen there is an unknown number more of unexplored grottoes as interesting as any he has entered his amazement and admiration

know no bounds, and he exclaims; "how marvelous is the handwork of God. His testimonies are wonderful!"

APPLICATION.

Much of the beauty of God's work is to be found in inner chambers, hidden away from the superficial view of uninterested persons. The discovery and exploration of one truth in the scriptures leads to the discovery of other truths richer and more precious than the first, and so on and on endlessly. God's testimonies in revelation as well as in nature are indeed wonderful. Explore God's word for the beautiful things that are concealed therein.



"THE HEAVENS DECLARE."



A flush to the eastward, a rich glow of light,
 Long pencils of brightness that pierce through the night;
 Soft swaying of tree-tops, low rustle of corn,
 A breeze o'er the meadows that heralds the morn.
 Bright sun-spears dart forth from the vault to green-sod,
 And "the heavens declare the glory of God."

From morn's dewy brightness to noon's breathless glare,
 From hush and from stillness to labor's loud blare;
 Swift falling of footsteps, brisk words of command,
 With rigor relentless toil rules o'er the land.
 In pomp to the zenith the Day-king has trod,
 And "the heavens declare the glory of God."

A glow to the westward fast fading away,
 Cloud curtains drop low o'er the windows of day;
 Sweet odor of night flowers, low twitter of birds,
 The satisfied lowing of home-coming herds,
 So drowsy the stillness the stately trees nod,
 And "the heavens declare the glory of God."



MORNING.—From the Painting by C. Bernier.

The gray shades of twilight trail noiselessly by;
The deep gloom of midnight sweeps over the sky.
And then, as the weary world sinks into sleep,
Night hangs out her star-lamps a vigil to keep
Through far realms of splendor no mortal e'er trod;
And "the heavens declare the glory of God."

NELIA MC.GAVACK.

○

Implicit Obedience.

Jesus, walking by the sea of Galilee, saw two brothers, Simon called Peter, and Andrew his brother, casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers. And he saith unto them, Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men. And they straightway left their nets and followed him. And going on from thence, he saw two other brethren, James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, in a ship with Zebedee their father mending their nets; and he called them. And they immediately left the ship and their father, and followed him.—Matt. 4: 18-22.

Circuit court was in session. On the street a group of men stood talking when the bailiff of the court came out on the balcony of the court house, which stood in the center of the small "public square," and with a loud voice called, "Alex S——y." One of the men immediately said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, I am wanted in court. The bailiff is calling me." And he went at once, not waiting to finish the conversation in which they were so earnestly engaged.

A group of school children were playing together when one of the teachers came to the door and called, "Clara, Clara Smith, come here, please." The obedient girl, as much as she was interested in the game, did not hesitate to give it up, and to respond quickly and cheerfully to the call of her teacher.

War seemed imminent. It was thought that it could

not possibly be averted, and in the interest of an oppressed people the sooner it came the better, but even more quickly than was expected the crisis came which was immediately followed by a declaration of war against a foreign nation. A call for volunteers was made, and thousands of strong young men responded at once. They literally gave up all—business, professions, college, home, every thing—and went to suffer hardships, endure privations, and many of them to meet death in a strange land, at the call of their country.

Disease had laid its wasting hand on an only son who was hundreds of miles from home. The telegram that came to his father conveyed the sad intelligence that, “he whom thou lovest is sick,” and without waiting to arrange his business, or to bid adieu to his host of friends, the father took the first train out of the city that he might as quickly as possible reach and minister to his sick child. The call was an urgent one and he responded immediately.

A fire had broken out in a large apartment house. The red glare of the burning building illuminated the midnight sky. Scores of people, wrapt in slumber, unconscious of the danger they were in, must be aroused and rescued with all possible haste or it will be too late. There is not a moment to delay. The signal is given for help. Firemen spring from their beds, and the horses to their places at the engines, and with the utmost speed they hasten to render assistance. The next morning the papers tell of the promptness of the firemen in responding to the call, and of their faithfulness and heroism in saving life and property.

APPLICATION.

Now, as when in the days of his earthly sojourn the Master, walking by the sea of Galilee, called the fishermen to follow him, he is calling for men to become his disciples, than which there is no call that should be more quickly heeded. It is both a duty and a privilege to respond to the call of the Savior that comes to all with such encouraging importunity: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men."

These Galileean fishermen would never have been known outside of a few small fishing villages on the shores of the sea of Tiberias if they had refused to accept this invitation, but obeying the command of Christ to follow him their names are now household words in all Christian lands. Following Jesus did more for these humble fishermen, as it always does for all those who heed his call, than they had expected, and it also enabled them to accomplish a much greater work for others. He was the Original Teacher—for "never man spake like this man"—and they became his disciples. His call was then and is still to discipleship, which includes obedience and self-denial, and—success,—the greatest success in this life, for to be fishers or saviors of men surpasses in importance every other worthy achievement. I pray you heed at once the call of the Savior. Souls are perishing. Come to Christ and then go quickly and save them.

IF I COULD HAVE HEARD

If I could have heard the spoken word
That the depths of the human spirit stirred;

If I could have heard the voice that broke
The silence deep when the Master spoke;

If the accents sweet of his peace and love,
And the wisdom deep from the land above,

Could have come to these leaden ears of mine
To carry to me his grace benign;

If the winds from over the stormy sea,
The waters of dark blue Galilee,

Had wafted to me his "Peace, be still!"
The words of strength that the spirit thrill;

If to me in the treadmill toil of life,
In the soul's unrest, and burning strife,

The soothing sound of his blessed "Come!"
Had sounded above life's busy hum;

If the power that breathed on the angry sea,
In its love and might could have breathed on me;

Ah, then, how easy for faith to rise,
And scales to fall from my blinded eyes.

How easy to take his outstretched hand.
How easy to heed each light demand!

But, O, with the sound so far away,
And this heedless heart so far astray,

Can ever I hear his pleading voice,
Or my soul of his living love make choice?

AARON PRINCE ATEN.



CROSS ON THE MOUNTAIN.
From the Painting by B. Woltz.

The Cross Above the Fog.

"The cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."—1 Cor. 1: 18.

Some years ago in one of the "States," as the people on the Pacific coast speak of the East, a boy was accustomed to climb to the top of a high hill near his home, which on clear days afforded a magnificent view of the surrounding country for many miles in every direction. It was a real panorama. The farms and forests lay spread out before him like a great map, while nestled cosily at the foot of the hill was the village in which he lived.

One foggy day in the early spring he ascended to the top of this hill—his favorite "lookout"—but the view was exceedingly circumscribed. The farms and orchards and "woods," that his eyes had looked upon a thousand times from this view-point, were invisible. The village below him and only a short distance away was almost concealed from sight—there was only to be seen a ghostly spectre of a village so wierd and unnatural in appearance that one might easily have imagined it to be inhabited only by disembodied spirits. Not a house in it could be clearly seen. Every object was concealed from view, or seen as if "through a glass darkly," on account of the murky, tenacious, cloud-like mist by which everything that was near the earth was enveloped.

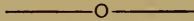
But the boy was above the fog. For him the sun shone brightly, and the beautiful blue sky bent over him. And just above the sea of thick, heavy mist that

hung over the village and obscured it from view was the bronze cross that surmounted the spire of the church.

Emblem of Christ, blessed symbol of salvation, it too was above the fog.

APPLICATION.

To see Christ we must get up above the fog of speculation and the mists of doubt and uncertainty. To those who dwell upon the highest hill-tops of trustful obedience the cross is always plainly visible, and is ever hailed, not as a symbol of foolishness, but as a sign and seal of present and eternal salvation. Come up higher.



THE CREED OF THE AGNOSTIC.



Let me, while life leaps in my veins,

Be proud and free;

Let foolish preachers load no chains

Of faith on me—

While I have strength and youth, let facts,

Not legends, guide my thoughts and acts.

While life is at the flood let no

Old notion rise

To turn my gaze from things below

Unto the skies—

Let Reason be my master then

And lead me, fearless, among men,

While vigor lingers in my limbs

And skies are fair,

I'll waste no time in singing hymns,

I'll have no prayer—

Without a fear of night ahead,

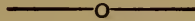
I'll scoff at him who kneels in dread.

I'll have no God to serve or fear,
 When strength is mine;
 I'll laugh at him who thinks the ear
 Of One divine
 Hears all the paeans here below,
 The songs of faith, the wails of woe!

But when I bend beneath the load
 That age lays on,
 When darkness settles o'er the road
 And strength is gone,
 Then, from the mists and clouds of doubt,
 Let sweet old beams of hope shine out!

Let me, while life leaps in my veins,
 Be proud and free:
 Let Reason firmly hold the reins,
 Then, over me—
 But when the long night comes, I pray
 That Faith be there to show the way!

S. E. KISER.



CRADLE SONG OF FAITH.



Sleep well, young Faith, sleep well!
 Doubt shall not raise o'er thee his ugly head,
 Doubt is forever dead
 To thee,—so rest ye well!

Sleep well, calm Faith, sleep well!
 Within thy dreams the shepherds saw a star,
 Follow its pathway far.
 So with thee all be well!

Sleep well, tried Faith, sleep well !
 Rise brave begirt when Dawn shall call
 Her certain warriors; thou shalt not fall.
 The night is short, sleep well !

Sleep well, old Faith,—'tis well
 With thee ! Old Faith shall young awake;
 Love, Hope, nor Destiny, their promise break !
 Sleep well, old Faith, sleep well !
 From "Within the Hedge" by MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON.
 Copyright by Doubleday & McClure Co.



LIGHT FROM ABOVE.

I do not ask to always sail
 Life's fair and sunny seas,
 Nor that my feet shall only press
 Earth's flowery paths of ease;
 Yet this, dear Lord, I ask in love,
 Light from above !

I do not ask for wealth or fame,
 Or aught that gold can bring,
 Nor that the hours so softly glide,
 My heart shall always sing;
 Yet this, dear Lord, I ask in love,
 Light from above !



PRAYER.

From the Painting by Gabriel Max.

I do not ask to have removed
The thorns which hurt my feet.
Nor that no dart and bitter draught
Be mingled wit the sweet;
I only ask, dear Lord, in love,
Light from above !

And this I ask—Thy face to see,
To feel Thy strong arm near,
A faith which trusts to Thy decree,
And knows no doubt nor fear;
These are, dear Lord, I know in love,
Light from above !

LISA A. FLETCHER.

—○—

Light and Joy.

Unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings.—Mal. 4: 2.

Ages ago there lived on a remote planet a race of men who had no light except what the stars gave them. Generation after generation came into existence, groped about in darkness for a short time, and died. An opinion prevailed among them all that there must be greater light somewhere than they had. All kinds of artificial lights were kindled in all sorts of places, partly to supply the deficiency, but mainly with a hope, almost forlorn, of thus attracting the greater light to them that they believed existed somewhere. At last they beheld with great joy a strange new light-giver just above the western horizon. It was in the shape of a crescent, and wholly unlike anything they had ever seen before. It gave a very faint light, and seemed abashed at being in

the presence of so many brighter lights. It remained but a short time, and as it sank out of sight below the western horizon, hope sank with it. It was not gone long however till, to their glad surprise, it returned, and this time remained a little longer than at first. It came back a second time, and not only stayed longer than before, but was perceptibly larger and brighter than it had been at either of its former visits. Hope began to revive. Again and again this new luminary returned, and each time a little earlier than before. It was also tardier in leaving—in fact seemed to regret to go. Its size and brightness continued to increase. Hope grew strong.

In time what had attracted their attention at first as a pale crescent appeared in the heavens as a great orb of light—round and full. But even then there were many who believed there was a greater light still, and this belief was strengthened when the great luminary begun to decrease in size and brilliancy. Now each time it returned it was smaller and gave less light than before. By and by it came no more. All that was then left to them was the light of the stars, and a tradition handed down from generation to generation that there had been a greater light-giver than these. But these were sufficient to cause them to anxiously expect it to appear again. Many were watching the western heavens, when suddenly there appeared in the east a star of great brilliancy. All eyes were at once turned towards it. As they had been told that the first great light had appeared in the west, they were naturally looking in that direction for a second one and were

greatly surprised when it was seen in an opposite direction, and many would not have looked at it at all if its peculiar brightness had not compelled them to do so. "The first great light appeared to our forefathers," they said, "in the west, and would not the second one appear there also?"

While the discussion was going on, and the traditions were being repeated, the star continued to shine. However the wise men among them might argue the star cast its effulgent light upon them. All the people knew that the star was shining.

Gradually the eastern heavens grew lighter. One by one the stars ceased to shine, or at least their light was no longer visible. Even the star that had recently attracted so much attention and elicited so much discussion lost its brilliancy. There was more light than they had ever had before, and yet there was no apparent source. All were anxious and amazed. A satisfactory explanation of this strange phenomenon seemed impossible. The astrologers were consulted, but they could not solve the perplexing problem. "From whence comes all this light? Why have the stars hidden their faces? Shall we be left long in doubt and uncertainty?" These and many other similar questions indicated the deep anxiety of the people.

While they mused and wondered there appeared above the eastern horizon the long-expected light-giver! Joy beamed from every face. The ages of weary watching were at last at an end. The long, long darkness was dispelled. Why should there not be rejoicing? Aye, with exceeding great joy!

APPLICATION.

During the patriarchal dispensation there was only the starlight of revelation. The patriarchs realized the need of a deliverer—a Savior—but he was not clearly revealed to them. The hope of immortality was also present, but it was only a hope, and did not satisfy. The desire for a knowledge of life everlasting, as in all human hearts, was strong but its assurance was not fully given to them. They also wanted a better acquaintance with God. Job said, “Oh that I knew where I might find him. Surely I would speak to the Almighty, and I desire to reason with him. Behold, I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I can not perceive him; he hideth himself on the right hand, that I can not see him.” They all anxiously desired and expected fuller knowledge.

This knowledge—a fuller revelation—came under the Jewish dispensation. Here the people had moonlight. Prophet after prophet was raised up, and the light of revelation increased intermittently until the time of the major prophets, when it was brightest, and then gradually decreased and with Malachai ceased. For four hundred years the conditions were almost as they had been during the starlight age.

Then the morning star arose—John the Baptist, the fore-runner of the Christian dispensation, came. The Jews were not expecting light from such a direction, and consequently would not take any more notice of John than they were compelled to take. The period of his light-giving was of comparatively short duration. He said himself, “I must decrease.” After him, the Sun of



CROSSING THE DESERT.—From the Painting by Theo. Frere.

righteousness arose with healing wings. Jesus Christ had come to bring life and immortality to light. The Son had come to reveal the Father—to give the world a more perfect knowledge of God. The true light had indeed appeared. Why should there not be great rejoicing? And why should not the angelic choir sing, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men?”



SUNRISE ON THE DESERT.



All night beneath the cloudless summer sky.

Not with effeminate draperies drawn round,
But in unfettered majesty as warriors lie,
The naked desert lay in sleep profound.

No sound, no touch disturbed its slumbers deep;

No trees could whisper on its bare, brown breast,
No sound from man could interrupt its sleep;
No breath of flowers disturb its peaceful rest.

Deep stillness reigned; and when a streak of gray,

Fast deepening into rosy red,
Announced the coming of the royal day,
I walked forth in the silence with bowed head.

My feet were in the barren desert sand,

But o'er me and around me the Most High
Proclaimed his presence, as with lavish hand
He spread his splendid glories in the sky.

The east grew brighter; with no cloud in sight

To take the brilliant beauty for its own,
The wealth of color in the sun's rich light
Was given to the calm, clear sky alone.

The sun arose above the level land,
 Its rising hidden by no bush or tree;
 It spread its slanting rays across the sand
 And changed the desert to a golden sea.

I marvel not that untaught man should kneel
 And groping blindly for the Holy One,
 That he the presence of a God should feel,
 When bursts upon his sight the rising sun.

STELLA CLANTON DYSART.



CURFEW'S RINGING.

The curfew rings, so faint and slow,
 Like some cathedral hymn;
 While brooklet in the vale below,
 Half hidden by the weeds that grow,
 Along its brim,
 Makes answer in each pulses' beat,
 A rhythmic measure, low and sweet.

A down the hill, thro' woodlet pass,
 Quite buried in the gloom,
 Past fallows grown to weeds and grass
 And orchards white with blooms en masse
 The cows come home.
 I hear the cheery words of those
 Who mind the herds at daylight's close.

And know to him who drives the kine
 The sweetest odors come
 From climbing rose and spraying vine
 And honey-suckles which entwine
 Their scarlet bloom
 With creamy elder-blows that edge
 The narrow path along the ledge.

So night begins—the benison
Her solemn hours bestow
Becalms me like the touch of One
Whose ministry on earth begun
Ages ago.
Touched by his loving hand we feel
The fever leave, the earth-wounds heal.

HELEN A. RAINS.



Investing in Corner Lots.

“Joseph of Arimathæa, being a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews, besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus.”—Jno. 19: 38.

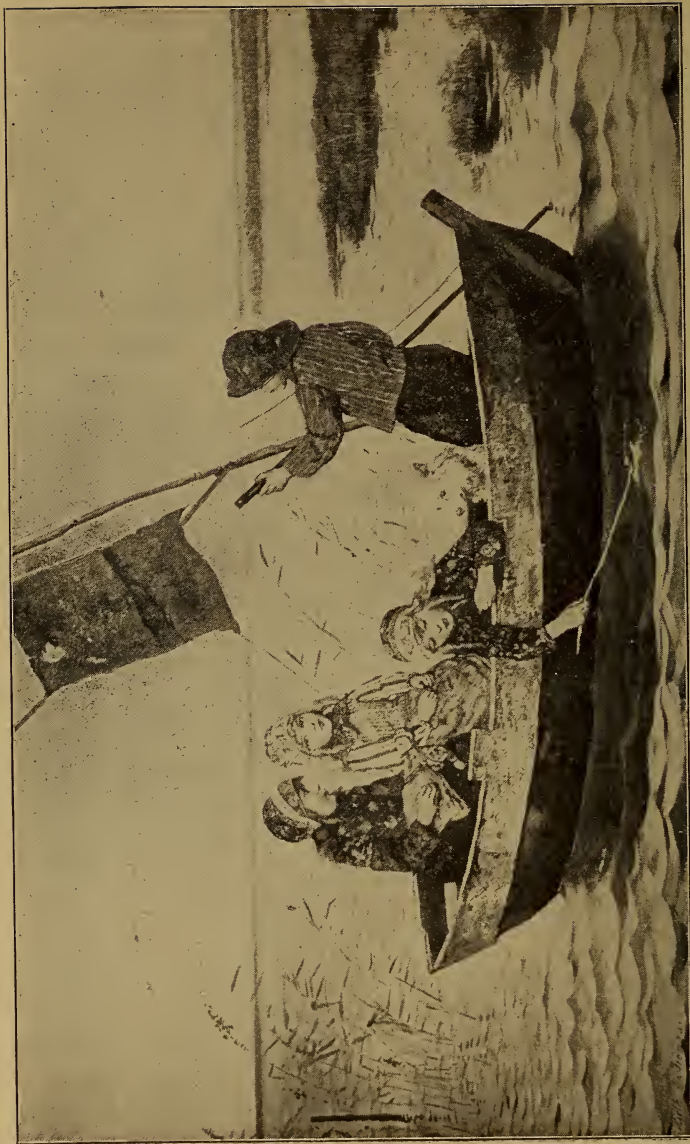
“Among the chief rulers also many believed on him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue; for they loved the praise of God.”—Jno. 12: 42-43.

In a prosperous western city, with a “promising future,” a capitalist invested a comparatively small sum of money in a “corner lot,” but did nothing to enhance their value, nor to promote the growth and prosperity of the city, though he had great faith in its future. It was not only advantageously located, but certainly the enterprise of those who were establishing great manufactories and erecting magnificent business blocks and handsome residences, foretold the coming greatness of the western metropolis. He could not be mistaken. The capital and labor of others would make his investment of a few hundred dollars a profitable one to him. How delighted he is to witness the marvelous growth of the city. Substantial granite and iron buldings occupy the lots adjoining his own, and electric cars, running to all parts of the city, pass their doors. Lucky investment. **He has**

never willingly contributed a dollar—only the taxes that he has been compelled to pay—toward making the city what it is. Why should he gloat over his good luck?

APPLICATION.

Many people tacitly ascent to the correctness of the Christian religion. They believe Christ's kingdom will become great, but they seldom give expression to that belief, and do nothing to hasten its coming. They have simply invested an insignificant amount, of whatever can be most easily spared—without interfering too much with their worldly plans and pleasures—in "corner lots." They contribute nothing to preach the gospel, relieve distress, support missionaries, endow colleges, build churches, or establish missions. They are selfishly pleased, however, to see others doing these things, because they are being profited thereby. It is much more pleasant to live in a Christian community than in the midst of sinful surroundings, so they say, "Let the good work go on"—and it goes, in spite of their selfishness and lack of assistance. It is very doubtful if some of them would beg the body of Jesus to give it decent burial—it would cost them something.



OFF TO AMERICA.—From the Painting by H. Hirth-du-Frenes.

WORTH WHILE.

—O—

To do my work in this busy world,
 To speak an inspiring word;
 To be first, where the flag of the future's unfurled—
 To shout his name and be heard !
 To stand in the ranks with the royal arms
 That shall never know defeat,
 And, faltering not at the false alarms
 To conquer and complete
 My own allotted task, and then
 March out with the legion loyal men,
 And ground my arms before the King—
 O this were a noble thing !
 Aye, this were fairly worth the while
 The scorn, the scourging the derisive smile—
 The mocking of men in their pride—
 The cross of the crucified !

CHARLES BLANCHARD.

—O—

Air Castles.

Your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions.—Joel 2: 28.

Some years ago a blind musician, with his dog and accordeon came to the county seat of the county in which I was then living, and, standing on the street corner, he sang "some of the latest popular songs" to the delight of the people, especially the boys, who gathered round him, many of whom expressed their appreciation in a very material way, when the musician's old cap was transmuted into a contribution box, which was done at regular intervals while the "musical" continued. To

the accompaniment of the old accordeon and the occasional barking of the trained dog he sang for an hour or more, and, with others who were passing, my boyish curiosity being in the accendency, I stopped to listen, and now, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, I vividly recall portions of some of the songs he sang, which I then heard for the first and last time. There were two sentences, of as many songs, that impressed me most then and do now. One of these sentences was this, which was frequently repeated in the chorus, "This world will be better a hundred years hence," which is certainly a very cheerful, optimistic and, I believe, correct view of the future.

The other sentence affirmed that, "Our own immortal Washington built castles in the air." I had always heard "Air castles" spoken of derisively, and to thus be assured that the boy who declared that he could not tell a lie, and who afterward became the "father of his country" had at any time in his life engaged in the frivolous occupation of building aerial castles was almost too much for my boyish credulity. Frequently during the days and even weeks that followed I was troubled by the assertion that George Washington—the ideal of every patriotic American boy—had at any time in his life so far forgotten the dignity that naturally attached to him as to build air castles! I am now of the opinion, and have been for a long time, that he did do this very thing, and I am also of the belief that he would not have accomplished much in life if he had not done so.

APPLICATION.

Who, that has accomplished great thing for himself

and others, has not had his vision hours? Not one. But because the real attainment falls short of the high and beautiful ideal shall we stifle aspiration and effort by reproachfully repeating the silly epithet of some thoughtless person—"Air castles!"

What master artist ever succeeded in placing the image in his soul on canvass? What sculptor ever chisled out of the cold, dead marble the beautiful, living angel he knew was imprisoned there? What poetic genius ever expressed with words the sentiments and aspirations that came welling up from his heart demanding utterance? What prima donna ever gave full expression to the music that was thrilling through every fiber of her being! Or what man of God, be he seer, prophet, apostle or evangelist, ever succeeded in delivering the complete message of inspiration and salvation? Did these all fail because they did not fully realize their ideals? Did they do wrong by entertaining these exalted images of beautiful and desirable things, and by not being satisfied with others less worthy because less perfect? Certainly they did not.

Blessed is that young man whose repeated vision is that of Christian integrity and usefulness.

BROKEN THREADS.

Oh, the broken threads of this human life
Rent in twain by sorrow, by sin and strife,
How the tangled threads mar the fabric fair
Which I fain would weave with the greatest care,

Here a thread of hope I began to weave
Through the web of life, but He bade me leave
That sweet hope, and so, through a mist of tears,
I wove into life all these doubts and fears.

There I tried to weave in a thread of love
Which had caught a gleam from the throne above,
And at His command where I broke that thread
From my aching heart ran these lines of red.

Then, again, I tried in the days of old
To weave through my life a bright band of gold,
But the shining threads, at my Lord's command
I broke, and instead wove this somber band.

Here, I tried to weave into life's long hours
A garland of rare and most fragrant flow'rs,
And again my faith was by sorrow tried
For the lovely threads were to me denied.

Here the tangled threads woven into tears.
Show a sad mistake in the bygone years;
There I tried to weave in a silver thread
But 'twas snapped in twain, and that hope lies dead.

Oh, the broken threads which with many tears
Have been rent in twain in the bygone years,
Broken threads of hope, which with trembling hand
I have laid aside at my Lord's command.



EVENING PRAYER.
From the Painting by Meyer Von Bremen.

How I longed to weave them a fabric fair
 Showing dainty colors and pattern rare
 But He guides the shuttle and so I weave.
 'Though the patterns dull makes my heart to grieve.

Oh, perhaps sometime in a better land
 All the Father's love I will understand,
 And perchance I'll see with immortal eyes
 What will fill my heart with a glad surprise.

So I weave in silence the threads of life,
 Broken threads of sorrow, of pain and strife,
 Though I long to make it a fabric fair
 Showing dainty colors, and patterns rare.

ADAH TORREY HENDERSON,

—:O:—

Different View-Points.

He hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men.—Is. 53: 2-3.

My beloved.....is the chiefest among ten thousand.....
 Yea, he is altogether lovely.—S. S. 5: 10, 16.

There is a peculiar picture on the wall of my study. It is that of a monk—a horrid, repulsive old monk. His half-shaven head plainly reveals a low, brutish forehead. He has heavy, shaggy eye-brows, from beneath which two small, black, mouse-like eyes peer directly at you—into you—through you. His nose, which is not unlike the beak of a bird of prey, is suggestive of cunning and rapacity. His mouth, almost wide open, displays a double row of serrated, carnivorous-looking teeth. His face is absolutely void of any indications of intelligence

or refinement. He has, in fact, every mark of a brute of the lowest order.

When I saw this picture, a day or two ago, I was completely surprised, and my first thought was, how did such a hideous caricature of a human face get into my house and on the wall of my study?

With this question uppermost in my mind I arose from my easy chair to investigate. I had been sitting so that I had a side view of the picture. Going closer to the old monk and looking squarely at him I found that he had completely disappeared, and that a beautiful little girl, with a smiling face, had taken his place.

APPLICATION.

Much depends upon the point of view from which an objet or person is seen, and this is especially true of Christ. His enemies, the Jews, could see no beauty in him, and many to-day fail to see in him the one who is "altogether lovely." Do not permit, if it is possible any side view of Christ. It is sure to be distorted and unnatural. Stand squarely before him and you can not fail to see him as he is—"the King in his beauty."

CORONATION.

"All hail the power of Jesus name,"
Which rescued us from sin and shame.
That name our fathers loved to hear
Shall yet be heard by every ear.

"Let angels prostrate fall,"
And heed his every wish and call.
Who made you heirs of heaven's delight,
And armed you with celestial might.

"Bring forth the royal diadem,"
Ye princes of the house of Shem.
He is your promised Lord and King,
To him the royal vestments bring.

"And crown him Lord of all,"
To reign o'er this terrestrial hall.
For he whose death the veil did part,
Would rear his throne in every heart.

ALFRED BRUNK.

:o:

THE PLANTED FIELD.

I gazed athwart the planted field,
And saw therein a straggling crop
That looked as if it were the yield
Of seeds that merely chanced to drop.
It seemed an acre overgrown
With sprouting grain that upward thrust
Where'er it could, 'twixt sod and stone,
And grew because, forsooth, it must.
I, musing, thought: "The husbandman
Is careless of his striving grain.
The seed he scattered without plan;
The sheaves he'll cut to load his wain "

And then I wandered on, heartsore,
 And filled with bitterness for all
 Humanity, chance-scattered o'er
 The rough-plowed world from wall to wall,
 Until, 'mid tears, I looked again
 Upon the planted field, and lo!
 There stood the crop of goldening grain
 In stately order, row on row.
 No careless hand those seeds had sown,
 The husbandman had furrowed fair.
 Looking *athwart*, I had not known
 Both love and law abided there.

JULIE M. LIPPMANN.

—:O.—

Egotistica Ego.

For the body is not one member, but many. If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it not therefore of the body? And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body? If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing? If the whole were hearing, where were the smelling? But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him. And if they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye can not say to the hand, I have not need of thee; nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you. Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary; and those members of the body, which we think to be less honorable, upon these we bestow more abundant honor; and our uncomely parts have more abundant comeliness. For our comely parts have no need; but God hath tempered the body together, having given more abundant honor to that part which lacked; that there should be no schism in the body; but that the members should have the same care for one another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it. Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular—1 Cor. 12: 14-27.

One day a healthy, robust man, whose body had

never before given him any trouble whatever, found himself in a most perplexing dilemma. Many of the members and organs of his body had suddenly ceased to perform their various functions. There was no pain, or at least none that he could not easily endure, but he was in great distress of mind because of the strange and unaccountable conduct of the various parts of his body that had always been so regular and faithful in the performance of their several duties. He was not only blind, deaf, dumb and lame, but almost his entire body seemed to be affected by a peculiar paralysis. Seeking for the cause of this distressing condition that had so suddenly come upon him, he found it to be a clear case of Egotistica Ego. The normal function of nearly every member and organ of the body seemed to have been entirely suspended, and instead there had been given them the power or gift of speech.

The eyes were saying to the feet, "We are very delicate organs, and have been overworked on your account. Whether in the strong light of the noon-day sun, or the evening twilight, or the murky darkness we have been expected to look constantly for a secure resting place for you, and if at any time we have failed in the least have been severely censured. We are very highly organized and exceedingly sensitive, as you well know, and we have grown utterly tired of your lack of appreciation and faultfinding, and have determined to close the door in your faces and allow you to go where you please. You need not expect any more favors from us."

To this the ears responded that the eyes were no

more delicate than they were, and that if the eyes had concluded to go inside their castle and close the doors, they too would shut and barricade themselves behind sound-proof walls. They said, "We have been forever listening for signals of danger that could not be known till too late if they had to be seen, and we too are perfectly sick with disgust. We have never been appreciated as we should have been. A hundred shrill whistles have repeatedly screeched at us as though we enjoyed such melodiuos music; innumerable bells have been rung and gongs beaten close beside us that were perfectly horrid, and besides we have had to endure the unearthly din of shouting 'bus drivers, hotel porters, news boys, train men, et. al., ad infinitum, and all to keep the rest of you out of serious trouble. We can not and positively will not stand such treatment any longer. The feet may walk into danger if they like, and take the eyes with them too for aught we care."

"Indirectly, at least," said the tongue, "you are all accusing me of being negligent," though probably no such thought had ever entered their minds. "You are insinuating that I have failed to advice the feet to walk circumspectly, when in reality to my certain knowledge I have never failed for a single moment to meet the responsibility that rests upon me. I will not utter another word of warning or advise. I shall no longer be chief counsellor to eyes, and ears and feet to receive as my only remuneration ingratitude and innuendo. Henceforth I shall maintain the silence of the sphinx."

The feet had kept plodding along as usual, but becoming thoroughly indignant at what they considered

unprovoked and libelous attacks upon them, they refused to take another step till due apology had been made. They affirmed that to please the eyes they had been thrust, against their protest, into shoes two sizes too small and tortured almost beyond endurance; and that often when hurrying away from places of supposed danger, when the ears had hearkened to a false alarm, they had come in contact with numerous obstacles with such violence as to cause great pain and even permanent injury. The feet knowing that they had to be depended upon for locomotion by all who were finding fault with them, said,—displaying unexpectedly not a little sarcastic wit, for they had been looked upon as obtuse and stupid—“We will carry you no further. Go where you please.”

Many other parts of the body manifested similar symptoms. There could be no mistake. It was a well-defined case of Egotistica Ego. A very contagious, and sometimes tedious, but not necessarily fatal disease.

APPLICATION.

Occasionally churches--congregations--have the same ailment. It may be easily and unmistakably diagnosed by its peculiar symptoms, which are wholly unlike those of any other disorder. There is an undue amount of loquacity on the part of the members, and a decided predisposition to gossip, the burden of which is censoriousness, carping, caviling, and hyper-criticism of others. The following prescription is an absolute specific if taken in large and frequent doses:

“A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you.”

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT.

If I should die to-night,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting-place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And laying snow-white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,
And fold my hands with lingering caress,—
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought;
Some gentle words the frozen lips had said;
Errands on which the willing feet had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And I should be loved and mourned to-night

If I should die to-night,
E'en hearts estranged would turn once more to me
Recalling other days remorsefully;
The eyes that chill me with averted glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And soften in the old familiar way,—
For who could war with dull unconscious clay?
So rest forgiven of all to-night.

O friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead cold brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now,
Think gently of me,—I am travel-worn:
My faltering feet are pierced by many a thorn.
Forgive, O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

Mountains and Foothills.

Believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women, Acts 5: 14.

Looking toward the mountains from the valley the snow-crowned peaks in the distance are the first objects the eye rests upon. Year after year they have been sending down perennial streams of water from their perpetual snows for the thirsty soil in the low lands, thereby making it possible by irrigation to raise large crops of grain, fruit and vegetables. The lower mountains and foothills which intervene or lie beyond are not seen and almost or altogether forgotten. They are too insignificant to attract attention or receive any consideration or appreciation, and yet they are necessary to buttress and support the towering peaks that are so much praised and admired.

These peaks are usually given eponymous names and every school boy and girl is made familiar with them. They are located on the maps of states and countries and often there is a "comparative scale" indicating to the eye of the student their relative height.

Thus a person might easily be led to think that a high mountain peak is not of relative but absolute importance. That it is in no way dependent but omnipotently independent. That the hills and mountains that rise tier upon tier, higher and higher, almost to the summit of the highest mountain occupy such positions as they do simply by toleration, and that they are in no sense essential to the existence or usefulness of the overshadowing peak.

These conspicuous peaks are praised for their beauty, prominence, grandure and usefulness. How gloriously attractive! The interdependence of valley, hill, mountain and peak is not recognized as it should be by many students of geography and admirers of nature.

APPLICATION.

The membership of the church is not a level plain. It is made up of a series of undulations. There are interdependent hills and valleys; mountains and mountain peaks. There are prominent men in the church not simply on account of their inherent worth, but because others have recognized and helped them to become great. Not all can or should be high mountain peaks.

When we think of the early church our minds almost invariably rest upon a few of the prominent men—Peter, Paul, Philip, James, John, and a few others—the mountain peaks—while “believers” who were “added to the Lord, both men and women”—the numberless lower mountains and foot-hills are forgotten.

TRUE FELLOWSHIP.



If you have written a line to encourage
 Some workman that toils the day long
 Or have cheered up some heart by your singing
 Tho' ever so humble the song.
 If you've led to the foot of the alter
 One weary, and lone, and distressed
 And awoke on the lips of that kneeler
 The song that is "sweetest and best."

If you've given a drink to the thirsty
 Or taken the wanderer in
 Tho' an outcast despised and rejected
 From by-ways prolific of sin.
 If you've beckoned the pilgrim a weary
 To rest 'neath the shade of your vine
 That has clambered in luxur'ant beauty
 Adorning that vineyard of thine.

If you've given a flow'r to be cherished
 By one who is lonely and sad
 Or spoken one word that has rendered
 The joyless and suffering glad.
 If you've lightened humanity's burden
 And softened the pillow of pain
 With a spirit akin to to the Master's
 Your "labor has not been in vain."

HELEN A. RAINS.



 THE MESSAGE OF THE MOUNTAINS.

O mighty peaks, that lift your heads
 Far into heavens ethereal dome so blue,
 We look and wonder; mighty indeed the hand,
 Omnipotent the power, thus to fashion you.
 Why lift so high your hoary, snow crowned heads,
 Canst tell us aught of God; or what awaits;
 Canst point up to a nobler life than this,
 As day by day the stream of life abates ?

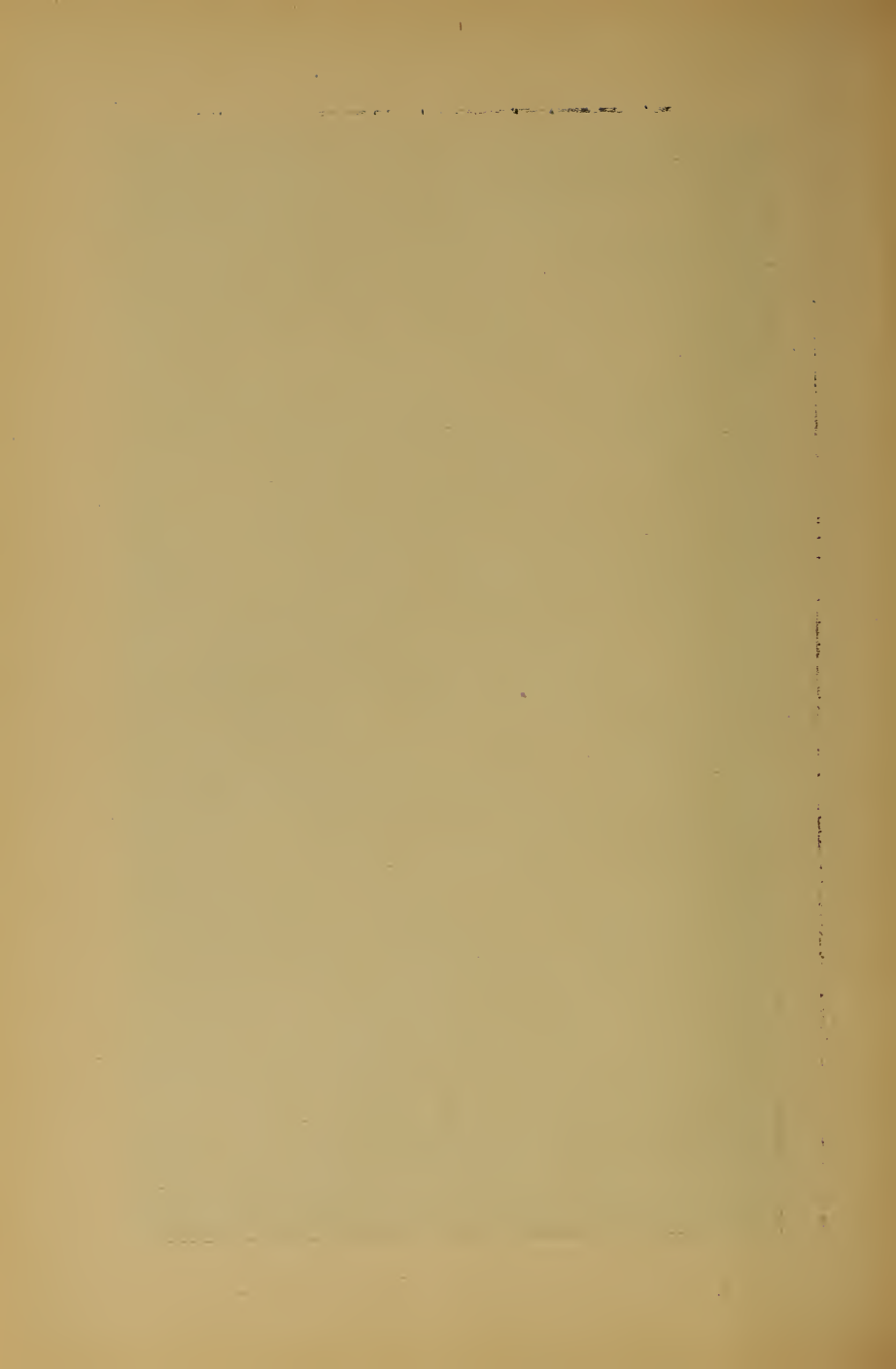
The mystery of past thou couldst unfold,
 If thou thy Sphynx like silence would but break;
 Of prehistoric man and mammoth dread,
 Whose footsteps caused thy rock ribbed sides to quake.
 O tell us, thou grim sentinels of time,
 What sage advice to give to men hast thou;
 For what grand purpose art thou lifted up;
 Why thus in awe before thee do men bow ?

'Because they are the messengers of God.'
 Sigh whispering winds, as on their way they go,
 "True witnesses of our Creator's power,
 The providence of Almighty God they show.
 Hidden within their treasure chests they hold
 More than the wealth of nations; kept for man,
 When he shall give to God his undivided heart,
 And love as well as self his fellow man.

R. H. SAWYER.



THE DEER PASS.—From the painting by Sir Edwin Landseer.



Impossible Possibilities.

And David said to Solomon, My son, as for me, it was in my mind to build a house unto the name of the Lord my God; but the word of the Lord came to me saying, Thou hast shed blood abundantly and thou hast made great wars; thou shalt not build a house unto my name, because thou hast shed much blood upon the earth in my sight.--1 Chron. 22:7,8.

A man has met with a serious accident which must prove fatal in a very short time unless relief is given soon. An important artery has been severed, and the life-blood is fast ebbing away. There is a blacksmith near but he knows nothing about stanching the flow of blood. His previous training has been against him rendering the necessary assistance. The man dies. The blacksmith is very sorry.

Another man has been accused of having committed a crime. He has been arraigned and his trial is in progress. He is quite poor and unable to employ counsel, so he is making his own defence. You are not connected with the case in any way, but you see that the prosecuting attorney is making a strong case against a comparatively innocent person. If you were a Webster or a Choate or any well-informed lawyer, how gladly you would defend the man. But you are only a farmer. Your occupation and training render it impossible for you to give him the help he needs. The man is found guilty and is sentenced accordingly. Your regret is great.

A man is elected to a seat in congress. A bill is introduced that he believes ought to be defeated, but he is not qualified to oppose it, so it becomes a law. The man feels chagrined on account of his inability to do

what he realized ought to have been done, and what he knows he could have done, if his opportunities in earlier life had not been neglected and abused. He thinks of what the result might have been when Hayne's bill of "States Rights" was before congress if there had been no Webster; of the "Right of Petition," if the redoubtable Adams had not occupied a seat in congress; and of what might have happened to American independence if there had been no Benjamin Franklin to present the cause of the colonists at the court of France. He is humiliated and deeply mortified as he silently but clearly draws the contrast between himself and these great, self-made men and reflects upon his irretrievable failure on account of wasted opportunities.

A poor child has been left alone in the world. It is famishing for kindness and sympathy. You see that these are what it needs to cherish it more than it requires food for its body, but your whole life has been lived on a low plane. You have cared only for fashionable society with its constant round of worldly pleasures. How can you administer comfort to the orphan whose soul is starving and perishing for kindly recognition? Good desires throttled by the manner in which you have lived. How sad.

A young man is just turning aside from the way of safety. He has committed no great sin against himself or others, but he is "pitching his tent toward Sodom." Now is the time to go to him and with fraternal and unassumed interest in his welfare save him by showing him the threatening, yea, the imminent danger and impending judgement that will speedily come upon him.

unless he turns. Make him see, if possible, at the beginning of a downward career that "the way of the transgressor is hard," and that "lust when it conceiveth bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished bringeth forth death." But how can this be done, for those who recognize most clearly that the young man is inclined to go in the way of unrighteousness are themselves living impure lives. They are like Mirabeau, who, when a crisis was rapidly approaching, exclaimed, "Oh, that I had been a correct man, for I could now save France!" The young man is lost, because his friends by their manner of life could not render in due time the necessary assistance. They bitterly regret it all, but it is too late.

APPLICATION.

People do not understand as they should that the accomplishment of worthy purposes may be prohibited by the past life. This is a valuable lesson for young men and young women to learn. David was a king with unlimited power, but he was not king of circumstances and opportunities. He had conquered many nations, but with all his resources he could not build a house! The fact is, a destructive course of life is opposed to a constructive course of life. David had been a man of war. He had "shed blood abundantly." He had lived destructively, and had so trained himself that God positively forbade him attempting to carry out his purpose to "build a house unto his name." Men seldom realize, till it is too late, that if they would accomplish certain great things in life they must make due preparation and in ample time. The cause of failure is not the lack of

opportunities, but of sufficient perception and preparation to see and improve them.

“There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune,
Omitted, all the voyages of their life
Is bound in shallows and miseries.”

That tide is youthful integrity, purity and industry. The pinnacle of success is not the apex of a pyramid. The walls are perpendicular. Opportunity is the two sides and the rungs of a ladder. It makes it possible for you to ascend, but it will not lift you up. You must climb. If you can not climb, then the ladder is useless to you. Be prepared to go up when the ladder of opportunity is placed against the otherwise insurmountable walls. Live so the accomplishment of worthy purposes will be easy for you, whenever the time for action shall come.

—:O:—



MIGNON.

From the Painting by A. Fabens.

THE VANISHED YEAR.

—O—

To-night I sit beside the road of time
And look each way, ahead and toward the past—
Swift years! I can not match my pace with thine—
A laggard I, and, oh, ye go so fast!
Another year has just gone flashing by
Like some fleet train upon a noiseless track.
A pause, a trifling stir, a warning cry—
And, lo! 'tis gone, beyond all calling back.

I watch it vanish in the vista far,
And think of all the good things, fair and new,
With which I thought to freight each shining car,
When first its glowing headlight beamed in view.
Alas, for hands not deft, and feet too slow!
I dallied oft with ease or doubting mind—
Aye, wandered from the road, brief while, and lo!
The year hath past—my goods all left behind.

I see them scattered all along the way,
And even now they goodly seem and fair;
Oh, had my spirit sought from heaven a stay,
And wrought each purposed good with zealous care,
And freighted with its yield the passing year,
Who knoweth where, like seed, it might have gone
To germinate, and some day re-appear
In grain for future years to carry on.

I almost reach with eager hands to stay
The fluttering year 'til I, within its span,
May quickly trust some finished good, but nay,
I can but gather up each half-wrought plan,
Resolved to consecrate my heart anew,
And seek for tireless zeal through trustful prayer
That when the dawning year shall glide from view,
Some fruitage of my labor it may bear.

MRS. ANNE CABLE WILSON.

Wisdom too Dearly Bought.

“Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.”—2 Cor. 6: 14.

There was once a gallant young eagle that courted a modest turtle-dove. The eagle lived in a distant part of the country so that the dove never saw him except when he visited her which he did regularly and only at times mutually agreed upon. He was invariably courteous and usually quite affable in his manner, noble and dignified in his bearing, and never transgressed the rules and usages of the best society when in the company of Miss Dove. She had frequently heard, however, and that too from trustworthy and reliable sources, that in addition to being chivalrous and polite when in society there was an opposite side to his nature. It was said, by those who were in a position to know, that he was naturally tyrannical and brutal, and had not the faintest conception of mercy and gentleness, and that he had some very bad habits. But she took no pains to investigate these grave charges, and in fact refused to believe them. She had never seen anything amiss in him and she did not think it possible for him to be guilty or even capable of gross wrong. True it had not been long since she had formed his acquaintance, and that too under most favorable circumstances for him, and she had not seen him since except when he was out on “dress parade,” but she was “of the opinion their tastes if not their very natures were quite the same.” So she not only refused to hear any thing against him but artfully encouraged the continuation of his attentions until one day he proposed to her. She was not at all embarrassed by this

for it was really just what she had been hoping and expecting for some time he would do, but she concealed, as best she could, the true condition of her mind, and appeared to be taken completely by surprise. Of course she "must have time to consider, for such an important matter coming so unexpectedly must be carefully weighed."

After due reflection she "cooed" an affectionate acceptance of his proposal, and named the happy day, not very far distant, when the nuptials would be celebrated. During this brief interval she lived, or would have lived, in paradisaical bliss, if it had not been for the annoying recollection of what she had repeatedly heard of a damaging character concerning the reputation of her affianced, though she said reassuringly to herself again and again that she did not believe the reports that were being circulated, so difficult is it to accept as true what we do not desire to believe.

On the day appointed the wedding took place, and for a short time thereafter "all went merry as a marriage bell." But soon the eagle began to assert his authority over his young bride, and that too in a most emphatic manner. Things rapidly went from bad to worse. He became more and more brutal and despotic until he made the life of the fair young dove absolutely miserable. Not a day passed that she did not wish to be out of the world. Death, with an uncertain future thereafter, would have been to her a most precious boon—one that she would have gladly welcomed. Poor thing! When it was too late the modest dove realized that she had foolishly become the helpless slave of a brutal tyrant whom she was

compelled to speak of and address as "my dear husband."

APPLICATION.

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers."

—O—
SYMPATHY.

—O—
The sad, tired world with all its busy cares,
Its voiceless sorrows, and its throbbing pain,
Has such sore need of human sympathy
To lessen with its kindly touch, the strain
Of daily living.

For sympathy alone can thrill the heart
When hope seems dead, and life a dreary waste;
Showing the weary soul a place of rest
Where love rules all and giving it a taste
Of heavenly pity

IDA. B. DAVISON.

—O—
Two Peach Trees.

Give me neither poverty nor riches.—Prov 30: 8.

Two peach trees grew on adjoining lots. Both of them were planted at the same time, but they received very different treatment. One was fertilized, irrigated and cultivated with great care, but was never pruned, and of course grew luxuriantly. The other tree received no attention whatever and consequently made very slow growth. A rather singular coincidence was that both trees bore a crop of fruit for the first time the same



LOST HAPPINESS.

From the Painting by Otto Lingner.

season. The tree that had received such careful attention was burdened with a great load of fruit, but just before it matured there came a strong gust of wind and the branches were completely severed from the body of the tree, the fruit all lost, and the tree badly damaged—crushed and ruined by too great riches.

The other tree produced a score or two of scrawny, bitter peaches that were absolutely unfit for any use whatever. Because of its pinching poverty, it too had failed in fruit bearing.

APPLICATION.

Beyond any doubt one of the prayers that should be universally made is for “neither poverty nor riches.” Men are like peach trees. A failure to bring to maturity the fruits of righteousness is often caused by too much prosperity, while on the other hand abject poverty frequently, yes, almost invariably, prevents the harvest of godliness.

—:O:—

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

—O—

God, in his goodness and mercy,
 Opens the gates of light,
 Sends the long, quivering moonbeams
 Into the silent night.
 Type of His love never ending,
 Light shining bright and clear,
 Let Thy light shine to my soul depths,
 Chase out each doubt and fear.

God, in His goodness and mercy,
 Curtains the skies with night,
 Fold upon fold of darkness
 Shutting away the light.
 Type of His love, like a mantle
 Folding us close to His side,
 Shutting out all save His presence—
 Thus would we ever abide.

NELIA MCGAVACK.

—:O:—

Perseverance Rewarded.

“Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.”—Gal. 9: 6.

Strolling leisurely along the wharf one day at Newport, Cal., I observed a small boy fishing. Approaching him I asked, “Are you having good luck!”

“No,” said he, “I haven’t caught any yet.”

“How long,” I inquired, “have you been fishing?”

„Oh,” he replied, “I have been here nearly all day, and I fished yesterday and the day before but didn’t catch any fish.”

“Well,” said I, laying special stress on the personal pronouns, “I would get discouraged and quit. Why do you keep at it so long, when you are having no success?”

“Well, sir,” he answered, “you see I was down here last year about this time and fished several days without having any luck, but one day a shoal of fish came in and I caught lots of them in a few minutes, and I’m expecting them to come in again just any time. They always do about this season of the year.”

“But why don’t yo wait,” I ventured to inquire, “till they come and then do your fishing?”

“Oh, I want to be here,” he answered, “and have my hook in the water ready for them when they come.”

I said no more, but went away leaving the boy sitting on the edge of the wharf waiting for the fish to come that he expected to catch!

I am not psychologist enough to satisfy myself whether the boy was governed by faith, credulity or superstition, but two or three days after my interview with him I happened to read in one of the daily papers that a great shoal of fish had put in an appearance at Newport, and that the people were having fine sport catching them—and no doubt this boy was there with his baited hook in the water patiently and expectantly waiting when they came.

APPLICATION.

There are many “fishers of men” who could learn a useful lesson from this boy. There are those in every congregation who lack patience and persistence. They want the exhilaration of success as fishermen—which all know gives a wonderful zest and impetus to effort—but are sadly deficient in faithfulness and perseverance, and consequently their success, to the extent that these are wanting, is limited.

“Be not weary in well-doing,” is as applicable when fishing for men as it is when performing any other Christian duty.

THE COMMON ROYALTY.

To toil is still the common royalty
Of blood and brain and brawn—to be !
The princes of the race are these
Who bear the nation's destinies !

Then toil ! Touch elbows with the throng—
Serve and service shall be song !
Work and the world shall be
The better, though you cannot see !

Bear bravely and the cares that press,
While still increasing, shall seem less !
Take up another's lagging load and find
Thine less—and all the world more kind !

Dare to dream high amid thy daily cares,
And angels shall come unawares !
Bear in thy soul the torch of light—
Do—and in doing find delight !

Find strength in Christ's own simple creed—
Be kingly in thy duty and thy deed !
Not sternly but serenely face
The future—each man in his place !

Be bold to bless—and braver to withhold—
The self-denying are the knightly bold !
Serve others, not thyself, and trust
The things that may—take that which must !

CHARLES BLANCHARD



GETHSEMANE.

From the Painting by Gustave Dore.

The Mantle of Charity.

The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.—Matt. 26: 41.

Two men lived neighbor to each other, though they were not always neighborly. In fact one man entertained an antipathy towards the other amounting at times to actual animosity. There had been a slight misunderstanding between them over some trivial matter, and the refusal of one man to “forgive and forget,” when asked by the other to do so, had resulted in almost every subsequent act being misconstrued and magnified by the unforgiving man into evidence against his neighbor of unfriendliness and premeditated attempts to in some way injure him. Thus the ill feeling was not only maintained but increased. How one’s passions thrive upon themselves!

It is true that the man who was unfortunate enough to have the enmity of his neighbor, was at times somewhat eccentric, though it was unanimously agreed that his peculiarities were harmless. All who knew him believed that he would not willfully or intentionally injure in the least any person by word or deed. People among whom he lived knew but little of his ancestry, and he seemed to manifest a desire to keep his family history to himself.

One day, late in the autumn, he was suddenly taken very ill and soon died. A large concourse of his friends and acquaintances attended the funeral, for notwithstanding his eccentricities they all had a very high regard for him as an honest man, a good neighbor, a true friend in time of trouble, and one whose moral character was

above reproach. Even his unforgiving neighbor was there.

An old minister had been summoned from a distant part of the country to conduct the funeral service, and in his obituary, preceding the sermon, he said, "It was my good fortune to know the deceased and the family of the deceased for many years. He was a good man, and came of an intelligent, and noble, though rather eccentric family, the geneological history of which, as you all doubtless know, containing the account of some grave misfortunes superinduced it is believed by a hereditary predisposition towards insanity. His grand-father, who was an unusually brilliant man, under stress of very sad circumstances, lost his reason for a short time and had to be confined in an asylum, and another near relative committed suicide while temporarily deranged. The harmless eccentricities of the deceased can be easily and naturally accounted for when this fact is taken into consideration."

All had been explained by the incidental remarks of the old preacher.

That afternoon they laid his body in the neighborhood burying-ground. It was a cold, cloudy, cheerless day. Night seemed to come prematurely, as it frequently does in late autumn and midwinter. It was a dark, murky night too, but not darker without than it was within the heart of the man who had stubbornly cherished ill feeling and animosity towards his eccentric neighbor.

Before morning dawned the clouds had deposited on the cold, bare earth a covering of beautiful snow. Softly, during the night, the feathery flakes had descended like

the dew on Hermon. Hill and valley had "shared and shared alike," even the new-made mound in the cemetery had been wrapped in an ermine robe—some good people said it was a "mantle of charity," such as the Savior cast about his disciples when he came and found them sleeping and said to them, after they had been negligently guilty, "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Not a word of censure or reproach, but matchless tenderness and complete forgiveness!

APPLICATION.

What a beautiful robe of spotless white is the "mantle of charity"! It is never out of fashion, and is intended for the forgiving to clothe the forgiven with, as our Master has shown us by his example. Place it upon the living—now—rather than upon the graves of the departed.

—:O:—

IN SECRET.

We cannot tell what woe
 May mask behind a face,
 I think we rarely know
 The spirit's inner grace;
 The strongest souls restrain
 The fears which make them weak,
 In silence bear their pain,
 Their longing seldom speak.
 There is the grief which weeps,
 Nor seeks to mourn apart,
 And there is that which keeps
 Its secret in the heart.

Some poets never write,
 Some artists never paint;
 Some heroes never fight
 On fields of fame; the saint,
 Uncanonized, unsung,
 Dies in a prison sell,
 And hearts by anguish wrung
 Beat on—, and all seems well.
 They carve not, yet have wrought
 Their dreams who nobly dare;
 They preach not, yet their thought
 Is a perpetual prayer;
 They speak not, but the speech
 Of deeds is understood;
 They write not, but they teach
 By simply doing good.

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.

—:O:—

Life-Giving Fountains.

“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.”—Is. 55: 1.

“Jesus stood and cried saying, If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.”—Jno. 7: 37.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago a young man, while traveling in what was at that time the Territory of Nebraska, was lost. His supply of food and water gave out and, almost overcome by thirst, hunger and heat, he dismounted from his jaded pony and lay down in the dry bed of a small ravine, where there was a little shade, to rest and refresh himself, if rest could come to one in his condition.

As he lay there half famished it seemed to him that he had fallen asleep and dreamed he heard the sound of running water. What sweet music, and yet it

must be only a dream ! He arose and looked, but could neither see any water nor hear any longer the familiar sound that had been so enchatingly delightful to him. He had been dreaming. So, with a deeper feeling of sadness in his heart, he lay down again, but a second time the sound of falling water greeted his ears. Was it the delirium of approaching death that was vexing and mocking him, or was he still in his right mind ? Or was the welcome noise he heard only the result of desire and imagination ? But if he only imagined he heard the babble and splash of living water, why did he not hear it except when lying down ? If his hearing was deceptive, why did it deceive him only when he was prostrate on the ground ? Certainly he could not be deceived. There must be water near, if he could not see any indication of it. So he decided to search for it.

Going some distance down the ravine he heard the faint murmur of falling water, and as he proceeded in the direction from whence the sound came it grew more and more distinct, till presently he stood before a leaping, bounding little cataract of pure water that came bubbling forth from a spring in the hillside, glided down into the ravine and was almost immediately lost in the thirsty sand.

Kneeling down, with tears like rain falling into the sparkling streamlet, and without touching his parched lips to the life-giving water, he thanked God for having provided this means of quenching his thirst and perhaps saving his life. Then with inexpressible gratitude in his heart he drank of that beverage which God himself had brewed in the secret chambers of the hills. And

how delighted he would have been to say to other travelers, famishing and dying for water, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, Come!"

APPLICATION.

Who can account for the selfish indifference so many professing Christians manifest? They claim to have found the life-giving fountain that has quenched their thirst, but they permit others to pass within hailing distance and never utter a word whereby they may know that help is at hand. Can it be that water for the thirsty body is of more importance than water—the Water of Life—for the famishing soul! Let there go up a great shout, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, Come." "If any man thirst, let him come."



MY FRIEND TO BE.



I know not 'neath what skies he dwells,
 He who is yet my friend to be,
 I know not in what lands we'll meet,
 What seas he'll cross to come to me.
 Whether the face be young and fair,
 Or furrowed brow 'neath silver hair.
 But mine to hold the glad years through,
 While steady burns this kindled flame;
 I'll love him with a love so true,
 With all things holy link his name,
 This friend to be.



LANDSCAPE ON THE ALLIER.—From the Painting by H. Harpignies.

How oft' I may have passed him by.
 Unnoticed in the crowded mart;
 This friend who yet will fill the need,
 The hungry cravings of my heart.
 Drifting upon this human tide,
 What word will bring him to my side ?
 Patient I wait until God wills—
 The clasping of this friendly hand,
 Whose touch will all my being thrill—
 And I at once shall understand
 This friend to be.

Or will it be a friendship born—
 Which day by day shall closer twine,
 Through sorrows shared, through suffering borne,
 Until his soul is knit to mine ?
 Distance can not such friendship sever,
 Nor absence mar or change it ever;
 But mine to hold the glad years through,
 While steady burns this kindled flame;
 I'll love him with a love so true,
 With all things holy link his name,
 This friend to be.

WINFIELD L. SCOTT.

—:O:—

Reverie and Revelation.

The entrance of the words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple.—P^s. 119: 130.

Not far from the margin of a miniature lake, nestling snugly at the base of some great, rugged peaks towering hundreds of feet above it, we pitched our tent and prepared to encamp for the night. The air was as pure as it was in the Garden of Eden, and the lake as placid as if it had heard and obeyed the Voice that commanded "peace." There was not a breeze to stir the surface of

the crystal pool. It slept peacefully with the sentinel pines keeping perpetual watch over it, without being troubled in the least by the perplexing problems of the great, busy world of humanity, with the lights and shadows of faith and doubt, hope and despair, joy and sorrow falling upon it as it surges onward ever nearer and nearer to the untried and unknown future—beyond the veil. In blissful ignorance of all human perplexities and anxieties it slept a sweetly dreamless sleep. Slept and smiled.

Mirrored in the peaceful lake were the variegated rocks and the many-tinted green trees upon its border and the majestic mountain peaks above and beyond. The panoramic scene was to me more beautiful than any that a master artist could place upon canvas. It was one of nature's master pieces. I stood, and with growing wonder and admiration, gazed upon the matchless picture with its frame of rocks, and trees and shrubs, the organic and the inorganic, life and death, contrasting harmoniously and blending perfectly—placed there by the Great Artist himself to receive the picture after he had designed it—so strikingly original and peculiarly appropriate that one word expressed it all—"faultless."

Urged on by an indescribable fascination, I walked down to the margin of this enchanted lake, and as I drew near I saw, looking up from the water at the point nearest me, and advancing as I approached, the figure of a man, and as I came nearer still I observed that this image or outline of a man not only came toward me as I advanced but that it imitated, with wonderful exactness, every movement however slight that I made, and I also

noticed that the dress and personal appearance of this Neiad were strikingly like my own. If I walked towards the right along the margin of the lake, this nymph-like apparition went in the same direction at my feet. If I hesitated or turned back, this image—my exact counterpart—hesitated or turned back. Every movement that I made, this Nemesis or ghost of myself—if such it was—seemed to fully anticipate, and, in perfect harmony with my own actions, mimicked. Reflecting upon this and upon some of the great problems of human life, I thought that certainly a person or being that was in such perfect accord with me as this one seemed to be must have more than a passing interest in what interests me, for if I turned to admire the beautiful scenery this image appeared to manifest a like interest, and if I stopped to look at something at my feet, this fairy would come as close as I did to the object that had attracted my attention, and gaze at it as earnestly and as long. If thoughts of sadness came into my mind, a change of expression at once came over the countenance of this sea-nymph, unmistakably indicating that my thoughts were known. Yes, thought I, this strange entity, by whatever name it may be called, must have an abiding interest in me, and can no doubt enlighten my mind concerning that which has for a long time been a source of great perplexity to me. So in subdued tones and in a confidential manner, I unbosomed myself to this newly-discovered oracle, but its lips only moved as mine moved, and I heard not a single word that was uttered, though I bent my ear to catch the faintest whisper. Long and anxiously I questioned this oracular spectre

concerning the problems of human life and destiny, and, from the movement of its lips, I understood at last that I was being asked exactly the same questions that had perplexed me and at identically the same time that I was asking them.

With a heavy heart, and out of great disappointment, I cried aloud, and there came a voice from somewhere in response to my own, though, in my surprise, I did not understand what was said, or the direction from whence the sound came. Then I said in a loud voice, "From whence came life?" for this was one of the questions that had puzzled me, and in a moment I heard the words in a voice somewhat fainter than my own, though strikingly like it, I imagined, in every other respect, "From whence came life?" Thinking I could detect the rising inflection, and judging that my questioner whoever he was, had not understood me and wished me to repeat what I had said, I replied, "Yes, from whence came life?" Immediately I heard the words repeated again, "Yes, from whence came life?" I thought perhaps my querist might be repeating my question to some wise old hermit who resided in the fastnesses of the mountains beyond the reach of my voice, and that in due time I would receive from him the answer to my question, so I waited patiently, but no answer came.

Then I asked, "What is man?" and as first my inquiry was wafted back, "What is man?" and this was the only answer I received to my thrice-repeated question. Failing in this, I next ventured to inquire, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and almost instantly I heard the words, "Shall he live again?" So I repeated very

deliberately and with measured emphasis, "If a man die, shall he live again?" and an instant after I had finished the sentence I heard, "Live again?" The words came from somewhere—everywhere—nowhere—just as all my previous questions had been echoed back. The oracles were all dumb. To every one of my anxious inquiries the only answer I received was "the echo of my own wailing voice."

The sun had disappeared behind the western mountains and night was fast coming on, but I could not get away from the lake-shore—nor from my thoughts. I sat, far into the night, on a rugged granite boulder—covered with greenish-gray lichens—that in the remote past had been detached by an unseen hand from one of the adjacent mountains, and reflected, seriously pondering again and again oft-repeated questions.

I asked myself, Are the questions that come up constantly out of the depths of my own consciousness legitimate? Have I a right to ask them? If not, why do they so unceasingly suggest themselves to me? Are there no satisfactory answers to these great questions that come surging forth from the great deep of my heart like giant breakers from the mighty ocean when high tide is flowing, only, like them, to be broken into fine spray on the shore of my own limited knowledge, and gradually mingle again with the ebbing tide to find again an unstable home in the great deep of my heart as before? Are there no kindred intelligences, who are in as full sympathy with me as the reflection of myself in the placid lake, to whom the answers to these vexing questions of a common humanity have been given, and who

will repeat them to me that my questioning heart may be satisfied?

Nature, away from the haunts of men, I had found to be strangely silent. The answers that men gave were simply the echoes of the questions they asked, just as my voice had reverberated from peak to peak finally dying away in the distance. Again I asked, If satisfactory answers to these perplexing questions are impossible, then why should every atom of my being forever and incessantly ask them?

Thus meditating, I wended my way towards where our tent was pitched, and late that night, by the flickering light of the waning camp-fire, I read from an old book, "The Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrills the breath of life; and man became a living soul." "Thou hast made man a little lower than angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor." Jesus said, "I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

My mind was at rest. I had found the solution of the problem, and with the stars keeping watch over me, I slept as peacefully as the placid lake in the bosom of the rugged mountains.

APPLICATION.

Whoever does not know, or whoever has failed on any account to fully grasp the fact, that "the entrance of God's word giveth light," is living far below his privileges—and duty. God, in his word, has given to mankind the solution of the perplexing problems of

human life and destiny—yours and mine. Let us study the testimony that our Father has given us, not to criticise, but to gain knowledge—and find rest and peace. “He giveth understanding unto the simple.”

————:O:————

THE GRACE OF GOD.

As sea-birds ride upon the waves,
 So floats my soul on grace;
 Nor other resting-place she craves
 In wide, world-weary space.
 A deep, illimitable sea
 Of sunlit azure, running free,
 Rocks underneath her placid breast.
 With soft, pacific swell,
 Upbearing her in perfect rest;
 She knows that all is well.

The seas of God unbounded roll
 Their shores no eye may trace.
 Unfathomed underneath my soul
 They lie, those deeps of Grace.
 And whether I am weak or strong,
 Grace still is broad and deep and long
 Upbearing, not of self is this
 Of self it lies outside.
 Grace buoys me on its clear abyss,
 On to God's Glory-tide!

MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

————:O:————

A Complaining Steamship.

“Every man shall bear his own burden.”—Gal. 6: 5.

On opposite sides of a long wharf that extended far out into the harbor were two vessels receiving their cargoes of merchandise and lists of passengers preparatory to leaving for distant ports. One of these vessels was a bark, and the other was a steamship. Both had all the latest improvements, and had been well and securely constructed out of the best material under the direct supervision of master shipbuilders. As they rocked and swayed to and fro, as the dying swells of the great ocean gently chafed their bows, they seemed to be endowed with life, and anxious to be loosed from their moorings that they might begin the voyage that was before them.

It was plain however that the majestic steamship—the “ocean greyhound,” as she was spoken of by her numerous admirers—was possessed with a spirit of discontent amounting almost to mutiny. Those who could understand the language of ships said she was complaining bitterly because her bunker had been filled with tons and tons of coal to be used as fuel for her great furnaces during the voyage. She admired the tall masts and symmetrical spars and broad, white sails of her neighbor, the sailing vessel lying on the opposite side of the wharf, and especially envied her because she was free from what she called the “unnecessary burden—tons of horrid, sooty, black coal”—which she must carry.

At last all was in readiness for the voyage. The

command was given, the gang blanks were raised, the sturdy sailors loosed the hawsers, and the two vessels slowly left their moorings and were soon speeding on toward the ports for which each was bound. The bark made good time scudding before a favorable breeze, while the steamship, though carrying discontentedly her heavy burden of coal, made even better time. All went well for some days, but one evening when they were in mid-ocean a terrible storm suddenly struck them. The sailors quickly reefed the sails of the bark and made every thing as secure as possible. All night long the wind blew a perfect gale. Heavy seas dashed entirely over the deck again and again, and the rigging, masts, spars, cross-trees, sails, every thing above deck—was carried completely away by the awful tornado. When the storm had spent its fury all that remained of the beautiful bark was the hull riding helplessly on the bosom of the mighty ocean hundreds of miles from port and without any means whatever of continuing the voyage.

The steamship had also been in the track of the storm, but far below where the angry billows dashed against the staunch sides of the vessel the stokers were faithfully heaving great quantities of the grimy coal, about which she had so bitterly complained, into her huge furnaces, thus enabling her not only to weather the gale but to make considerable progress in the direction of her destination in the very face of the storm. In due time she reached safely the port for which she was bound, and that too without any burden whatever. Gradually it had been lightened as she had continued

the voyage until the last particle of it was gone—transformed as it was needed into propulsive energy—just before the anchor was dropped in the harbor. Then the steamship not only ceased to murmur, but she was heartily ashamed that she had ever uttered one word of complaint.

APPLICATION.

Men and women are as ships on the ocean—they are ships on the sea of life. When at last the anchor shall have been dropped in the “beautiful port of the blest,” many a person, who may now at times be almost in a state of mutiny, will then be grateful for the burden with which he made the voyage. It saved him from being ship-wrecked in mid-ocean.

—:O:—

HOPEFUL.

Wait, my soul, the touches tender
That seraphic spirits render
 In the soul's unrest.
Wait in patience some sweet token,
Words in holy vision spoken
 To my spirit blest.

Wait the sure and quick unfolding
Of the future, and the moulding
 In eternal hand,
Of a life filled full of gladness,
Scattered far all sin and sadness
 From the pleasant land.



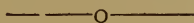
DANTE AND MATILDA.

From the Painting by A. Maignan.

Wait for hope, celestial maiden,
 Spirit weak and heavy-laden;
 Lift the down-cast eyes;
 See the glow of radiant morning
 Bright her beauteous robes adorning,
 That through mists arise

Look beyond the moanings, mortal,
 Touch with hopeful hand the portal,
 For thee opening wide;
 Tread thy feet the paths of duty
 Leading to the gates of beauty,
 To no soul denied.

AARON PRINCE ATEN.



PURPOSE.

The uses of sorrow I comprehend
 Better and better at each year's end.

Deeper and deeper I seem to see
 Why and wherefore it has to be.

Only after the dark wet days
 Do we fully rejoice in the sun's bright rays.

Sweeter the crust tastes after the fast
 Than the sated gourmand's finest repast.

The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
 To the actor who once has heard a hiss.

And one who has dealt with his grief alone
 Hears all the music by friendship's tone,

So better and better I comprehend
 How sorrow ever would be our friend.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Prospector and Capitalist.

Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee . . . for we be brethren.—Gen. 13: 8.

There are two men who are co-workers, yes, brothers,—and each is the representative of two classes of persons that are frequently at enmity against each other.

When one of these men was last seen he was dressed in the garb of a “common laborer”—whatever that may mean. He wore a pair of antiquated cowhide boots into the tops of which were thrust the lower third of a pair of soiled, faded and patched overalls that still showed enough of the original material to indicate that they had, sometime in the remote past, been made of brown duck. His body and upper extremities were clad in a heavy red flannel shirt—out at the elbows, and other ways revealing the fact that it had seen its best days—while around his neck, tied in a double bow-knot, were the remnants of a bandana handkerchief. His slouch hat was old, and dirty and worn. His grizzly beard was shaggy, and unkempt, while his long hair sprinkled with gray, hung in a tangled mass about his broad but “stooped” shoulders. His hands were hard and rough—rougher if possible than his clothing—and his fingers calloused and curved till they were veritable arcs or segments of circles.

He was a “prospector”—a pioneer miner—one who had gone in advance of all civilization and safety to explore the rugged mountains for hidden treasure, gold and silver. He had located some of the richest mining claims, sold them for a trifling fraction of what they

were afterwards found to be worth, and gone on about his business—prospecting—until you saw him as he was yesterday.

The other man, when he was last seen, wore a fashionable, tailor-made suit of the best imported goods. His haberdashery was of Knox's latest style. In his immaculately white shirt front he sported an elegant diamond pin, while his hands, which were as soft and delicate as those of a society woman, were decorated with heavy gold rings, and you could have seen yourself in his highly polished patent leather shoes.

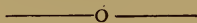
Thus attired he sat in his elegantly furnished downtown office looking after his "mining interests," though he had seldom seen a mine, and could not have told the difference between galena and silver ore, or distinguished iron pyrites from gold quartz to save himself from purgatory. He is the president of a company composed of capitalists, organized to manufacture mining machinery and develop and operate mines.

Those two men are co-laborers—brothers—though they seldom recognize the true relation that exists between them. The labor of the one and the capital of the other would be practically valueless if it were not for the co-operation they are compelled to carry out.

APPLICATION.

Laborers and capitalists are joint helpers—fellow-workers—brothers. There should be no strife between them. Let the relation they properly bear to each other, be duly recognized, and all disputes and differences between them be amicably adjusted. The request of each—the prayer—should be, "Let there be no strife, I pray

thee, between me and thee—for we are brethren." This is the tenth decade of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, and this the prayer suited to it.



AN INVOCATION.

Lord God of Hosts, we come to Thee,
 In perilous times of cruel war,
 And ask Thy guardian care, lest we
 Transgress Thy perfect, holy law.

O, Lord of Hosts! Wilt Thou imbue
 Our statesmen grave with wisdom true,
 And lead our armies in just cause
 Lest we transgress Thy holy laws.

Before them Lord let tyrants go,
 But temper Thou the chastening blow;
 And hold the heathen lands in awe,
 Till taught Thy perfect, holy law.

Be Thou our light, that we may stand
 As sponsors to these sin-cursed lands,
 Nor e'er Thy presence, Lord withdraw,
 Lest we transgress Thy holy law.

And may our great incentive be,
 To better make humanity!
 Forbid that we by slightest clause,
 Should mar Thy perfect, holy laws.

And if by victories won should we
 Incline to boasting vanity,
 O, Lord, that we may quickly pause
 Ere we transgress Thy holy laws!

MRS. INDIA SCOTT RIGDON.



Two Villainous Old Hags.

Our Savior Jesus Christ hath abolished death; and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.—2 Tim. 1: 10.

There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.—Rev. 21: 4.

In a great city, a beautiful maiden, the favorite of all who knew her, was attacked, without any apparent provocation whatever, by two villainous old hags, who with relentless fury pursued her wherever she attempted to escape. Hundreds of people declared vengeance against the murderous assailants of the beloved maiden, and determined to apprehend them at all hazards, so the chase began. Pursued and pursuers rushed excitedly from place to place, now vanishing out of sight only to appear soon after in some unexpected part of the city. Thus the pursuit continued through the streets and lanes, crowded thoroughfares and dim alleys, till finally one of the vixens, who was always in advance of the other, overtook the fleeing damsel and struck her down. People rushed up from every direction and endeavored to pull the hag away from her prostrate victim, but in vain. Watching her opportunity, the other Nemesis of destruction advanced unobserved into the midst of the company and with a great dagger, which she carried concealed about her person, struck the helpless maiden a vicious blow that instantly proved fatal. During the excitement that followed both her treacherous assailants escaped. Although everything was done to effect their arrest, that human courage and ingenuity could devise, it could never be accomplished. Just when there seemed

to be a fair prospect of capturing one or both of them, and all hearts beat hopefully, they would suddenly turn on the officers of the law and others who were assisting them, and cause such terrible havoc that the attempt would have to be given up. They terrorized the whole city and the surrounding country. No person was safe, for in retaliation of the constant efforts that were being made to place them under arrest, they would enter the houses of both rich and poor and commit the most dastardly assaults without any regard whatever for age, beauty, innocence, strength, family ties or any thing else.

The mayor's wife was most brutally assaulted by these revengeful old hags, right before his eyes, and he was so dazed by the suddenness and violence of the attack that she was killed before he sufficiently recovered to render any assistance. A policeman's daughter, just blooming into beautiful womanhood, fell a victim to their relentless fury and jealousy. A councilman's son—a bright young man, full of promise, and the pride of the family—was stricken down by the repeated attacks that were made upon him by these vicious wretches. The only surviving child of a former city attorney's widow, her comfort and hope, suffered untold torture for weeks at the hands of one of these heartless viragoes till the other one appeared and, snatching the loved one away from its mother's tender embrace, cruelly put it to death. An honest poor man—one of earth's noblemen—who had to support, by daily toil, an invalid wife and a family of small children, was also the unfortunate object of attack by these furies, who did not desist from

their fiendish work till the poor man's body was given to the undertaker. One of them repeatedly thrust a poisoned dart into his flesh, while he was performing his routine duties as a deputy in the city clerk's office, till the pen dropped from his hand and he was assisted to a couch where, in great agony, he expired. These stealthy, old witches secreted themselves by some means in the private office of one of the leading banks, and suddenly springing upon the president, as he sat at his desk, garroted him, and when one of the tellers came in shortly thereafter to ask the president's advice concerning some business matter, he was shocked to find him dead and his assailants gone.

Thus these impersonations of Diabolos continued to terrorize the inhabitants of the city until a young man of majestic mien came to reside there, who, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in capturing and executing both of them, and there was great rejoicing. Nor was that all he did, for by some sort of supernatural power he restored to friends and loved ones those who had been slain—and there was universal joy, as the people all sang in one grand chorus, “O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?”

APPLICATION.

In this allegorical sermon, the beautiful maiden, so universally loved, represents Life. The villainous old hags, whose jealous rage was so incessant and diabolical, are the representatives of Disease and Death. And the young man, who slew them, and restored to their former places those whom they had slain, impersonates Christ, the Omnipotent Savior.

CHRIST IS RISEN !

'T was early morn. A soft and silvery light
That gave fair promise of the coming day
Tinted the eastern sky—then softer grew
And sweetened into rose.

With weary feet
And hearts bowed down in sorrow, to the tomb
The Marys came, with spice and sweet perfume
For their dead Lord. They whispered, as they came,
Of hope now vanished, and of dark despair
That vanquished faith.

Then suddenly there came
Flashing from heaven, like a falling star,
An angle to that rock-hewn sepulchre;
Rolled back the stone that barred the narrow door,
And sat upon it. They who guarded there,
The Roman soldiery in awful fear,
Became as dead men. And the angel spoke
From out his aureole of heavenly light,
And said: "Why seek ye here, among the dead,
The living King of Kings? He is not here
In this dark sepulchre. Nay, He is risen!
Go quickly now, and tell the joyful news
To His disciples."

Upward, through the sky,
The angel vanished to the land of light
From whence he came.

And then, with hurrying feet
The women sped away. And as they ran
They met Him—Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
The risen Christ, their Savior and their God.

Fast spread the news on earth; and hearts that mourned
That Israel's hope had vanished, sang with joy:
"Now death is vanquished. Jesus lives and reigns,
Forevermore. To Him be praise and glory."
And echoed back from heaven came the strain,
As myriad angels struck their harps anew;
"All Hail! All Hail! Reign Thou forevermore!"

ARTHUR O. GARRISON.



RESURRECTION.

From the Painting by A. Naack.

THE AWAKING.

One day the fingers of the Lord
Upon my eyes shall lie;
And when their tender weight shall lift
'T will be eternity.

But while He holds my yielding lids
With that soft force of His
My spirit shall not sleep but wake
Into His utter bliss.

MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

—————:O:—————

AN EASTER PRAYER.

Forgive us who, thro' wilfulness or blindness,
Have failed to see, O Christ, how good Thou art.
Who, grieving Thee by doubt and all unkindness
Have crucified afresh Thy tender heart.
Arise within us! Pardon our unfitness,
And fit us by Thy grace to live again.
O happy Easter which at last shall witness
Thy resurrection in the hearts of men!

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.

—————:O:—————

Building Influenced by Music.

"Let every man take heed how he buildeth."—1 Cor. 3: 10.

The ancient Egyptians, Greeks and Romans attributed to their gods and goddesses wonderful and impossible things, and yet their mythology was not without at least a semblance of truth. Take, for instance, the building and fortifying of Thebes, as the account is given in Grecian mythology.

Orpheus was the son of Apollo and Calliope, and was famous for his skill as a musician, it being such that the rocks and trees followed him when he sang or played. It was under the magic touch of his lyre that ancient Thebes was founded and the walls of the city built.

Strange as it may at first appear, it is a fact that there has never been a superstructure of any kind erected except by the power and influence of music. No home has ever been built unless harmony, melody—music—has had some very important part in its erection. The material of which the house was built was brought together by visible means, but the real motive power back of all else was the music of love or the house was mis-called a home, even if that was ostensibly the primary purpose for which the superstructure was reared, and the christening it was given.

Then there are mausoleums that represent, not the expenditure of vital physical force or energy, but the music of gratitude—a nation's grand requiem has only been materialized, that is all. The eye sees music in granite and marble—crypt and sarcophagus are petrified threnody and dirge—the music of a grateful nation

above and over all in the sepulchral monuments that mark the sleeping-place of the patriot dead.

Pyramids have been built to the music of folly—the wassail of ambition—the dirge-like wail of the oppressed, and when, after long years of rigorous labor, they were completed they were nothing but pyramids—great piles of rocks to no purpose whatever, but to serve as tombs for dead men—and foolish kings.

Whole cities have been built to the discordant music—if the two words may be thus connected—of weeping widows and wailing orphans, with the time-marking chink, chink of money—blood money—for an accompaniment. Who does not know that God has pronounced a curse upon those who “build a town with blood and stablish a city by iniquity”? And yet, to the music of oppression and greed, the building goes on. The city and the saloon thrive—but God, the avenger, reigns.

APPLICATION.

“Let every man take heed how he buildeth.”



THE DRUNKARD'S LAMENT.

(These verses were written by one of the brightest members of the New Orleans bar, and is a story of his own ruined life.)

I've been to the funeral of all my hopes,
And entombed them one by one;
Not a word was said,
Not a tear was shed,
When the mournful task was done.

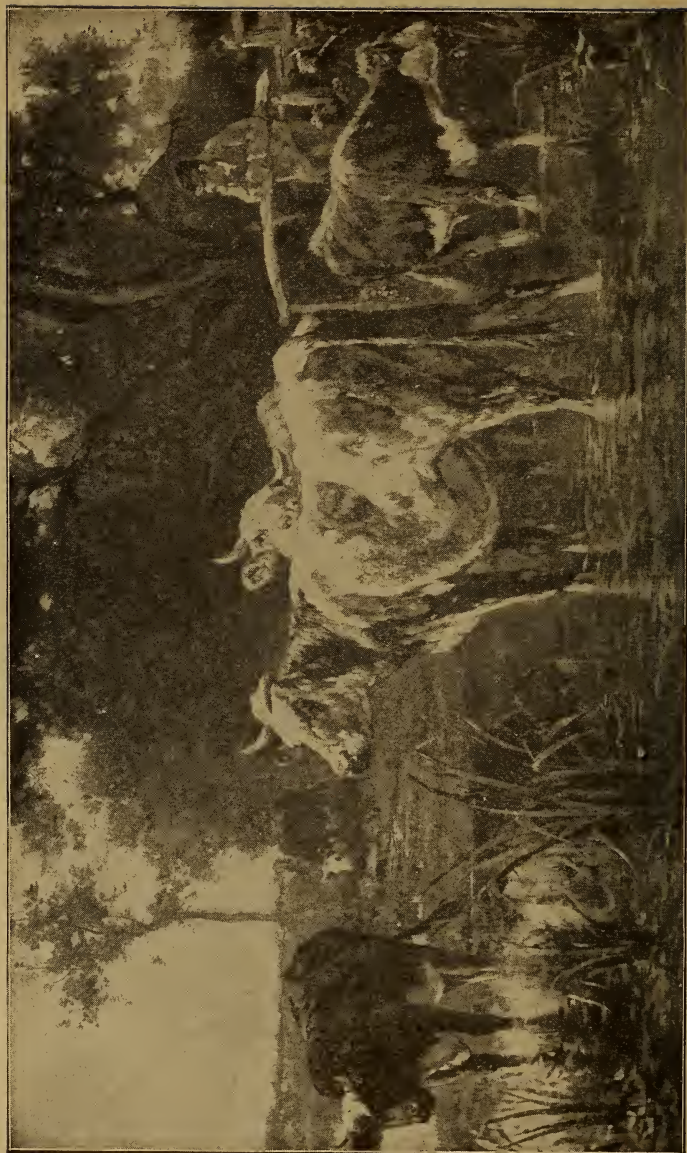
Slowly and sadly I turned me round,
And sought my silent room,
And there all alone
By the cold hearthstone
I weod the midnight gloom.

And as the night wind, fresh and cool,
Soothed my aching brow
I wept o'er days
When manhood's rays
Were brighter far than now.

The dying embers on the hearth
Gave out their flickering light,
As if to say
This is the way
Thy life shall close in—night.

I wept aloud in anguish sore
O'er the blight of prospects fair,
While demons laughed
And eagerly quaffed
My tears like nectar rare.

Through hell's red hall an echo rang,
An echo loud and long
As in the bowl
I plunged my soul
In the night of madness strong.



CATTLE IN A MARSH.—From the Painting by E. Van Marek.

And there within that sparkling glass
I knew the cause to lie.
This all men own
From zone to zone,
Yet millions drink and die.

—:O:—

Blessings in Disguise.

When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part is done away. When I was a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face; now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.—1 Cor. 13: 10-12.

The long drought was at last broken. For hours the cold, drenching rain had been falling in torrents. The bare, brown hills and the valleys between them of unsurpassed fertility, but now without scarcely a trace of vegetation, were being thoroughly wet for the first time in many months. Groups of poor, starving cattle stood close together in the more sheltered nooks among the hills lowing pitifully as the rain poured down upon them. For a long time they had subsisted by browsing the noxious weeds, plants and shrubs and even the prickly cacti, and added to all the suffering they had endured on account of lack of food they were being exposed, in their famishing condition, to a storm of wind and rain of unusual severity and duration.

This was a fortnight or longer ago. Since then the warm weather has been conducive to the rapid growth of vegetation and the cattle are now cropping the tender herbage—wild oats, burr-clover, alfalfa and foxtail—forgetful of their privations, and utterly unconscious of

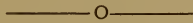
the fact that the drenching rain, that had so greatly increased their suffering, was a blessing in disguise. Without it they would have died of starvation. It saved them.

A man was hundreds of miles from his kindred and friends, truly a stranger in a strange land, poor—poverty stricken—and sick at heart. While in this pitiable condition, to add to his almost unendurable suffering, disease laid its relentless hand upon him, and for weeks his life hung in the balance. He was young in years but old in experience, and unprepared to stand before God in the judgement. Many times he had resolved to live a Christian life, but had always broken his good resolutions. He could yet be useful to himself and others—for if he was poor, he had talent, education, and ability—and he determined, if his life was spared, that he would put forth an untiring effort to make the salvation of his own soul an assured fact, and to save others by becoming a preacher of righteousness. He would be useful if he lived. This was his commendable resolution. Slowly health returned, till at last he was completely restored—and he remembered and carried out his good resolution. He had been saved to a life of blessed usefulness by the hand of disease that had been laid so heavily upon him, in addition to all the other misfortunes he had suffered, and to which he always referred thereafter as his greatest blessing in the strangest disguise.

APPLICATION.

It is ever thus. Whoever he is that is not conscious of having had some of the chief blessings of his life come

to him disguised by adversity must indeed be near-sighted or stupid. We may not, nay, will not, in this world understand the full meaning of many of our severest afflictions, but we shall know hereafter. We now see, if at all, "through a glass darkly." Let us trust God for a complete revelation in due time, and go forward in our work of righteousness and usefulness.



IDOLS OF CLAY.

November's rain upon the leaves,
 That lie in rut and gully
 How sad a monody it weaves—
 A retrospection, truly
 Of wh at the passing year has held
 For us in its completeness,
 The springtide's blush, the autumn's yield,
 The summer's songs and sweetness.

The blessings that we somehow lost
 When over-reaching eager,
 To gain our ends at whate'er cost
 Whose consummation, meager,
 Left us beside our molded clay
 Faint, sore, and weary-hearted
 With all the embers died away
 And all their warmth departed.

November's rain—there comes to me
 With its incessant falling
 The prophecy—I failed to see
 The faint, sweet voices calling
 To orchard, grove, and dewy wood
 And daisy-tinted meadows
 A message had I understood
 Would lift me from the shadows.

Oh! senseless clay!—how oft we mold
 Our poor designs, that never
 In expected grace unfold
 To crown our best endeavor.
 While in the very things we shun
 With all their beauty blended
 There is the blessing if on One
 We have alone depended.

HELEN A. RAINS.



Pictographic Writing.

There is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known.—Luke 12: 2.

God shall judge the secrets of men.—Rom. 2: 16.

In many places in Arizona the exposed surfaces of the granite and porphyry on the buttes and mountains are covered with hieroglyphics or pictographs—picture-writing—supposed to be the records of some prehistoric race who inhabited the country ages ago. There are rude pictures of animals—such as snakes, lizards, men, mountain sheep, turtles; weapons of war—bows, arrows, spears, lances,—and geometric and other figures and characters chiseled or picked on the rock with some sharp-pointed instrument, and which to the observer are absolutely without order or system in their arrangement. There is no person living who can read this pictographic writing, and neither are there any traditions among the Indians concerning the origin or meaning of these strange characters. Many a man has looked upon them, wondered and wished—wished for a “key” or clew of some kind that would enable him to decipher them and translate the history there supposed to be written, but concealed by oblivion, and lack of knowledge.

To climb some solitary mountain or butte in the midst of the broad Rio Solado—Salt River—valley with its great alfalfa, barley and wheat ranches, and, as far as the eye can see, look on the many other achievements and evidences of modern civilization, and find at every step he takes as he makes the ascent, the rocks covered with fantastic enigmatical picture-writing, which is as great a puzzle as the celebrated "Riddle of the Sphinx"—the work of a people who inhabited the same valley perhaps centuries ago, and who evidently desired to live in the annals of the only land of which they had any knowledge—fills one with mingled sadness and wonder.

What was the origin and destiny of the people who so laboriously chiseled their history in the flinty granite, where it remains perfectly legible and equally unintelligible to this day? The oft-repeated question remains to be answered.

APPLICATION.

It is an astonishing fact that there may be one who has walked by your side in the journey of life for many years, whose personal history during those years of intimacy, confidence and love is as much a mystery to you as the hieroglyphics on the granite. The record of every life is written, more or less, in enigmatical pictographs—"cipher" words and phrases—and only he who does the writing, the autobiographer, has the "key"—only he and God. But "there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known." "God shall judge the secrets of men."

 A SONG OF THE SEA.

Cold and deepening gray
 The fading light of day;
 And moaning restlessly,
 The stormy winter sea
 Dashes its waves 'gainst the rocky shore,
 As vainly striving forevermore
 Its wild, weird, murmuring song to voice,
 Till even its very depths rejoice,
 And weary earth awakes to sing,
 And melodies in heaven ring.

Low buried in the deep,
 The murmuring song that sleeps.
 Only its plaintive moan
 And sweetest undertone
 Falls on our ear. Like muffled thunder,
 Rending the very rocks asunder,
 Escapes at last the imprisoned song;
 For, rolling its mighty waves along,
 Dashing o'er cliff and sand, the sea
 Is singing, unrestrained and free.

Deep hidden in my breast
 Are thoughts yet unexpressed;
 And all the melodies
 And ceaseless harmonies
 Sung by my soul, throughout these weary years,
 Have found no words, no voice except in tears.
 And yet some happy day, I feel, I know
 The floodgates of my heart shall overflow.
 The chafing yoke, the dread environment
 Shall fall away; and then, at last content,
 My spirit shall, e'en like the tuneful sea,
 Sing unrestrained through all eternity.

ROSE MARTIN WELLS.



MOONRISE—From the Painting by Smith Hald.

Not All a Dream.

For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office; so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another. Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith; or ministry, let us wait on our ministring; or he that teacheth, on teaching; or he that exhorteth on exhortation; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence. Rom. 12: 4-8.

One day, being somewhat indisposed, I was sitting in my easy chair before the fire and dropped into a doze of sleep when suddenly I was startled by hearing the sound of strange voices apparently quite near me, and as I believed myself to be the sole occupant of the house at that time my interest was at once aroused. Rubbing my eyes and looking about the room I could not see any person nor could I hear a sound. Thus assured that I was all alone, I said to myself, "Only a dream," and settled myself down to enjoy another nap, when to my astonishment I again heard unfamiliar voices very near me engaged, as I soon perceived, in quite an animated discussion, and listening attentively I discovered that the several parts of my body had grown dissatisfied with the work each had been doing, and that they were also finding fault with the manner in which the various other organs had been performing their functions. I frequently heard such expressions as "this constant drudgery," "neglect of duty," "no easy task," "ceaseless labor," "an inexcusable imposition," "awful routine," "lack of appreciation," "shirking co-laborers," and "your work and mine too."

The feet were complaining bitterly about their "hard lot in life," saying, "We have never been treated with any consideration. We are thrust into leather and iron prisons, and kept there during the entire day, year in and year out, and in that constrained position, deprived of our natural rights, and treated by the rest of you with the utmost contempt, we are compelled to be the slaves of our inferiors. The weather is never too cold, the night too dark, or the way too rough for you to think of having any mercy on us. We must carry you to the theater, or banquet, or other place of amusement, if we are able to go at all, and remain there against our wish as long as you choose, that eyes and ears and tongue may be gratified, and we protest against this constant and unrequited drudgery and the slavish life we are compelled to live. We deserve and demand better treatment."

To this complaint, that was based on incontrovertible facts, the eyes were saying, "If we only had as easy a time of it as you have we would be satisfied. You do not seem to realize that there is any danger in the world. You would go directly in front of the moving train and be crushed and mangled, or walk off the wharf into the ocean and drown yourselves and us too if we were not constantly on the lookout. No matter how dazzling the light may be, or how dark the night, we have to be constantly on the alert to prevent you bringing some terrible calamity upon all of us. You are as heedless of danger as you are blind. Oh, dear, oh dear, such vigilance as we have to keep, and such a sorrowful lack of appreciation!"

In response to this the hands were declaring that the eyes were super-sensitive, and did not appreciate what was being done for their gratification. "Have you forgotten," said the hands, "when less than a fortnight ago you were taken out into the country behind one of the finest, high-spirited teams of thoroughbred horses in the whole state, that you might enjoy "a needed recreation(!)" that we held the lines till we were doubled up like a jack-knife with pain; and that you never once said, "Thank you?" We will leave it to any disinterested person to say if you have not been selfishly ungrateful. The very least that can be said is that you have shown a sad lack of common courtesy."

"Have we ever been honored," the ears were interjecting into this free-for-all discussion, that was being carried on without moderator or referee," have we ever been honored," we say, "by having had presented to us a pair of patent leather shoes as have the feet, or French kid gloves as the hands, or imported lenses such as the eyes are privileged to see through?" During all this tirade the ears had overlooked the fact, just as many persons do who have privileges and blessing that they ordinarily esteem of much more value than those of others, that they were the sole possessors of a pair of elegant diamonds—the gift of a friend, which made them doubly valuable. Consistency is indeed a rare jewel in the midst of controversy and contention.

Realizing that every organ and part of my body was manifesting the same disposition as that of my hands, feet, eyes and ears I very readily understood why I was ill, but did not so easily perceive what or where a remedy

could be found, so I had to wait as patiently as possible for "nature to take its course."

APPLICATION.

Sometimes the members of the church—"the body of Christ" (?)—develops alarming symptoms. A spirit of bickering, fault-finding and insubordination takes complete possession. Selfishness and egotism reign supreme. There is no recognition of the value or helplessness of others. Invidious comparisons are made. The result is that the body becomes sick—dangerously, often fatally, sick.

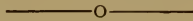
If the following remedy is administered liberally it will speedily relieve and in a short time permanently cure the worst case; "Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another." Do not wait for "nature to take its course." Death will be the result if you do.



IF WE KNEW.

If we knew when walking thoughtless
 Through the crowded, noisy way,
 That some pearl of wondrous whiteness
 Close beside our pathway lay,
 We would pause where now we hasten,
 We would often look around
 Lest our careless feet should trample
 Some rare jewel on the ground.

If we knew, when friends around us
Closely press to say "Good by,"
Which, among the lips that press us,
First would 'neath the daisies lie,
We would clasp their arms around us,
Looking on them through our tears,
Tender words of love eternal
We would whisper in their ears.



Will It Pay?

"When lust hath conceived it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."—James 1: 15.

The young man from whose letter the following extracts have been made, is known to me personally and has and shall continue to have my prayers, sympathy and assistance in his efforts to lead a manly Christian life. I do not wish to cast any reproach upon him, but desire that others may profit by his experience. I shall consider it a duty to him to keep his name a secret.

STATE PENITENTIARY, Nov. 2, 1894.

DEAR FRIEND:

There are bad characters on every side. Human ruin can be seen without much hunting. Any ruin is sad but human ruin is the saddest of all. Such wreck of health, such ruin of manly strength, moves us to grief and saddens us to tears. But deeper, darker, more profoundly miserable, and utterly desolate is the spectacle of a strong man yielding to the mastery of drink,

There is the gradual loss of self-respect; the decay of the moral sentiments; the growing paralysis of the will, until at last utterly indifferent, or defiantly reckless, he staggers through the gloomy prison gates with disgrace behind him and retribution before him. Not with one wild leap does any one go down this fearful abyss of sin and shame. The end is reached after innumerable resolutions have been broken. The victim makes many a brave effort to withstand the demon who is pushing him on, and when at last disarmed of noble purpose, without the will to resist, or the ability to fully comprehend his disgrace, he sinks into utter irremediable selfishness and drifts, almost unconsciously, to his doom. It is the saddest sight in the whole universe of God. Such sad and painful wrecks meeting your eyes where'er they may roam, you can imagine how I am situated. . . . If you try to tell them (he refers to the convicts) there is a God, and that if they turn their steps backward and do right, they shall have everlasting life, they will laugh at you and say "you are a crank, and how came you here? Why not, if a Christian, live outside of prison and enjoy the pleasures of God's children? Why did you come to prison if you are so good?" They do not think it possible that one could reform in here. All that the most of them do in thinking of the future, is to plan robbery and such like. . . . It is hard to endure, but I will soon be in the land of the living again, and then I sincerely hope my troubles will end, that is, such as I have here, and my future actions will be for the best. It is my sole desire now to help the poor and helpless through this world.

I have written all I can now and will close by wishing you a long and happy Christian life.

Your friend,

.....

APPLICATION.

There are many young men who are dangerously near the vortex of eternal ruin, and it is with the prayerful hope that some of them may be made to see the danger they are in and to flee from it, that these extracts are thus given to the public.

The two chief dangers, and one is the complement of the other, to our young men and youths, are evil companions and bad habits. The boy or young man who would fight life's battle successfully must eschew both. Personal purity is absolutely essential. He is wise who learns from observation rather than from his own experience, that he who has "sown wild oats" in his youth is forever handicapped in the race of life.

Young man, read the above letter carefully and then the poem, "Never Soars So High Again," and when you have done this sit down calmly with yourself and God and answer the question, "Will it pay?"

"NEVER SOARS SO HIGH AGAIN."



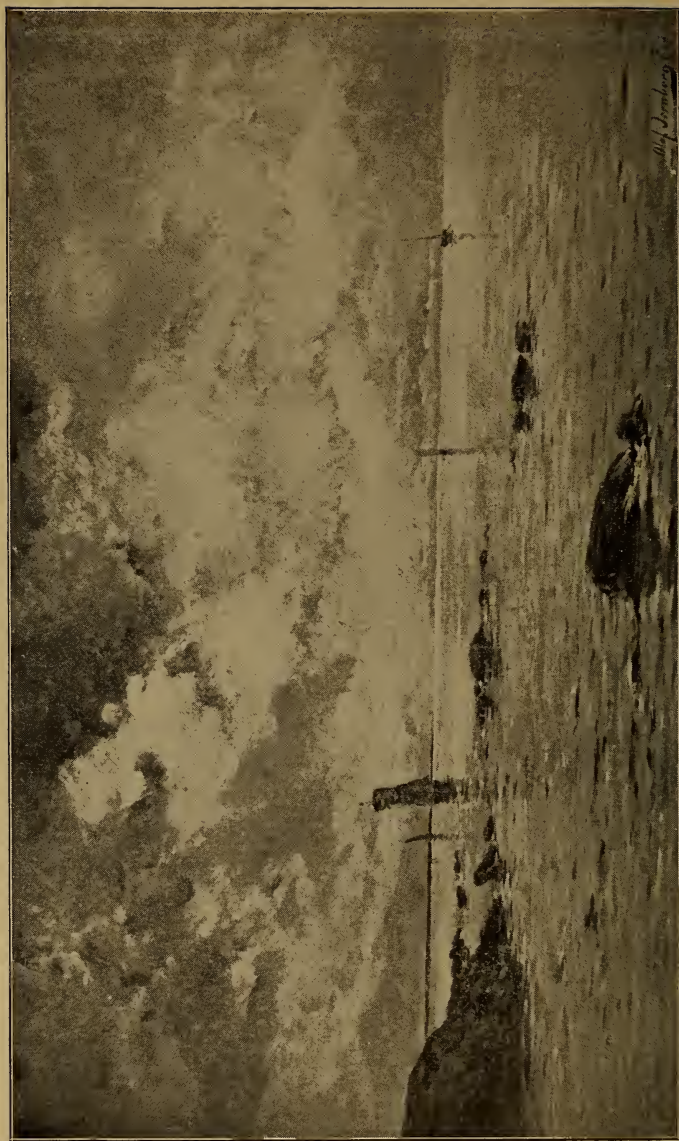
(It is said that the following pathetic verses were written by a convict in the State Penitentiary of Illinois.)

I walked through the woodland meadow,
Where the thrushes sweetly sing,
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing;
I healed its wounds, and each morning
It sang its old sweet strain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared so high again.

I found a young life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And, touched with the Christ-like spirit,
I took him to my heart;
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain;
But the life that sin had stricken
Never soared so high again.

But the bird with the broken pinion.
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair;
Each loss has its compensation;
There is healing for every pain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soars so high again.





IN THE MOONLIGHT. — From the Painting by O. Jernberg.

The Stranded Vessel.

Even so we, when we were children, were in bondage under the elements of the world; but when the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made to redeem them that were under the law that we might receive the adoption of sons.—Gal. 4: 3-5.

For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.—Matt. 18: 11.

The vessel was stranded. In the darkness of the night she had lost her course and had been "grounded" on a sandbar many leagues from the main land. There was hope that at the dawn of the day help would be near, but the luckless seamen were doomed to disappointment, for no friendly sail was visible. Increasing anxiety filled every soul. Not only were they in imminent peril, but if the storm, that appeared to be gathering, should sweep down upon them all certainly would be lost. Suspense, awful suspense, overwhelmed them. With dreadful forebodings they watched and waited while the weary hours wore slowly away without bringing any relief.

*

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The tide is rising. Heavy swells, impelled and urged along by some mysterious and unseen power, come rolling toward the desolate, storm-swept sandbar where the hopeless vessel, with its precious cargo of souls, is at the mercy of the tempest. Each succeeding wave breaks higher on the bar and, rebounding, is engulfed by the same omnipotence that had cast it upon the strand, only to be heaved up with tremendous power again and again. Energy—the marvelous energy of mighty force—is behind and with every pulsation of the throbbing

sea, but strangely enough many of the endangered seamen are utterly unconscious of the existence of this tremendous energy, and fail entirely to recognize the fact that relief is coming in this way.

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The sails are trimmed to catch the friendly breeze, and when the rising tide floats the stranded craft, and she is released from her imprisonment, she is wafted on her way, and at last drops anchor within the harbor—saved from the fury of the elements—saved from impending destruction—saved by the rising tide and the favoring breeze—both sent of God.

APPLICATION.

In the darkness of heathen superstition humanity's bark went aground. Shipwreck seemed inevitable, but the rising tide of God's providence, as manifested toward the world through seers and prophets, and, 'in the fullness of time' by Immanuel himself, saved the stranded vessel.

JESUS SAVES.

—O—

Shout the tidings far and near,
 Jesus saves;
 Let every tribe and nation hear,
 Jesus saves;
 He has bought us by his blood—
 He, the only Son of God,
 Now invites us by his Word,
 Jesus saves

Though our sins like scarlet be,
 Jesus saves;
 He will set the captive free,
 Jesus saves.

When we reach the heavenly shore,
 With all our friends who've gone before,
 We shall sing forevermore,
 Jesus saves.

A. R. ADAMS.

—O—

MY DEAREST LORD.

—O—

My dearest Lord, from whom all sweetness flows
 Whose gentle hand along life's path alway
 Doth ever lead me safely day by day,
 With Thee alone is resting and repose.
 E'en though I wander where the tempest blows,
 Where all the skies are shadowed by the gray,
 Still may I feel the balms of thy sweet May,
 Safe folded in the calms Thy love bestows.
 Through sunshine and through storm Thy whispered peace,
 Like softest music drifting on the air,
 Soothes the tired spirit till its tumults cease,
 And Heaven's own restfulness it doth share,
 O, Thou, dear Lord; art of all peace the source
 Whereunto Thy children have recourse!

LISA A. FLETCHER.

Two Conservative Old Farmers.

“He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; but he that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.”—2 Cor. 9: 6.

Two old farmers, each the owner of many broad acres of fine fertile land, which were so many opportunities to increase their harvest, were in a quandary. The seed-time was rapidly approaching, and their neighbors were actively engaged in making preparations for the sowing of their seed-grain—joyfully anticipating the harvest, for had not God always given, and would he not continue to give, the increase in due season? But these old farmers were perplexed. While they had never failed to reap, year by year, from thirty to one hundred fold, they were now seriously debating whether or not they should sow any grain at all. They frequently counseled together concerning the matter, each time going over approximately the same ground, and of course arriving at substantially the same conclusion.

They reasoned that they were getting old and could not “take chances” as they once did. They believed there was much wisdom in the saying that “a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.” To be sure, the harvest had never failed for them. It had always been a bountiful increase over the amount of seed sown. True, sometimes it had not been as abundant as in some previous years, and they had never failed to complain because the yield had not been greater. If they had received thirty-fold they were dissatisfied because it was “so poor a yield,” and wished that it had been sixty, and when it was sixty-fold they were not satisfied because it was not

a hundred. There had never been a failure for them, but what if there should be? They had heard of failures, and why might they not expect one? So they decided to sow a few bushels and to keep the balance of their seed in their granaries and allow the greater portion of their land to lie idle. This would be a conservative and safe course to pursue. Accordingly they sowed sparingly, while their neighbors—younger men—sowed bountifully.

The season was favorable—just enough sunshine and showers—and the young plants grew luxuriantly and promised to yield abundantly. But the old farmers rubbed their hands together and thought it was very probable that something would happen to the growing crop before the harvest. A hail storm might destroy the grain, it might “rust” or “blight,” the drought might strike it, chinch bugs kill it, or, if none of these things happened, it might turn to “cheat!”

But none of these calamitous things did happen, and the harvest yielded more than a hundred-fold. Then the two old farmers regretted that they had not sown bountifully. But it was too late. The seed-time was forever gone.

APPLICATION.

As men grow old the tendency is decidedly towards conservatism. They become timid and are distrustful of that which has not already been realized. They sow sparingly. This is seen in the failure of many old men to be liberal contributors to the missionary enterprises of the church, especially if they have not been generous givers, and in their hesitancy or refusal to originate or engage in any new enterprises. Be not solaced into

inactivity now with the thought that you will sow bountifully in the future. Act in the spring-time of your opportunity. Sow bountifully and God will see that in due season you shall reap also bountifully.

—:O:—

DO YOUR WORK EARLY.

—O—

Beside my window, in the early spring,
 A robbin built her nest and reared her young;
 And every day the same sweet song she sung
 Until her little ones had taken wing
 To try their own bird-living; every thing
 Was done before the summer roses hung
 About our home, or purple clusters swung
 Upon our vines at autumn's opening.
 Do your work early in the day or year,
 Be it a song to sing, or word to cheer,
 Or house to build, or gift to bless the race;
 Life may not reach its noon or setting sun;
 No one can do the work you leave undone,
 For no one ever fills another's place.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

—O—

A PRAYER.

—O—

O Prince of peace accept this prayer
 For hearts which war doth bruise !
 Have they not most to look for there
 Who here have most to lose ?

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.

—O—

The Broken Pear Tree.

Keep thyself pure.—1 Tim. 5: 22.

How vividly the experiences and incidents of one's childhood reappear when in middle life we take a retrospective view of the past. Among the scores of experiences that come trooping back from my boyhood's days there is one that lingers longer in my mind than many others more striking, but just why it should do so I can not tell unless it is because of its metaphorical or typical significance. It is this:

One spring my father planted, along with many other trees, shrubs and vines, intended for fruit-bearing, two dwarf pear trees. They were beautiful specimens, and my father had planted them, so he said, because they would bear fruit much earlier than the "standard" varieties. As they appear to me now, standing in the old garden directly north of the stone house and in close proximity to the low, "shed" kitchen with its drooping eaves—I am certain I see them now exactly as they were then—they do strike me as being rather precocious, bearing a close resemblance to old standard pear trees, except that they are of such diminutive proportions.

I believed my father when he assured me that they would produce a crop of fruit in two or three years, and looked forward with fond anticipation of the time when I should eat ripe, luscious pears, for, living on the western frontier, I had never tasted a pear in my life. So with unfeigned delight I carefully cultivated those

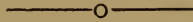
trees during the entire spring and summer, not permitting a weed to grow near them, and they grew vigorously. But one day my father discovered that there were "borers" in one of them just below the surface of the ground and that they had almost girdled it. The worms were removed and a little mound of earth thrown up to support the injured tree, and my father thought that possibly the wound would heal in due time and hoped that but little or no damage would result, as the cause had been entirely removed.

Both trees appeared to thrive equally well, and two or three years after they were planted each bore a score or more of fine pears, but one night, just before the fruit was ripe, there was a storm of rain and wind and in the morning one of the trees lay prostrate. It had broken where it had been girdled by the worms. The tree, with its crop of fruit almost matured, was a total loss. My expectations, so far as that tree was concerned, could never be realized. I was sadly disappointed, but the lesson it taught me has been worth a hundred times more than the value of the score or two of pears—if every pear had been pure gold.

APPLICATION.

Many persons fail to realize their fondly cherished expectations because they have not sufficient strength to do so. They do as well as others, apparently, when their environment and circumstances are congenial, but when assailed by the storms of temptation and adversity they go down. Life is a failure at last, with all its previous promises of success, because the worms of

licentiousness, intemperance, impurity, dishonesty, or some other sinful habit girdled the tree of manhood. "Keep thyself pure."



WHAT A FRIEND.

"What a friend we have in Jesus,"
 Sang a being crushed by sin.
 Never had he claimed that friendship
 When the world looked fair to him.

Then he sought for earthly pleasure,
 Earthly friends had been his stay.
 Life to him was only sunshine,
 Roses o'er his pathway lay.

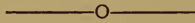
But the life he led was double,
 And the face that seemed so fair
 Only masked a heart so cruel,
 Dark deceit was lurking there.

And when now the dark clouds gathered,
 And his close impending doom
 Soon would break in blackening fury
 O'er the life his friends thought pure.—

O the scorn, how could he brave it?
 When he knew each friend would flee
 The reproach, how could he bear it?
 When his friends his foes would be.

Then it was he sought the solace
Of the sweet words of the song,
Jesus, whom he'd always slighted,
Would the first forgive his wrong.

ROSEMOND.



At the Summit of the Divide.

Thus saith the Lord, Behold, I have set before you the way of life and the way of death.—Jer 21: 8.

Imagine two trains, each headed in opposite directions, standing on the track of the Southern Pacific Railroad in Southern California, at the summit of the "divide"—known locally as the San Gorgonio Pass. They have been halted to permit passengers to get on or off at the station. The signal will soon be given, and they will speed on their way, the distance between them rapidly widening as they glide down the grade on either side of the pass into the open, level country which lies before them. To go in either direction is quite easy, all depending upon the train taken at the station. It is simply a matter of choice.

On one side of the "divide" is the beautiful Santa Ana valley, in which are thriving towns and villages, lovely orange and lemon groves, cozy homes, happy people, enchanting scenery, fertility, prosperity,—*life*; and beyond the valley the deep blue sea, the majestic Pacific, emblem of eternity.

On the other side of the pass is "Death Valley," a desert of shifting sand, salt and alkali, without a human habitation except the few dull red station houses, with double roofs, to keep off somewhat the fierce rays of the summer sun that parch and blister and kill. As far as the eye can see there is nothing but desolation, loneliness, sterility, decoying mirages—*death*; and beyond the desert the bleak, bare, black, sun-burned mountains looking down upon the shifting, treacherous, sandy waste, the very symbol of relentless wrath.

APPLICATION.

There are set before every individual this day "the way of life and the way of death," and the power and opportunity to choose which way he will go. You may be—aye, you are—at the station now where the trains pass, ready to take the one or the other. Great question—*which one?*

UNFULFILLED.



She held a fragrant rose within her hand,
A shell-pink rose within a shell-pink palm;
She was the fairest maiden in the land,
With cheek so pure, and brow so saintly calm,
With yearning heart I bent to say farewell,—
Vainly I strove to read the eyes of brown;
If love for me dwelt there I could not tell,
Such sudden shyness held the sweet lids down.

And then for long I wandered in far lands,
But everywhere a vision followed me;
Always I saw the beckoning of sweet hands,
The rose enticed me with its fragrancy.
Lured by a presence that in every place
Drew invisibly, with strength serene,
Backward I turned,—the old paths to retrace,
Compelled by "sweetest eyes that e'er were seen."

And still she held a rose within her hand,
A white sweet rose, within a whiter palm,
The soft hair folded like a golden band
Above the cheek so pure, the brow so calm,
But oh! the pallor and the chill! and oh!
How could I look upon the eyes of brown?
If love for me dwelt there I ne'er cou'd know,
Such cruel coin-weights pressed the pale lids down.

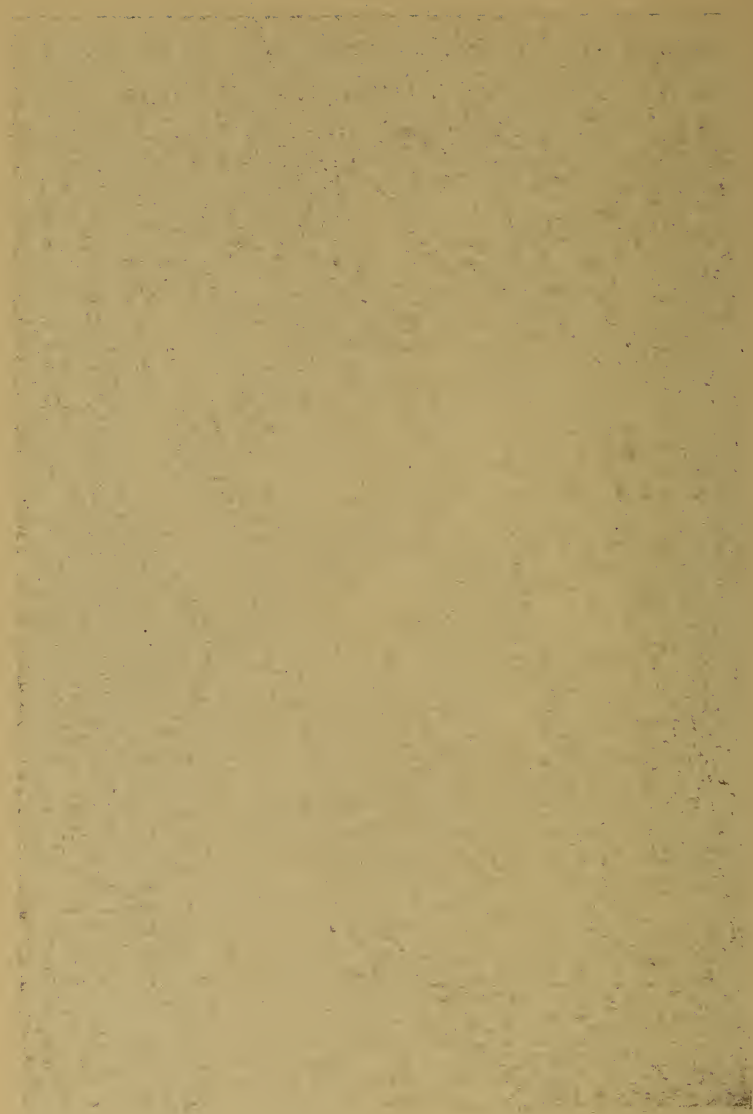
HELEN W. HOLDSWORTH.





ROSES.

From the painting by Paul Thumann.



IF I COULD LIVE SOME DAYS AGAIN.

If I could live some days again,
Some sweet, bright days of long ago,
When hope was young and had not known
The chill of failure's dreary snow,
Would I not give in glad exchange
These languid hours that slowly flow—
I know not how!—to lave the last
Bleak ruin of a wasted past!

If I could live some days again,
Days that knew no regretting,
Days whose bright hopes, sweet smiles, deep throbs,
Can never find forgetting,
Days in the mellow glow of youth,
Hours with a golden setting,—
Who would not give the dull day's pain
To live his Yesterdays again!

If I could live some days again,
Some days of youth's sweet early love,
When every parting had a hope
That it alone could fully prove,
When thoughts of beauty sped the soul,
As fleeting wings to burnished dove,
I'd give them all, these days of pain,
To live just half those days again.

But there were days all clouded o'er,
I knew not how the hours could pass.
Those cruel hours! Why could they not
Bear me with them like withered grass
On dark waves tossed! Life's visor closed
My vision as a blackened glass,
I would not live my days again,
If with the sweet must throb the pain.

For not the thrill of love's first kiss,
 For not the glory of a name,
 The ecstasy of youthfull life,
 The deep, deep passionate draught of fame,
 The quick, shy flutter of the heart,
 That came when love, success, first came,
 Could pay me for that bitter hour
 When lost that love, that hope, that power.

It may be I will live again
 Those hopes, in some far distant time;
 Youth's aspiration may not be
 Too low to bloom in heaven's clime.
 Then may the flowers and fruits of love,
 The painless fame of worth be mine;
 And far beyond the mortal ken,
 I'll live some days—some days!—again.

J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS.

—:O:—

"I Did'nt Do It."

Son, remember.—Luke 16: 23

Some years ago I was traveling in California and when the train stopped at Fresno I witnessed a scene which can never be effaced from my memory. It was that of forcibly placing a strong young man on board the car. On some account he had become violently insane, and to keep him from injuring himself and others his feet had been securely fastened together with a leather strap, and his hands pinioned tightly behind his back. Three or four men, carried him from the depot and placed him in the car, evidently with the purpose of taking him to one of the asylums for treatment. He had been given a powerful opiate of some kind to render him less violent which caused him to lie the greater part

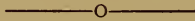
of the time in a stupor, but occasionally he would start as if suddenly awakened from sleep, look wildly about for a moment and then slowly closing his eyes, like he was gently falling asleep, as he relapsed into a comatous condition again, would repeat, with measured emphasis, two or three times, "I did'nt do it. I—did'nt—do—it. I—did'nt—do— —" Then he would remain quiet for a few minutes, except for his labored breathing, as though in a deep sleep, but, opening his eyes quickly and with a wild, startled look he would gaze about him and as he again relapsed into unconsciousness would repeat as before, "I did'nt do it. I—did'nt—do—it. I— —did'nt — —do— —it. I— —did'nt— — —"

What he had not done, that seemed to haunt him in his delirium like a horrid nightmare, I never knew, but there seemed to be some real or imaginary connection between his neglect of duty, or non-performance of a certain act, and his present deplorable condition, which he appeared to semi-consciously recognize and regret without having the power to correct.

APPLICATION.

It may be proper to say that "a word is the sign of an idea," but no word nor any number of words, can adequately express that condition of mind—that horrible agony—that a person may experience who willfully and persistently does wrong. There is probably no punishment more severe than that which we endeavor to—but can not—express by the word "remorse." Memory is a terrible avenger of unrighteousness, and it is that faculty of the mind that retains its normal condition and performs its function longest of any of the attributes of

the mind. This being true, it would be wise instead of saying, "Son, remember," to say, "Son, anticipate." That is, go before, precede, and prepare the way by pure thoughts, kind words and good deeds for pleasant memories for the years and ages to come, so that there will be no cause for remorsefully repeating "I did'nt do it. I—did'nt—do—it." Yes, son, by all means wisely anticipate.



ALONE.

Your fair young face has strangely altered
 Since last I saw its smile;
 Why have your spirit-wings so faltered,—
 Why glooms your brow the while ?

I knew you had a pure ambition,—
 You thought you knew the world !
 Why trail your banner in contrition,
 So gallantly unfurled ?

If right is right, it's right forever !
 I knew the world would sneer;
 Ah, well ! The souls that God holds dearest,
 His heaviest burdens bear.

If all but one did scoff at merit,
 Could you not be that one ?
 There's not a star in all the heavens
 That has not shone alone

'Tis but a trait of brute creation
 To follow with the herd,
 To laugh when others laugh, to sneer
 When faith is called absurd.



THE SIGN PAINTER.
From the Painting by A. Perez.

So, if you find truth lowly, scorned,
 And stoop to warm her heart,
 Just give the throng a passing thought,
 For you and it must part!

'Tis not the throng that beats the path
 From gloom to second Eden;
 Those trails are narrow, one by one,
 That thread the heights of heaven.

Let the throng go,—'tis better so!
 But one can hold a throne.
 There's not a star beams from afar
 That has not shone alone.

J. BRÉCKENRIDGE ELLIS.

—:O:—

An Insecure Building.

Iniquity shall be to you as a breach ready to fall, swelling out in a high wall, whose breaking cometh suddenly at an instant.—Ps. 62: 4.

On the corner of A and C streets, two of the principal thoroughfares of the city of——, there stands a large brick building with old sandstone trimmings, which attracts universal attention and admiration on account of its architectural symmetry and beauty and its imposing appearance. It is not known, however, except to a few persons, that the building is not as substantial and secure as its appearance indicates. In fact, when it was being erected it was found that the outside walls were seriously “out of plumb,” so much so that they had to be “anchored” to keep them from falling before the building was completed. Thus it stands to-day, as beautiful as a dream in brick and stone, but a source of constant danger to life and property.

A master mechanic, who had done some work on the building when it was being erected, said a few days ago, "If those 'anchor-rods' should break, that building, substantial as it appears, would immediately collapse."

APPLICATION.

How many people there are in the world whose characters are "out of plumb," though this is not generally known, and whose absolute collapse would be inevitable and awful if the "anchor-rod" of culture, politeness and policy should break.

Use the plumbline of thorough honesty frequently and with great care on the temple of character. A perpendicular wall is much better than a "bowing wall," however much its beauty may be admired and its weakness unobserved. Remember that accomplishments are of no practical value if the character God sees is "out of plumb."



WHAT WE BUILD.

We are laying the stones, just one at a time,
 The priceless and rare with the polished and white,
 The Master will have in his beautiful clime
 No temple but that which is fair to his sight.
 He sees, what we builders, have fashioned each day,
 How much or how little the work of each hand,
 And knows just the substance that crumbles away
 And that which the ravage of time can withstand.

The grasp of hand that is friendly and warm,
 The deed that is all so unselfishly wrought,
 The tho't we expressed, that in crystallized form
 Perpetuates truths that the Savior has taught,
 The offer of that, which will lift from the depths
 The soul that is dying to marvelous light,
 And lead to safe footing the faltering steps
 That stumble so near to the threshold of Right.
 Thus beautiful temples we build.

HELEN A. RAINS.

—:O:—

The Old Harp.

I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men; for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God Remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one of you night and day with tears I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more.—Acts 20: 25-38.

On the casement of the window, just where the outer and inner worlds meet, an Aeolian harp—a very precious family heirloom—had been placed at semi-regular intervals during many long years until it had become a part of the quaint old house, like the antique clock on the mantel, and the andirons in the wide fire-place, and the pictures on the walls—to have removed permanently any one of which would have been to remove a part of the house itself. It would have been nothing less than sacrilegious vandalism to have taken any one of these

familiar and time-honored objects from its accustomed place.

During all the years the old harp had always responded to every wind that blew. Its low, sweet music had floated through the house when on quiet summer evenings gentle zephyrs—like fond grand-children kissing an aged grand-sire—had caressed it. And when the strong wind sprang up and blew with steady monotony from the same direction for many days together, the harp sung its sweetest strains without ceasing or complaining. The furious blast, that preceded and accompanied the hurricanes, only made it more determined to also accompany the raging storm-king with melodious music, and thus, if possible, like David playing before king Saul, cause him to forget his anger. Because the harp had the peculiar faculty of turning every wind that blew—whether ill or good—into delightful music it was a universal favorite in that old home.

When the children, and the grand-children, with merry shout and laughter romped from cellar to garret in that house, making every piece of timber in floors, and walls, and roof vibrate responsively, and when they sang the songs of happy childhood till the halls echoed and re-echoed, the harp on the window sill romped, and laughed and sang too. Laughed in joyous accord with the light-hearted children, and sang with them to increase their joy.

And on the wedding day, when to the music of organ, and guitar, and violin, deftly touched by skillful fingers, the blushing bride—reared in that home from a “wee, bit of a child,” as grandpa continued to think of her, to

a queenly woman—was “given away” in marriage, the harp on the casement joined in the wedding march, and, so much was it in harmony with the spirit of the occasion that it kept on and on with its cheerful strains after the other players had ceased. To the accompaniment of its own music the harp sang of happiness and success in life. Sang thus to the newly-wedded, and with delightful anticipation of the future they drank great draughts of unalloyed pleasure.

And when the chamber was darkened, and the badge of mourning was on the outer door because death was within, the harp sang for the bereft. Sang to console them. Sang, soft and low, of peace, and rest, and heaven, and home. Sang and the broken-hearted were comforted.

* * *

The good man, grown old in the service of the Master, leaned heavily on the top of his staff. For many years he had been the pastor of the church. When the people rejoiced, he had unselfishly rejoiced with them, and when their homes had been darkened by sorrow he had sought them out and comforted them. He had never entertained a purely selfish motive. The welfare of others always came first in all his thoughts and purposes. Whether the gentle, spice-laden breeze of popularity had blown softly and refreshingly upon him, or the fierce blasts of persecution had raged furiously around him, both alike resulted in making his life musical. He had been the Aeolian harp lying on the casement of the window—the window that opens heavenward.

Yesterday the spirit of the good old man went away

to make music with the angels on a harp of gold set with diamonds and all manner of precious stones, and to-day we buried the frail old body—the old harp he left behind. He would have no use for it in heaven.

APPLICATION.

Like the rich cadences of an Aeolian harp, when it sings its sweetest strains, is the unselfish, consecrated life and labor of a servant of Jesus Christ—one of God's noblemen—in any land and among any people. Beautiful as the fabled song of the dying swan, is the closing scene and the parting words of the Apostle Paul as he bade the Ephesian elders adieu. It lingered like the music of an Aeolian harp touched by eolian breezes. May our lives always be as musical.

—:o:—

BRING FLOWERS.

—o—

Bring flowers, white flow'rs for my hours of joy,
 For their dainty beauty will never cloy,
 They will speak of a world of light
 Where the angels gather around the throne
 And the Savior smiles on his loved and own
 In their raiment so pure and white.

Bring flowers, white flow'rs when my hours are sad,
 And their dainty beauty will make me glad
 If they lie on my weary heart,
 For they speak of a quiet joy and peace
 Where sorrow and strife shall forever cease
 And the teardrops will never start.



VENETIAN FLOWER GIRL.
From the Painting by Luke Fildes.

Bring flowers, white flow'rs when my heart is still
That their beauty fair may my dead hands fill
 Let their blossoms my hair entwine,
They will tell of Heaven, of home and rest,
As they lie so quietly on my breast
 In their perfume of love divine.

Bring flowers, white flow'rs they are my heart's choice,
For they ever speak with a gentle voice
 Of a beautiful home above;
Yes, in life or death bring me flowers white
With their dainty beauty of peace and light,
 And whispers of Heavenly love.

ADAH TORREY HENDERSON,



Being Saved by Hope.

We are saved by hope.—Rom. 8: 24

The only son of a poor widow, disregarding her counsel and prayers, went away from home, and in the course of time became a dissolute prodigal. All the people who knew him believed that he would never reform, and were unanimous in their opinion that any further efforts to induce him to give up the sinful life he was living would be like casting pearls before swine. But there was one who daily prayed the prayer of faith for his deliverance. She confidently entertained the belief, during all the long, sad years of her life, that her boy would yet forsake his evil ways and live a correct life. Thus in the furnace of trial she was being constantly sustained and saved by hope.

A beautiful young woman was, unfortunately, wedded

to an intemperate man. She knew he drank, but believed that "for her sake" he would give it up if she married him, as he had repeatedly assured her he would do. But, alas, poor, deluded woman! When it was too late she realized that she was the helpless and unloved wife of a drunken, brutal husband, and her life was perfectly miserable. Happiness had been a stranger to her aching heart almost from the day that, in the presence of God and chosen witnessess, she had said she would cherish, love and continue in faithfulness with him who had thereafter shown himself so unworthy of such devotion. She eked out a miserable existence, and would have died of a broken heart long before she did if she had not been saved by hope. When that failed the spirit took its flight.

A man in comfortable circumstances was reduced to poverty through no fault of his. The financial panic, that he could not avert, came, and his business and possessions were engulfed in the awful maelstrom and all was lost. Friends (!), who had been profited by their friendship (?) and the unselfish assistance he had rendered them in the days of his prosperity, forsook him in the time of his adversity, when their frienship could be no longer financially profitable to them. "Misfortunes never come singly." Death entered his home and removed the wife of his youth, leaving him to be both father and mother to the children not yet old enough to render any material assistance in keeping from the door of their humble home the gaunt wolves that prowled about with annoying frequency seeking the last morsel of food. His lot in life was indeed a hard one, but

hope,—that cheering star of the future—shed its gracious light upon his rugged pathway, and saved him and his motherless little ones from greater evils and severer suffering.

There had been a “cave in” at the mine and one of the workmen had been imprisoned in one of the “lower levels.” All means of escape had been cut off, and there was no way of reaching the unfortunate man except by sinking a new “shaft” through the flinty granite, and this would take many days. But willing men went energetically to work to effect his rescue. They worked systematically by “relays,” each relay of miners working a short “shift” with all possible energy and efficiency, that they might if possible reach their fellow-laborer before he perished. As the work continued day and night without interruption the imprisoned miner could hear the reports of the “shots” as the blasts were exploded and he knew they were endeavoring to effect his release, and, fully realizing the arduous task, wondered if he would be able to hold out till they could reach him, or would they conclude that he could not live and discontinue the work? Thus in his subterranean dungeon, during the long period of his confinement, the miner was saved by hope till his rescue was accomplished.

There had been a long period of drought. The mountain streams, that had afforded a bountiful supply of water for irrigation, were dry, and the artesian wells, that had always furnished a full hundred or more “miner’s inches” of water, had ceased to “flow.” So little rain had fallen for months that the “ranges” were

absolutely barren and the cattle and sheep starving. The newly-sown barley was dying on account of lack of moisture, and many of the orchards would perish during the summer if it did not rain copiously. The outlook never was so discouraging before, for the "rainy season" was almost over and the rain-fall had been far below the normal amount, and the weather forecasts were unfavorable. But as day after day passed and the sky remained cloudless the people continued to hope—and now they are rejoicing, for rain has already fallen in torrents and more is predicted. If hope did not cause the rain it saved the people from despondency and desperation.

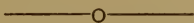
An only child three thousand miles from home, a stranger in a great city, while in college busily engaged in fitting himself for the active duties of life, was stricken down by disease. The messages of love that he had been so careful to transmit with such commendable faithfulness and regularity failed to reach his parents in the far west, and they became anxious about him, and then, as the days went by and no message came, seriously alarmed. One day a letter, written in a strange hand, was received bearing the sad intelligence that "your son is in the hospital sick with typhoid fever." For days and weeks the unequal battle was fought with the dread destroyer, and while the conflict between health and disease was being waged the fond mother and proud father of the boy were saved from deeper sorrow by hope—that hope that comes from and is predicated in God. And when the Great Physician raised him up again, hope was superceded by thanksgiving and praise.



MORNING PRAYER.
From the Painting by Meyer Von Bremen.

APPLICATION.

We may not recognize or acknowledge the fact, but we are nevertheless, many times saved by hope. Let us therefore thank God for having endowed us with this sustaining faculty of the soul, and often admonish ourselves and one another, as the Psalmist advises, to "hope thou in God."



HOPE'S PROMISE.

While the life of a man
 Moveth smoothly along,
 And his walks lie apart
 From the sorrowing throng.

He may coolly decry
 Faith's "unreasoning prayer"
 And assert with a calm,
 Philosophical air,

That the grave is the sum
 Of humanity's gains—
 The reproach and reward
 For its pleasures and pains;

But Philosophy flees
 From the presence of Woe
 Like an ally abashed
 In the face of the foe.

O parent whose eyes
 Deathless longing revealed
 In that glance ere by Death
 They were silently sealed;

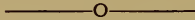
O babe that has passed
 To the Presence above,
 Art thou gone for all time
 From the pressure of love ?

And thou who wast more
 Than all mortals else dear,
 Art thou lost to the soul
 That was one with thee here ?

Ah ! 'tis false; sophist turn
 From the lowly that grieve,
 But the Father sends hope
 Unto them that believe.

And their hearts in the years
 They thereafter abide
 Are the sweeter because
 Of Hope's promise inside.

FRANK PUTNAM.



Unsought Knowledge Imparted.

Be not wise in thine own eyes.—Prov. 3: 7.

In winter of '89 I was preaching for the church in W——, my first pastorate.

As I was going along the street one day towards the latter part of December, about noon, the rain pouring down in torrents and not a rift in the clouds, a Jew, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, the proprietor of a "shoddy" clothing store, remarked as I passed, "I guess we'll see a rainbow pretty soon."

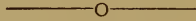
I made no direct reply, but thought how ignorant he must be, and if it had not been that I believed him to be

incorrigibly stupid and utterly incapable of receiving instruction I would have given him a free lecture on the laws of physics in general and on those relating to the formation of rainbows in particular. I would have explained to him the nature of light, and shown him how a rainbow is formed by the decomposition, reflection and refraction of light. I would have expounded to him the inalienable law of physics and of nature that "the angle of incidence and the angle of reflection are equal to each other," and I would have shown him how, in harmony with this law, the rays of light coming from the midday sun could not possibly form a rainbow, on account of the sun at noon being too high in the heavens. And I would have affirmed the absolute necessity for there being strong, clear sunlight to form a rainbow, and have reminded him that the entire heavens were overcast with clouds. But I knew he could not appreciate what I might say. It would, I felt certain, only be time wasted to make a learned and lengthy disquisition on these things for his especial benefit and enlightenment. To do so would only be like "Casting pearls, etc." So I walked on slowly toward home, some seven or eight blocks away, meditating upon the lack of wisdom some people display.

Half way home I noticed, notwithstanding my reverie, that it was growing perceptibly lighter, though it was still raining quite hard, and before I reached my door the sun burst through a rift in the clouds and formed, against the green foot-hills and snow-capped mountains directly in the north, one of the most beautiful rainbows I had ever seen.

APPLICATION.

“Be not wise in thine own eyes,” for if you are you will most certainly expose your ignorance, render yourself ridiculous, and be chagrined at your own folly.

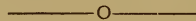


HUMILITY.

The oak tree rears its stately head,
 Defiant, proud and stern;
 While under neath, the fragile flower
 Bends 'neath the angry storm.

The tempest o'er the drooping flower
 Uplifts a smiling face;—
 The shattered oak lies low, bereft
 Of beauty, strength and grace.

METTIE CRANE NEWTON.



The Architect of a Famous Building.



I am forgotten as a dead man out of mind.—Ps. 31: 12.

Fronting on one of the principle thoroughfares of a great city in one of the eastern states there stands a modest two story building, of a rather peculiar style of architecture, that has more than a national reputation. Thousands of people from all parts of the United States, and many from foreign lands, visit it every year. To a truly patriotic American it is like a Mohammedan's pilgrimage to Mecca, or a devout Jew's return to Jerusalem, to be permitted to journey thither and, crossing the threshold of this antique structure, stand

within the half-sacred edifice. There are hundreds of buildings in this great metropolis that are more beautiful than this one, with all of its colonial quaintness, and quite as large a number represent a much greater outlay of money for their construction than does this one of ordinary brick with stone and marble "trimmings," but none of them attract as much attention as this one does. Its attractiveness is due to the fact that its walls echoed the voice of Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Hancock and many others of our patriotic forefathers, when in convention assembled they deliberated upon matters of great national importance—grappled with gigantic governmental and economic problems and solved them—for this building is "Independence Hall," Philadelphia, which, the visitor is informed by a tablet or inscription on the wall, "was occupied by the Legislature of Pennsylvania 1736 to 1799; the Supreme Court 1743 to 1775; and the Congress of the Union 1775 to 1781." And here the most important event in the history of the colonies took place July 4th, 1776. It is not strange therefore that this old building should have such a fascination for all patriotic and liberty-loving people.

But probably not one person in a hundred of those who have visited it, and not one in a thousand of those who have not, can tell by whom or when this old building was erected, though the architect's name is plainly inscribed on the tablet to which reference has been made, as is also the date when it was built. It reads as follows: "This building commenced 1732, A. U. C. 50, Andrew Hamilton, Architect and Superintendent."—

But who is there that associates the name of Andrew Hamilton with Independence Hall? Very, very few indeed.

APPLICATION.

It is almost always thus, and it is well that it is so. While we may cherish a desire to live by name in the memory of our posterity it is much more important that we strive to achieve something that future generations will appreciate.

The architect of "Independence Hall" did his work well, and though he may be "forgotten as a dead man out of mind," so far as his name is concerned, yet his work lives and speaks eloquently of his ability and honesty. Let us endeavor to perform our part in life well so that succeeding generations shall be blessed by our labor. Nor should we anticipate with sadness the probability of our names being unknown. What difference shall it make to us when we "sleep with our fathers," whether our names are household words or not? It is written of those who are faithful that "they rest from their labor, and their works do follow them." Do well thy part. "What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."



REWARD.

—O—

Why do I feel so bright and glad to-day ?
 "You've chased the shadows from some life away."

Whence come this music that I seem to hear ?
 "The echo of your timely words of cheer."

Why do my burdens seem as light as air ?
 "You've lightened some poor pilgrim's load of care."

Why does each face to-day appear a friend's ?
 "Your kind deeds yesterday a radiance lends."

'Tis love breeds joy; kind actions, round us shed,
 Return in blessings on the unselfish head.

JOHN KIMBALL REYNOLDS.

——:O.——

ANTICIPATION AND REALIZATION.

—O—

'Tis dreams of golden harvests—
 The wealth of waving grain—
 That cheers the weary sower
 Who toils amid the rain.

The prisoner in his dungeon
 Looks forth to being free,
 But can the hope he fondles
 Eclipse his liberty ?

'Tis visions sweet of heaven
 That thrill the Christian's breast,
 But can the solace given
 Compare with endless rest ?

The heart can never fathom
 Nor can the longing eyes
 Conceive the lasting pleasures
 The soul shall realize.

For God's eternal justice
 Pervades too vast a scope
 To let the fruit of promise
 Be less than what we hope.

OTTO J. BULFIN.

———:o:———

Complex Circles.

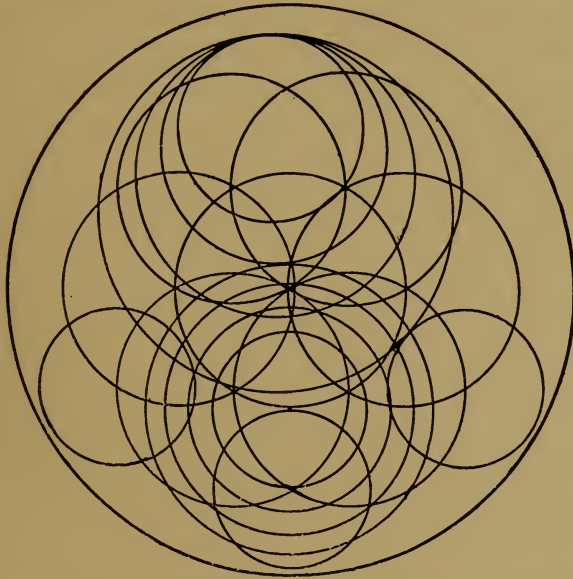
God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things.—1 Jno. 3: 20

In an attempt, neither planned nor premeditated, to amuse myself one day recently, I placed my compasses on a sheet of white paper, and drew, almost at random, a great many circles of various sizes, and sustaining divers relations to each other, all being bounded by and inclosed within one large circle. When I had ceased my aimless, absent-minded diversion, I saw that I had unintentionally and undesignedly illustrated some important truths pertaining to the acquisition and possession of knowledge.

I observed that there was a center around which—and everywhere equidistant from it—the circumference of each circle had been traced. This point, exactly in the center of the circle, represented to me the individuality—that stationary, natural or instinctive, perhaps I may say axiomatic wisdom, or capacity for receiving knowledge—that every rational person possesses, and about which all knowledge subsequently acquired is grouped, and to which it is directly or indirectly attached.

I saw that there were quite a number of series of concentric circles that had been traced from a common

center, indicating to my mind that the knowledge possessed by each person belonging to a particular family or class is substantially the same, differing only in degree or extent; that it had originated from a common source, and proceeded in the same direction in each case along oft-traveled thoroughfares. The lack of originality in the



acquisition of knowledge is, to my mind, a lamentable fact. Old straw is being repeatedly threshed.

I noticed, too, that in some of the series the circles were within each other, and all touched together at one common point on their circumferences, and that each circle had a different center. This represented that there may be absolute agreement in the minds of many touching some one thing about which they all **have**

knowledge, but differing widely on many other points. And that if they ever come to a mutual understanding they must first have a common center around which facts are to be collected concerning these things about which they now disagree.

I also observed that many of the circles intercepted each other, so that there were arcs and segments of all sizes, including a corresponding amount of the surfaces within the circles cut off by the two or more intercepting circles that had, of course, to interfere with each other, been drawn from different centers.

Thus I perceived how discussions and disputes arise between persons concerning some phases of knowledge. It is over territory for which a double entry has been made. Each person, occupying a different position from which he begins to make the survey of the field of knowledge to establish his right to some part of it, naturally looks upon others who arrive at substantially the same conclusions from different and sometimes apparently opposite positions as usurpers and trespassers. They forget that all truth is harmonious.

Then again I saw that the centers of some of the smaller circles were where the circumferences of other and larger ones were, and that those, with much smaller radii, extended further from the original center than the circumference of the larger circle was from it. So the progressive nature of knowledge was made apparent to my mind, when its acquisition is being sought by a specialist. Although he may not be as learned in many ways as those were or are whom he surpasses in his chosen profession, yet by giving all his attention to one

branch of knowledge he goes beyond those who have a much more extended general knowledge.

Again, I saw that the circumferences of some of the circles were broken in many places and very indistinct in others, just as the boundary line of the knowledge many people would like to make others believe they are possessed of, is sadly wanting. They do not know how far it is to where they do not know. They are not conscious at any time of having passed the actual boundry of their knowledge. They are self-opinionated and presumptuous, but not wise, except in their own estimation. From such may we ever be delivered.

And last of all I noted, as at the beginning, that a large, well-defined circle enclosed all others, which can only signify that "God is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things."

————:O:————

GOD'S POWER AND LOVE.

Forever in the heavens Lord,
The stars thy will perform;
The rushing floods have heard thy word;
Obedient is the storm.

All nature thrills with thought of thee,
Thou only Good and Wise!
And vast as is eternity,
Thy love that never dies.

WM. K. PALMER.

Foul Streams Cleansed.

. That he might redeem us from iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people.—Tit. 2: 14.

Yesterday it rained. The water rushed down the mountains in perfect torrents, and every baranca, and arroyo, and gulch, that had for months been as dry as powder, suddenly became raging rivers. Muddy streams poured into the ocean till its waters, usually so clear and beautiful, were made quite turbid. That was yesterday.

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Ceaselessly the great swells of the mighty ocean rolled landward, and the waves broke upon the sandy beach, as they have ever done since sea and land have occupied the same relative positions. Constantly night and day the tide ebbcd and flowed, and the breakers charged repeatedly upon the shore, like a great army of white-plumed soldiers storming, in solid phalanx, some grim old fortress, only to be repulsed each time they attempted to scale the walls, and as often renewing the attack.

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Today the storm is over, and the streamlets that run, laughing, from the adjacent mountains to meet the sea are as clear as crystal. The ocean too has assumed its usual clearness, where yesterday the muddy streams flowed into it. From the end of the long wharf yonder, that extends out into the harbor, you may look far down into its mysterious depths, now freed from every trace



SENTA.—From the Painting by Bezenberger.

of the impurities that poured into it so short a time ago. This is today.

APPLICATION.

The storm of commingled iniquity and retribution on the "high places" of evil has caused a deluge of penitence and godly sorrow, and flowing by repentance—in obedience to the immutable law of moral gravitation—back to God, is the polluted stream of sinful humanity, "that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people." And God can, and does, purify the unrighteous, who come penitently to him, just as the majestic ocean—fit emblem of Omnipotence—purifies and assimilates the water of the polluted streams that flow into it. Blessed assurance!



AN OUTCAST.

Out in the rain and the sleet,
Driven by the pitiless storm
Through the dark village street
Wanders a pitiful form,
Hunger has made her wild,
Fever has crazed her brain,
And she thinks she is a child
Playing at home in the lane!
She thinks she hears her mother
Tap on the window-pane,
Calling her little daughter
In from the cold and the rain.

Out in the storm and the night,
Shelterless, freezing and lone,—
Pity her, fallen there,
Her only pillow a stone. * * *
In the morning they found her lying
With ice-drops in her hair,
And her face had grown, in dying,
Most strangely young and fair,
Sweetly her lips were smiling,
They had lost their look of pain;
The tender Father had called her
In from the night and the rain.

HELEN W. HOLDSWORTH.

Mountain and Valley.

Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord.—Isa. 2: 3.

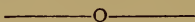
There had been no rain in the valley for months, and scarcely a cloud had been seen. Occasionally a pale, fugitive, half-scared fragment of light, airy vapor would be forced by a breeze over the mountains to be evaporated by the intense heat of the sun without a drop of water reaching the earth. The thermometer registered day after day from 100 to 110 degrees in the shade at midday, and sometimes even higher. Water for irrigation was very scarce. The pastures were parched and bare as compared with what they had been earlier in the season. The streets and roads were long streaks of hot dust that, upon the slightest suggestion of a breeze, sent up large quantities of powdered alluvium, salt and alkali, that filled eyes, ears, mouth and lungs, making life almost unendurable. To perform either intellectual or physical labor required a constant exercise of will power, and that of the heroic kind.

Round about the valley stood the mountains, like ever vigilant sentinels or tantalizing specters. Outlined against the northeastern sky was the "Four Peaks," and beyond was "Bill William's Peak," and the San Francisco mountains covered with feathery pines and wide-spreading live oaks—just the place for squirrels, mountain quail, wild turkeys, Sonora pigeons, mountain trout and "campers." We who were sweltering in the valley knew that it was pleasant in the mountains—higher up."

APPLICATION.

Those who live in the valleys of worldliness and

sinful folly, eeking out a miserable existence, should be reminded that it is pleasant "higher up." Amid the mountains of purity and the uplands of righteousness life is worth living. There joy is a perpetual benediction. "Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord."



A PRAYER OF THE HILL COUNTRY.

"And the strength of the hills is His also."

Lift me, O Lord, above the level plain,
 Beyond the cities where life throbs and thrills,
 And in the cool air let my spirit gain
 The stable strength and courage of Thy hills.

They are Thy secret dwelling-places, Lord !
 Like Thy majestic prophets, old and hoar,
 They stand assembled in divine accord,
 Thy sign of 'stablished power forevermore.

Here peace finds refuge from ignoble wars,
 And faith, triumphant, builds in snow and rime,
 Near the broad highways of the greater stars,
 Above the tide-line of the seas of time.

Lead me yet farther, Lord, to peaks more clear,
 Until the clouds like shining meadows lie,
 Where through the deep of silence I may hear
 The thunder of Thy legions marching by.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

COMMUNION.

Whenever thou hast drawn apart
From all the cares and petty strife,
That vex the mind and wring the heart,
To fit the soul for higher life;
Hast thou not felt within thy breast
A joy most holy and profound,
That quiets all the deep unrest,
And spreads a rapturous peace around ?

Thou knowest it well. At evening close,
Thy labors ended for the day,
When humbly, ere thou sought repose,
Thou hast turned to God to pray;
Then, ere thy full petitions cease,
Over thy soul, before so sad,
Has stolen this sweet sense of peace,
And made thy drooping spirit glad.

Tis God's own presence that we feel,
The presence of the Eternal One.
He draweth near when mortals kneel
To humbly say, "Thy will be done."
Oh God, will all our life with Thee
Be like unto this taste of bliss ?
Will all the years that are to be,
Be full of peacefulness like this ?

STELLA CLANTON DYSART.

A Wise Decision.

I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase.—1 Cor. 3: 6.

Four boys raised a crop of corn. James plowed the ground, William planted the seed, Thomas cultivated the soil, and Samuel harvested the crop. Thanksgiving day they quarreled, each of the boys affirming that the corn in the granary was his. An appeal was finally taken to their father to settle the "rights of property."

The father first heard the impassioned address of James who declared that he had plowed the ground, and that there could not have been an ear of corn grown without this being done. The crop was his. Then William made a stirring plea based on the fact that he had planted the seed at exactly the right season, therefore the corn in the bin legitimately belonged to him. Thomas was very positive that there would not have been any corn to harvest if he had not properly cultivated the soil. Unquestionably the corn was his. It was only the natural result of his labor. Last of all Samuel stated and argued his claim. He had gathered the ripened corn, which would have remained in the field and been wasted if it had not been for his timely and well-directed industry. Certainly the corn was his.

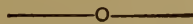
Then the father, as judge, rendered his decision. He said, "My sons, you are all wrong. The corn, safely stored in the granary, does not belong exclusively to any one of you. You have all been entirely too exclusive and partial in your views of the whole matter. You have excluded God entirely, and only recognized tacitly if at all, what each of you did in producing the harvest,

Among other things that God did, he gave and maintained the vitality of the seed; caused the proper conditions of heat, moisture and plant food; gave you the ability to determine the time for planting the seed and the best methods for cultivating the soil, and the strength to do the work that each of you performed; and God gave the increase—partly through your instrumentality, it is true, but without his blessing and cooperation your labor would have been in vain. It is my decision, therefore, that you “share and share alike” the corn that was produced by your combined and cooperative efforts, giving God praise that he gave the increase.

The father’s wise and impartial decision was accepted by all the boys as correct. They asked and received each other’s forgiveness for the hasty words that had been spoken and spent the remainder of the day thankful and happy.

APPLICATION.

Unfortunately the view we take of many things is entirely too selfish and circumscribed. We give ourselves too much credit and others too little, and frequently give God none at all. And this is sometimes sadly true of those whose combined efforts have resulted successfully in bringing men and women to Christ. He has the right spirit who can honestly say with Paul, “I have planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase,” thus rendering to all their dues.



THE GIFTS OF TRUE LOVE.

As I sat one morn at my leisure,
Intent on reading a book,
I heard the patter of little feet,
And a sweet voice said, "Dest look!"

I raised my eyes and before me saw
Our own little brown-eyed boy;
His chubby white hands full of roses,
And his face aglow with joy.

"Me brought 'oo some nice fowers mamma,"
He said with a graceful air;
And I clasped him close to my bosom,
And caressed his sunny hair.

"How thoughtful of you, little sweetheart,
To bring me these roses red;
I wonder how came you to do it?"
"Why, tause I love 'oo," he said.

As I held my fair boy still closer,
And kissed the dear face so sweet,
I heard on the floor of the kitchen,
The patter of other feet.

And soon there was framed in the door-way
A starry-eyed laughing mite:
Who also brought me an offering,
Though quite hidden from my sight.

"Mamma," lisps he, "Mamma, oo, oo, oo,"
And then from his hand he thrust
Onto the table covering white,
His gifts—*they were chips and dust.*

But oh! the face that was turned to mine
Was so full of love and pride,
I clasped him, too, in a fond embrace,
And sat him by brother's side.



MORNING PRAYER.

From the painting by E. Munier.

And I thought as I held my darlings,
 Of that good Father above,
 Who has for each and every child,
 Far more than a mother's love.

And I said, "Is it not the same"—
 And at this my eyes grew dim,
 "When we bring to his feet our offerings,
 Prompted by true love for Him?"

"When we bring to Him our very best,
 When we come with child-like trust,
 Does it matter if it be roses,
 Or only the chips and dust?"

"And swift there came to my memory,
 This thought of His book, a part,
 'Though man may look at the outer things,
 Our Father looks on the heart.'"

MRS. A. B. WADE.



CORN.

Dipping, tipping to the breezes
 With a native grace inborn,
 And an attitude that pleases
 See the fields of waving corn.
 Shimm'ring in the sunlight's glory,
 Shriv'ring 'neath the rain-drop's fall,
 Breathing still the old, old, story
 That is understood by all.

Plenty smiles in ev'ry crinkle,
 Breathes upon each rush of air
 That has set the blades a-twinkle
 Stirred the silk upon the ear,
 And the prophecy of June-day,
 That's in remembrance still,
 Autumn's night and autumn's noon-day
 Will be certain to fulfill.

HELEN A. RAINS.

Clouds Without Water.

“Clouds without water.”—June 12.

Droughty June! Droughtier July! The sky was like brass, and the relentless summer sun poured his fierce rays with awful effect upon every animate object. The long rows of corn, stunted and starving for water, obeying the first law of nature—that of self-preservation—rolled their slender leaves into so many spears to ward off as best they could the legions of charging, withering, super-heated sunbeams, and stood thus in solid phalanx silently praying for water. The meadows on a thousand hills were brown and dead on account of the long-continued drought, and the cattle grew thinner and poorer each day as they fed upon the scanty supply of parched grass the pastures afforded. The thirsty birds congregated about the few remaining springs and at vesper sang with plaintive retrospection of sparkling dews, gentle rains, laughing rivulets, and babbling brooks.

The streets and lanes were transformed by the incessant drought into long streaks of hot dust that rose in stifling clouds as men and animals passed over them. Even the hardy trees of the forest had assumed a yellowish, sickly hue which plainly indicated a lack of moisture.

“Water!” was the dissyllabic prayer of the famishing everywhere that three times a day, and at frequent irregular intervals ascended heavenward. Sometimes, during the drought, there were indications, so the weather prophets affirmed, that augured favorably for rain, but

ball player and prize fighter to the professional "divine healer" and revivalist—a professional evangelist of "wide reputation" on some account—though no person who had heard of his "fame" could tell to save his soul from pergatory, upon what his "wide reputation" was founded—it was learned by some one who had seen an item to that effect in a leading denominational or undenominational paper, was "available for a series of revival meetings if his invaluable services were engaged at once."

No time was to be lost. The opportunity of a lifetime had presented itself. The prayers of the faithful had been heard. If they would act promptly now showers of blessings were sure to fall upon the famishing church. How good the Lord had been, or was about to be, to his people!

The services of the renowned evangelist were engaged without a moment of unnecessary delay, and on schedule time he preached his initial sermon to a crowded house—for his reputation as a "drawing card" he had taken great pains to have precede him. The discourse, like those by which it was followed, was a complex combination of egotism, wit, eulogism, burlesque, sarcasm and depreciation, with occasionally a little Scripture and common-sense sandwiched between. His sermons were all highly eulogistic—of the "celebrated evangelist, Rev. Paul Barnabas Apollos, of No. 1 Revival avenue, Jerusalem, your exalted servant." He told of his great success everywhere in "moving the people," of the numerous "calls" he had received to minister to large and wealthy congregations, and of the hosts of friends

none came. Clouds appeared occasionally but soon passed away without precipitating any moisture. One day the indications were more favorable for rain than they had been for a long time, in fact since the drought begun they had not appeared so promising, and wise-looking prognosticators confidently predicted "falling weather." The signal service office displayed the "rain flag." "Old Probs," the chief of the prophets, had jeopardized his reputation for veracity by affirming from the house-tops—aye, and from above them—that it would rain soon, and great was the joy of all throughout the entire drought stricken district. Clouds appeared on schedule time. The sky was entirely overcast. Relief for the famishing was at hand! But no rain came, and the next morning the sun cast his fierce rays upon the parched earth just as he had done every day for weeks, and the despairing cry of the suffering for water was more pitiful than it had ever been at any time during the long drought, for they remembered that there had been, and might be again, "clouds without water."

APPLICATION.

The church was not in flourishing condition. Spiritual life was sadly lacking on the part of almost all the members. To be plain, an awful dearth of righteousness had prevailed for a long time, of which a few of the faithful ones had been fully and painfully conscious, and they had been praying earnestly for refreshing showers from the presence of the Lord—for a revival of piety and evangelism.

A "professional evangelist"—there are all sorts of "professionals" now-a-days from the professional base

and acquaintances he had made among the wealthy and influential men of the nation, because he had incessantly sought opportunities to do so wherever and whenever it had been possible. He frequently gave detailed and glowing descriptions of the "Exceptionally bright and interesting" children of which he was the distinguished father, and spoke in unstinted praise of his "charming wife" who had been appointed to the presidency of a "Mutual Admiration Society"—though who composed the society, or by whom the appointment had been made he did not explain, further than to say that they were "all prominent people," leaving the audience to guess of what their prominence consisted. Then he paid his "respects" to the membership of the churches in general and of that congregation particularly in no complimentary manner, and spoke especially of the meager talents and corresponding inefficiency of pastors and evangelists generally—there could only be one original, and it was not possible for any copy to equal "the evangelist without a model and without a shadow—your condescending servant!"

Throughout the entire series of sermons there was much emphasis laid on the personal pronouns of the first person, their antecedent, and the words and phrases that qualified them.

The meeting closed in over-due time. There had been a score or more "converts" to something or somebody, but to which or what no person could tell, and the faithful ones in the church said one to another in proverbs, "Clouds without water!"

*

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Let it be distinctly understood that nothing in this sermon is meant to apply in the remotest degree to the scores of earnest, faithful, self-sacrificing men of God who, as evangelists, are going from place to place preaching the Gospel. May their numbers be greatly increased, then we shall have many seasons of refreshing from the Lord's presence in the churches where there is now a dearth of righteousness and spirituality.

—:O:—

A SUNBEAM.

There is a greater greatness than that which
 Sounds a clarion and builds monuments.
 Courage, oh, soul! In mighty deeds thy name
 May not be writ, but in the silences
 Thou mayest help on the unfolding of God's plans.
 The *strongest* forces of the universe
 Move softly as the stars and suns.

METTIE CRANE NEWTON.

—:O:—

Led by a Little Child.

A little child shall lead them—Is. 11: 6.

Dr. S——, a Christian physicion of L——, Ky., drawing upon his repertory of varied experiences as a medical practitioner, once related the following pathetic incident:

Some years ago, he said, I had a patient, who was also my neighbor, who had what I knew to be an incurable affection of the throat. We lived quite near each other, and I frequently dropped in to see him. He



MADONNA AND CHILD.
From the Painting by A. Elbert.

was an exemplary Christian, but his wife, though a good woman, made no religious profession whatever. Their only child was a sweet little girl five or six years of age. One day I saw that my patient was failing rapidly, and informed him that he could not live but a short time. Very early the next morning little Mary, the daughter, came alone to my house. I met her at the door, and she said,

“Mr. S——, please come to our house right quick. My papa is asleep and mamma can't wake him, and mamma says she has such a pain in her heart, and she is crying—her heart is hurting her so bad. Come as quick as ever you can.”

I knew very well what had occurred, and I said, “Dear child, I can not awaken your papa nor cure your mamma's aching heart. Go back to your mamma and tell her that Dr. S——, says she should now call on the Great Physician. Tell her that he is the only one who can cure her heart.”

The little one looked into my face with an anxious, inquiring gaze, and asked eagerly, “Who is the Great Physician, and where does he live? I will go for him. I can find him if you will tell me where he lives. Mamma's heart is so sore.”

“No, child,” I replied, “you can not find him, I fear. Run home and tell your mamma that Dr. S—— says for her to call on the Great Physician, and also tell her that I will come soon.”

She hurried rapidly away, and in a few minutes, when I called, I found that little Mary had delivered my

message, and that her mother had sought and found relief for her broken heart by going to the all-sufficient Savior. She became a noble Christian woman.

APPLICATION.

How often it has happened that fathers and mothers are induced to call on the Great Physician by the prattling invitation of a little child when all other means have failed.

If there is a father or mother who reads this who is not a Christian, will you not allow your little child—it may be a child removed from earth, and now standing with beautiful, beckoning hands at the gateway of heaven—to lead you to Christ? Remember that the Great Physician—"the sympathising Jesus"—is always near. Let the tiny hand of your child place your hand in that of the Savior that he may lead you all the way. God grant that it shall be so now. Amen.

—:O:—

CHILDREN COMING HOME.

—O—

The noonday is past and my spinning is done;
 And now in my corner I sit in the sun
 And watch the white road that goes winding away
 Across the blue hills to the gates of the day,
 Where the pink baby clouds lie dimpled and curled,
 And the golden-rod blooms on the edge of the world.
 I measure the shadows in heaven's blue dome,
 And wait for the night, when the children come home!



LOVE DREAM.

From the Painting by W. J. Martens.

There is some one who places a stool for my feet,
And straightens my cap with a word soft and sweet;
But I fret at her touch—for the day is so long
Till the children come in with their laughter and song.
She says she is Marjory; but she is old—
And is gray—and my Marjory's hair is like gold
In the sun; and her heart is as light as the foam—
You shall see her to-night, when the children come home !

Then wee baby Elsie will wake from her nap,
And come half awake to climb up in my lap.
The quaint broken speech of her dear twisted tongue
Is sweeter to me than all songs that were sung.
No wonder she prattles of pixy or elf—
Her people they are; she's a fairy herself !
I must weave me a story of brownie or gnome,
To wile the long hour till the children come home.

Then Hugh, with his wild boyish talk of the sea,
Will come whistling over the meadows to me
From the fern-margined brook that runs down at the farm—
With his little toy ship tucked under, in his arm.
And sometimes they tell me with quivering lip,
Of a captain named Hugh, who went down with his ship !
Of a sailor whose one truant thought was to roam—
But my boy will be here, when the children come home.

I listen no more to the stories they tell;
I scarcely feel sorry, I know them so well,
Behind me the sunset is ashen and rose;
But my faith is the hills, where the golden-rod grows
Straight into the sunrise ! So clear are my eyes
I can see the bright jewels that wall Paradise !
I shall see, when the shadows stain heaven's clear dome,
Across that blue pavement my children come home !

FLORENCE ALT GIBBS.

The Omniscient Student.

Be not wise in your own conceits.—Rom. 12: 26.

A college graduate, who was taking a post-graduate course at D—— University at the time, was once explaining to an old man in my presence the utility and adaptability of various things in nature—"The Wonders of the Universe," as the student modestly expressed it. He tossed up comments, made a toboggan slide out of the rainbow, played hide and seek with the moon, soared away into space—so familiar had he become with everything everywhere—came back to *terria firma* and began dissertation on fruit-trees generally and on the apple-tree in particular, suggested to his august mind, I presume, because we were in the orchard at that time.

At last he exclaimed, in true sophomoric style, "Just think of it! Apple seeds producing their kind! Plant the seeds of a 'Red June' apple and you have 'Red June' trees! Plant 'Early Harvest' apple seeds and you will have 'Early Harvest' trees! Wonderful? Wonderful!"

The young man with his kite, drawing wisdom from the skies for the old man's enlightenment, had touched the earth, and the old man, who had never had such an opportunity before in his life to receive so much information for nothing, interposed an objection. "Young man," said he, "I don't know anything about them ghost stories you've been a tellin' about the sideral—he meant the sideral—heavens; and the wonders of science and sich like, but you're off about apple-trees. An 'Early Harvest' apple seed don't perduce an 'Early

Harvest' tree, nor other kind of an apple-seed the same kind of a tree."

The young student was greatly surprised at the old man's ignorance and incredulity, and so expressed himself. A discussion followed, and they took appeal to me to act as umpire, as there was no one else present, which I did, and as "the gentleman of the jury" brought in a verdict against the young man, much to his chagrin. He had the argument in the case, I was free to admit, but the facts were against him. This I had learned when a small boy by experience. It was in this way:

In my father's old orchard there were three or four "Red June" apple trees, the pride and joy of my boyish heart, appetite and heart being synonymous. The apples these trees bore were beautiful to look upon and delicious to the taste. I used to think the parent tree had grown in the Garden of Eden, for Eve said of the fruit of a certain tree that it was "good for food and pleasant to the eyes." So I longed to have a "Red June" tree for my very own. With this in view I selected several of the largest, plumpest seeds and planted them. My father told me they would not produce the same kind of trees, but I had arrived at the age when I was "wise in my own conceits," and would not believe him. I thought that might have been the case when he was a boy, but that was a long time ago, and conditions had changed.

From the seeds planted I got one thrifty, strong-growing tree. The others were dwarfed and thorny. I transplanted this superior specimen of "seedling trees"—as my father persisted in calling them, notwithstanding I affirmed they were "young June trees"—into "my

garden," a small plot of ground planted promiscuously to all sorts of shrubs, trees, vines and vegetables that my childish fancy suggested, where I could give it the care that it deserved. The tree grew like a young banyan tree, though it did not look quite like a "Red June" tree. Finally one spring, three or four years after it had been transplanted, there were a few blossoms and one apple "set" on the young tree. I watched it with great interest, and increasing skepticism. The old "June" tree had ripened their crops of fruit that year but my "Red June" was as green as ever. It hung there till late in the fall without a tinge of color coming to its countenance, if an apple have countenance. I knew by this time that it was not a "Red June," for the apple was not red and October was not June, but just what name to give it I did not know. I regretted very much to call it a "seedling," as my father had suggested, so I concluded to "sample" it, as perhaps that would suggest a suitable name. This I did with all the show of wisdom that a committee at a horticultural fair could manifest. The flavor of that apple is in my mouth now as I am preparing this sermon, though that was more than thirty years ago! A wild crab-apple that had never had any cultivation, and never been called a "Red June" by a boy who knew more than his father, would have been a credit to that apple. After that experience I was no longer wise in "my own conceits" concerning the propagation of "Red June" apple-trees. So, remembering my lesson, I could do nothing but decide against the conceited young college student.

APPLICATION.

Humility is the first lesson the sincere seeker after knowledge should learn, and the last one he should forget. It is a great advantage in the acquisition of any kind of knowledge for one to know that he does not know. Whoever is "wise in his own conceits" may easily become an iconoclastic bigot or an ecclesiastical egotist. The true disciple is content to sit meekly at the feet of age and experience.

—:O:—

GOT WHEELS IN HIS HEAD.

I once chanced to meet,
 With a friend down the street,
 Who of this one and that one, off-hand,
 In censure or praise,
 Spoke in his own phrase,
 As the case seemed to him to demand.
 I agreed in the main,
 When the language was plain;
 But I was much amazed when he said,
 With a wink of the eye,
 Of a man going by, □
 "That man has got wheels in his head!"
 "Got wheels in his head?"
 That's just what he said.
 "Got wheels!" Yes, got wheels—
 Got wheels in his head.

Have you ever seen
 A man-wheel-machine?
 Since I've learned to what he referred;
 And if you will mind
 To my rhyme, you will find
 There lives not a crank, take my word,

Known to you or to me,
 Though the wheels you don't see—
 They're there just the same as he said,
 Turning round, whizzing round,
 Though you hear not a sound,—
 And the man has got wheels in his head !
 "Got wheels in his head ?"
 That's just what I said.
 "Got wheels ?" Yes, got wheels—
 Got wheels in his head

With this clue you discern,
 Wherever you turn;
 That these wheels may differ in size,
 And in number also,
 And with different speed go,
 To conceal them one ardently tries,
 As the humor may be,
 While another, more free,
 Displays them, till it can't be gainsaid,
 That living for self—
 All the world on the shelf—
 That man has got wheels in his head.
 "Got wheels in his head,
 That's just what I said.
 "Got wheels ?" Yes, got wheels—
 Got wheels in his head.

One who struts as he walks,
 Of himself proudly talks,
 And he looks, through the telescope turn'd
 At humanity far,
 As at dim skining star,
 Yet boasts all the while how he learn'd—
 How a pessimist he,—
 "Could not otherwise be;"
 Like a lover, by jealousy led,
 He sees all awry
 Where beauties all lie,—
 That man has got wheels in his head.

"Got wheels in his head?"
 That's just what I said,
 "Got wheels? Yes, got wheels—
 Got wheels in his head.

There are juices which nourish,—
 There are treasures which perish;
 Strive for those, nor for these be cajoled
 For the man who has striven,
 All forgetful of heaven,
 Bought acres, filled barns, and dug gold
 Will prove in the end,
 When too late to amend,
 Like other fools, living or dead—
 He bewails his life lost,
 Too late counts the cost,—
 That man has got wheels in his head.
 "Got wheels in his head?"
 That's just what I said,
 "Got wheels?" Yes, got wheels—
 Got wheels in his head.

J. W. ELLIS.

—:O:—

Two Springs.

There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good—marginal rendering, "delight his senses"—in his labor. . . . This also is vanity and vexation of spirit.—Eccl. 2: 24, 26.

I will very gladly spend and be spent for you.—2 Cor. 12: 15.

On the opposite sides of a high mountain there are two large, perennial springs that are supplied with pure, cold water by the melting snow that fills the canons and gorges above them. The streams that flow from these springs seem to have, to those who are possessed of vivid imaginations, the gift of speech. One streamlet

invariably expresses the desire to live for purely selfish enjoyment. To ripple along through mosses and ferns, without any care or responsibility, and to find at last some quiet place in the valley where, under the shade of protecting and wide-spreading trees, it can find peace—secluded peace, The other streamlet, as it goes on its way, expresses a decided preference for a life of activity and usefulness. Thus the two little streams glide along, each to have in the end just what it desires. After reaching the plain below the water from one of the springs is turned into a pool densely shaded by willow and other trees and there it becomes stagnant and filthy and is abhorred by both man and beast. The water from the other spring is diverted from its course to irrigate an orchard and a meadow and to supply water for domestic and other purposes. Every drop of it is utilized to bring blessings to others.

APPLICATION.

These springs are the representatives of two opposite classes of people. One class, like the author of Ecclesiastes, lives for the gratification of their senses. They have no thought for the welfare or happiness of others. The people who compose this class live selfishly, and when they come down to old age, and frequently long before that time, they become so disgusted with life that they exclaim, "Vanity and vexation of spirit!" and settle down into utter misery and stagnated wretchedness for the remainder of their days.

The other class, like the Apostle Paul, lives to bless others, and they grow old sweetly and beautifully—happy in the knowledge that they are spending and

being spent to bring blessings to those who have been less favored than they have been. To which class shall we belong? To which class *do* we belong?

—————:O:—————

CRUMBS.

—O—

'T was only a crumb, last evening,
 In a form of a kindly word,
 That I spoke to a weary companion;
 Only he and the dear Lord heard.

'Twas only a pleasant "Good-morning"
 To one whose life is drear,
 But he understood its meaning,
 And knew that I meant to cheer.

'Twas only a crumb at noonday.
 In the coin I gave to a child;
 But I gave for the sake of Jesus,
 And he understood and smiled.

Twas only a crumb at evening
 When after a tiresome day
 I gave up my seat in the street-car
 To a woman old and gray.

'Twas only a crumb at nightfall
 When instead of the concert hall,
 I went to the house of mourning
 To comfort and help them all.

They're only crumbs, but without them
 There could not be any bread,
 And the bread shall be returned to us,
 For so the dear Lord has said.

Success.

"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—1 Tim. 4: 8.

"Godliness with contentment is great gain."—1 Tim. 6: 6.

I thought, when I was a small boy, that from the top of some tall tree growing on the brow of the highest hill I could touch the sky, which was one of my childish ambitions, and would have been to me the greatest success, but the great difficulty was to reach my imaginary vantage point. If I could only scale the height, and climb to the topmost branches of some mighty giant of the forest, the rest would be easy enough. To place my hand against the clear, blue sky as I pressed it against the window-pane in my father's house—that would be the greatest success! I could not realize my desire then, but when I became a man—but alas, long before I became a man the sky had been lifted far above the tops of the tallest trees, and it is further away to-day than ever before—and so also is the realization of my childish day-dreams.

+++

It is almost universally believed that if a person would be successful he must, by some means climb up—up—up. Some of those who seek success have read, and others have heard, "That every good gift and every perfect gift is from above." Then certainly the goddess who rewards the successful aspirant has her dwelling-place somewhere above. To reach the abode of the fickle goddess, who is supposed to crown her votaries—when they find her—with the emblem of success, has

called forth the inventive genius of multitudes, and exercised the patience of many more.

It is thought by many that the apex of the pyramid of wisdom is where the reward will be bestowed. To them true success and perfect knowledge are equivalent; so, step by step, the ascent is made—but who knows, for none have yet reached the top of the pyramid that pierces the clouds of ignorance by which it is forever enveloped.

Others believe the crown of wild olive will be placed on their brows by this fair goddess if they can only scale the barren, ice-clad peaks of the "Society Mountains." Therefore, amid eternal snow, and cold, and storm, and avalanche they toil on only to receive instead of the wreath of olive—beautiful emblem of peace—a crown of cruel cacti. Hope turned to ashes; the greeted anticipated success, a disastrous failure.

Again the attempt is made. This time the elevator goes up to the tenth story of a majestic building on Broadway, the door opens, and you are admitted into a richly furnished suite of rooms—the office of a millionaire. You take his place—the greatest success at last! Prosperity, gratitude, happiness—what a blessed trio! And they are all yours. Is it true? What answers do those return who know by actual experience? Listen attentively, if you are inclined to think the greater the wealth the greater the success:

WHAT will I do with my money? My God, I do not know. Here I am sick and alone—*James G. Fair.*

WEALTH does not bring happiness, for many reasons.
—*John D. Rockefeller.*

IT is a hard job to be a millionaire. The worry is something awful—awful. I wish I were just Barney, and back at Kimberly with the boys.—*Barney Barnato.*

I AM not one iota happier now than I was in the days when I had not a dollar I could call my own, save that for which I worked from sunny morn to dewy eve.—*George M. Pullman.*

RICHES, like everything else in life, are all vanity and vexation of spirit.—*Russell Sage.*

Why is the rich man sad, father;
Why is the rich man sad ?
Fair on the hills his turrets glow;
Broad is the manor spread below;
Garners and wine-vats overflow—
Now why is he so sad ?
His truth for a lordly price he sold;
He gave his honor for yellow gold;
It is for the peace he knew of old—
And therefore he is sad.

Once more the search is renewed, for success must result in happiness; this is the universal belief, and if men of greatest wealth are unhappy, that can not be success. It must be that the crowning goddess is in the presence of the king, as his ever-present guardian angel and dispenser of happiness. Let Queen Elizabeth speak for all: "The crown seems grander to those who look at it than to those who wear it." It must be a true saying, that, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

Why is the king so sad, father;
 Why is the king so sad ?
More than his sire the king is blest;
The times are fair and the land at rest;
With the little prince at the queen's fair breast.
 Why is the king so sad ?
He put the women he loved aside,
He steeled his heart when his true love cried.
And took a princess to be his bride,
 And so the king is sad.

I was sick, and in my delirium imagined myself lost in a dense forest. I was starving for food and famishing for water. I longed for a cool, refreshing drink from my well at the kitchen door, two thousand miles away. I wanted to rest—to be at home. Completely exhausted I would sit down on an old, moss-covered log to refresh myself a little, and try to get my bearings, when the most hideous reptiles and serpents imaginable would crawl out from beneath the bark on the old log and from under the fallen leaves, and drag their cold shiny bodies over my bare hands and feet, and dart their forked tongues into my face, and hiss, and hiss.

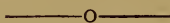
So many in their endeavor to be successful, have lost their way. They have followed the *ignis fatuus* into the forest. Or climbing up the pyramid of wisdom, ascending the steps of the king's throne, scrambling up the mountains of fashionable society, or sitting in the tenth story office of some millionaire, those who sought the greatest success in these ways may be found in abject sadness. What they conceived to be the greatest success has been realized as the most poignant failure. They sit in awful, lonely solitude and look down upon

the world below and away towards the approaching judgment, knowing that what has been considered the greatest success will not enable them to stand before the just Judge. The record is written—unsuccessful success.

APPLICATION.

This is the conclusion of the whole matter: “Godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and that which is to come.” “Godliness with contentment is great gain”—true success.

Thus the apostle Pauls defines true success. Will you not accept his definition as correct, so that you may make life a success?



THE VILLAGE LAD AT PLAY.



What matter that his trousers bear
 A patch on either knee,
 Since roses in his round cheeks glow,
 While sparkling glance and light laugh show
 A spirit blithe and free?

With grimy hand he knuckles down
 To let a marble fly,
 Intently scans the sphere's quick flight
 And chuckles in his deep delight
 When luck approves his eye.

No mercenary gamester he
 That craves a rival's blood,
 As quick to share Dame Fortune's smiles
 As e'er he is to court her wiles—
 A gentleman in bud.



THE MEETING.

From the Painting by Marie Bashkirtseff.

He has not heard the city's far,
 Insistent voices call,
 Yet not a bird in wood or field
 Nests long from his keen gaze concealed—
 He knows and loves them all.

No cares oppress nor sorrow dim
 The joys his projects bring,
 For all life long or for a day
 I'd rather be that boy at play
 Than president or king.

FRANK PUTNAM.



SHALL I EVER BE SATISFIED ?

I shall be satisfied, when I awake with thy likeness.—Ps. 17: 15.
 Satisfied? Why, yes. What bright and glorious ending
 Of life's sad struggle and of death's dark hour !
 At last the light and shadows both are blending
 In one great picture of transforming power.

Satisfied? No tongue can tell the wonderous story
 Of that sweet fellowship we shall have with Him,
 When we have reached the land of bliss and glory,
 The land where eyes shall never more be dim.

Satisfied? The precious promise now is ringing.
 In my listening ears, and telling of the days to come,
 When all our sad notes shall be changed to singing
 The joy-songs of our happy, heavenly home.

I shall be satisfied in that glorious morning
 When waking in His likeness I'll see His lovely face,
 When His righteousness shall be my bright adorning,
 And my salvation is secured through His wondrous grace.

W. T. MOORE.



“Life’s Short and Checkered Journey.”

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.—Ps. 90: 10

Memory recalls with vivid exactness an old man of patriarchal appearance, like some master artist’s picture of Abraham or Jacob, whom I knew when I was a small boy a third of a century ago. He was rather under than over the average stature of a man, and his body seemed to me to have undergone a kind of desiccation or shrinking process that I imagined gave a peculiar prominence to the intellectual and spiritual, so that these characteristics or attributes of his nature predominated to a marked degree over the physical. His uncropped hair, fitly becoming a man of so great longevity and devout demeanor, hung about his stooping shoulders like lingering snow on the mountains in midsummer, while his long beard, as white as the frosts of the many winters that had gone over his head, fell gracefully on his bosom. Unlike Moses, his eyes were dim, and his natural force was abated. His footsteps were feeble, for, if he had not traveled far, measuring the distance by the direct line that memory takes, the journey, though always upward, had been devious and winding. Leaning heavily on the top of his staff, an old hickory cane of peculiar pattern, he went with marked regularity and commendable faithfulness to the house of God, and, if opportunity was given, always raised his trembling voice toward heaven in prayer. That which was peculiar about his prayers, and that



A LESSON IN BOAT-BUILDING.
From the Painting by Henry Bacon.

made an indellible impression on my mind, was that he almost invariably thanked God for having safely led him along "life's short and checkered journey," for to my inexperienced feet and happy heart the journey of life did not appear to be either short or checkered, and I could not understand how an octogenerian could so regard it. And if the way over which he had traveled had been checkered, my pathway certainly would not be. Joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity, good and evil, success and failure, hope and despair would not—should not—play "hide and seek" along the way I would travel. Deluded boy that I was!

APPLICATION.

The old man's experience was that that is common to all making Life's journey, which, though it may reach beyond the seventieth milestone, is short and changeable, sometimes happiness and at other times misery and wretchedness predominating.

Fortunate are they who learn early in life that "godliness with contentment is great gain." Much may be done in this way to alleviate the sorrow and increase the joy of "life's short and checkered journey," for though the years be more than threescore and ten, they are "soon out off, and we fly away."

DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

—O—

Days of my youth, ye have glided away ;
 Hairs of my youth, ye are faded and gray ;
 Eyes of my youth, your keen sight is no more ;
 Cheeks of my youth, ye are furrowed all o'er ;
 Strength of my youth, all thy vigor is gone ;
 Thoughts of my youth, your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth, I wish not your recall ;
 Hairs of my youth, I'm content ye shall fall ;
 Eyes of my youth, you much evil have seen ;
 Cheeks of my youth, bathed in tears ye have been ;
 Thoughts of my youth, ye have led me astray ;
 Strength of my youth, why lament thy decay ?

Days of my age, ye will shortly be past ;
 Pains of my age, yet a while ye can last ;
 Joys of my age, in true wisdom delight ;
 Eyes of my age, be religion your light ;
 Thoughts of my age, dread ye not the cold sod ;
 Hopes of my age, be ye fixed on your God.

TUCKER.

——:O:——

THE BURIAL OF ISRAEL.

—O—

And Joseph went up to bury his father: and with him went all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house and all the elders of the land of Egypt.
 And there went up with him both chariots and horsemen, and it was a very great company.—Gen. 50: 7, 9.

There was a weeping loud in Goshen,
 There was wailing in the land,
 For death had sorely smitten,
 The last of the patriarch band;
 And Israel's sons and daughters,
 Would not be comforted,
 For the angel of death,
 With his mighty breath,
 Had smitten Israel dead.

The pyramids new and glittering,
Beneath the tropic sun,
Heard many a wail of anguish,
When Jacob's race was run.
The Sphynx in gloomy silence,
Gazed toward the Lybian plain,
But felt no thrill
Of sorrow fill
It's breast for Israel slain.

The Nile flowed on serenely,
Regardless of the dead,
Past many a heathen temple,
It stole with noiseless tread,
The priests of On still worshipped,
In the temple of the sun,
But Joseph's head
Bowed o'er the dead
Of the victory death had won.

Was ever such a funeral
Procession upon the earth?
A thousand of Pharaoh's chariots,
And men of noble birth,
And many thousand horsemen
Who strewed the way
With wail and song
Bore him along
To where far Canaan lay.

Oh Syrian deserts gleaming
Beneath a fervent glow,
Did you note that long procession
Four thousand years ago?
Long centuries before that star
Rose over Bethlehem,
Where angels bright
From realms of light
Proclaimed good news to men.

Oh earth so full of sorrow,
 Oh days that bring but blight,
 Welcome the coming evening—
 Welcome the shades of night;
 Our lives are but processions,
 From out the misty past,
 And in some dark Machpelah's cave
 We too shall rest at last.

EUGENE CLAY FERGUSON.

—○—
 WHEN I AM DEAD.

When I am old,
 I wonder shall these smiling years grow tedious, drear and cold,
 Shall these fond aspirations prove fleeting visions vain,
 And youth-time's pleasures wreath my brow with furrowed lines of pain?
 Shall life's December chill and steal sweet autumn's gathering gold,—
 When I am old?

Nay, when I'm old,
 Time's winters shall not chill my feet, nor age grow loathsome, cold,
 He ne'er grows old whose years are young in deeds of Christian love;
 "He liveth best who loveth best," and lifts to fields above.
 So shall I live in Atha-land, where dear hearts revels bold,
 When I am old.

When I am dead,
 And o'er me bend the violets, drooping their bleeding heads,
 I wonder shall these gay young friends breathe whispers of relief,
 And sigh, "Oh, well, he's better off;" nor pause in silent grief?
 Or marble-slab, "An Honest Man," speak forth above my bed,
 When I am dead?

Ah, when I'm dead,
 What matter though dear associates weep for my spirit fled?
 What matters it though kindred mourn? The parting's but a chain
 That links to-morrow with to-night, proves life not all in vain.
 Heaven's recompence when kindred souls to loftier planes are led.
 E'en though I'm dead!

THOMAS ELMORE LUCEY.

Imbecile Boy.

"Base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are."—1 Cor. 1: 28.

An old bay horse, hitched to the sweep or lever of an improvised and very rudely constructed power, was walking round and round in a well-beaten track pumping water into the tank at an insignificant railroad station where trains running between two metropolitan cities stopped for water. Occasionally the old horse would stop to whisk a swarm of troublesome flies off his sides when the driver of the poor animal, a half witted boy some sixteen years of age, would bring the lash of his long whip down upon his skeleton-like body at the same time vociferating loud enough to be distinctly heard several blocks away, "Go on—Git up there," and the poor creature would begin again to move slowly round in the oft-traveled circle, where for so long he had been almost constantly in motion without making any advancement. Thus day after day, as regularly as time, the imbecile boy and the old horse kept the large tank filled with water to supply the engines on the railroad though neither of them recognized the value and importance of the work they were doing. They did not know that by what they did they assisted in carrying on the immense commercial traffic of the country. They were working out unconsciously the plans of others—of a higher power.

APPLICATION.

Just so God sometimes chooses "the base things of

this world" to assist in working out his glorious designs. Unconsciously or half consciously we may be doing some small part towards the accomplishment of a great purpose of the Supreme Designer in the daily performance of our ordinary and regular duties. This thought ought to give renewed energy to every obscure toiler in any field of honest labor. Paul was preparing to become a successful missionary of the cross when he sat as a student at the feet of Gamaliel and was being instructed in the Jewish law, though neither of them knew it. Before Paul was rescued from the Damascus mob, by being let down outside the wall in a basket, that he might continue to preach "the faith which once he destroyed," the unknown basket-maker had been unconsciously a contributor towards the world's salvation. Therefore "whatsoever thy hands findeth to do, do it with thy might," for it may be that "God worketh in you to will and do of his good pleasure."

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs
And works his gracious will.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain.
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

————:O:————



STEPPING STONES.
From the Painting by E. Munier.

 THE LITTLE BROOK.

The little brook is flowing,
 Flowing on and on,
 Murmuring in the shadows,
 Sparkling in the sun.

The little brook is flowing,
 Flowing to the sea;
 Gliding between flowery banks
 Ever gay and free.

So our lives are flowing
 Like the little brook.
 And our thoughts and actions
 Are recorded in God's book.

ANNIE RUSSELL RICHARDS.

 O

 BITTERSWEET.

This world is bitter in a sense,
 But sweet is heaven's recompense
 To all who walk with willing feet;
 The bitter first and then the sweet.

 SERVICE.

O what of him
 Whose past is dark, his future dim with fears?
 Let him forget himself, let the oppressed
 Of earth become his children; let the grim
 Cloud-banks of bitterness dissolve in tears.
 Look up, O Soul, in service there is rest.

 THE LAW.

Love is the law of God to-day,
 Who loves has well obeyed Him;
 Save man, there is no better way
 Of serving God who made him.

GRACE PEARL BRONAUH.

The Poorest Man in the World.

Now abideth faith, hope, love, these three.—1 Cor. 13: 13.

There is a picture—a cartoon by Frank Beard—that reveals much more than any description of it possibly can give, no matter how correct it may be.

The central figure in the picture is that of a man of wealth sitting in an easy chair on an improvised raft that is drifting on the sea of eternity. At his side are some great bags of gold, and behind them a large steel safe, with door ajar, revealing a much larger quantity of the precious metal, while in his hands he holds deeds, certificates of stock, bonds, and mortgages. In the distance is a derelict—the dismantled hull of a vessel—that has not been sea-worthy for many years, upon which is plainly visible the name “Opportunity,” that tells its own story. The man sits in solitary loneliness, in the midst of his wealth, wrapt in deep study, and well he may, for at his feet lie the three Christian graces, Faith, Hope and Love—represented by three beautiful women—dead! Beneath the picture are the significant words, “The poorest man in the world.”

APPLICATION.

Whatever losses any person may have sustained, he is rich who still possesses faith, hope and love, and he is indescribably poor, whatever his possessions may be besides, who has suffered the loss of these superior Christian graces. Cherish and keep them, for their price is far above that of earthly riches.

NOT ALL THE GOLD IN KLONDIKE.

—O—

Within my little cottage
Are peace and warmth and light,
And loving welcome waiting
When I come at night,
The polished kettle's steaming.
The snowy cloth is spread—
And close against my shoulder
There leans a smooth brown head !
Her eyes are lit with laughter
(The light of the world for me)—
"For how much would you sell me?
Now tell me, sir," cries she.
'Tis then I answer, somehow,
Between a smile and tear:
"Not for all the gold in Klondike !
The gold in Klondike, dear !"

When the cozy tea is over,
With many a frolic fond.
I sit and read my paper,
And from the room beyond
I hear the clink of china,
The tread of nimble feet,
And broken bits of singing
That somehow ripple sweet.
I hear a rush and rustle
Beyond my easy-chair;
Short, chubby arms enclasp me
And choke me unaware !
Into my arms is tumbled
A crinkled golden head,
A ball of fluffy whiteness
That ought to be in bed.
She asks her mother's question—
I kiss the answer clear—
"Not for all the gold in Klondike?
The gold in Klondike, dear !"

In dim and dusty office
I dig my bits of gold;
I suffer not with hunger
Nor perish with the cold.
My nuggets needs be tiny
(I dig them with a pen),
But the Yukon's golden gravel
I leave for other men.
My treasure lies exhaustless;
My claim is stakcd with care;
What is all the gold in Klondike
Since I'm love's millionaire?

FLORENCE ALT GIBBS.



Stormy at Eventide.

“Judas, which was to guide them that took Jesus, . . . was numbered with us, and had obtained part of this ministry.”—Acts 1: 17, 18.

“One of the twelve, called Judas Iscariot, went unto the chief priests, and said unto them, What will ye give me, and I will deliver him unto you? And they covenanted with him for thirty pieces of silver. And from that time he sought opportunity to betray him.”—Matt. 26:14-16.

“Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned . . . cast down the pieces of silver in the temple and departed, and went and hanged himself.”—Matt. 27: 3-5.

The beginning of the day was full of promise. The morning sun shone brightly from a clear blue sky. Gentle zephyrs fanned the cheeks of those who were early astir. All nature seemed to rejoice and welcome the new day. Long before noon, however, there was a mist or haze in the atmosphere that seemed to portend falling weather. Wise weather observers said a storm was brewing. Shortly after midday clouds began to gather in the heavens from somewhere—everywhere, in fact—and long before the middle of the afternoon the



THE TEMPEST.—From the Painting by J. Veruet.

sky was entirely overcast with ominous, dark clouds. A storm was imminent and certain. Before the afternoon was half over the storm broke in terrific fury. The lightning flashed, the thunder rumbled and roared, and the rain fell in torrents. Darkness, murky as an Egyptian night, came on, and in awful gloom the day ended, the day that had had such an auspicious beginning.

APPLICATION.

Many a life propitiously begun like the day has ended in ighominious failure, with no person to blame for it but the individual himself. How disappointing when much has been promised and expected from another and nothing realized. Judas has been frequently reincarnated. Beware of incipient unrighteousness. The day of life will close tempestuously and awful darkness will follow. Remember Judas.

—:O:—

HE CARETH FOR ME.

—O—

In life's brightest moments when all is at rest,
And all things about me seem happy and blest.
In nature around me God's image I see;
For I am his child and he careth for me.

When dark is my pathway and over the sky
The black clouds of sorrow are drifting so nigh,
Then close to my Saviour I ever would flee,
For, oh blessed thought, he careth for me.

Dear Lord, I entreat Thee that close by Thy side
I ever may walk, whatever betide.
In joy or in sorrow thine ever I'd be,
For Thou art my Savior and careth for me.

IDA B. DAVISON.

The Maze and the Highway.



An highway shall be there and wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein.—Isa. 35: 8.

On the spacious and well-kept grounds belonging to one of the leading hotels on the Pacific coast, there is, among a great many other novel attractions which afford recreation and amusement for the guests, a rectangular labarynth, covering perhaps half an acre of ground, constructed out of neatly trimmed hedges of geraniums and cypress shrubs, four or five feet high, with halls or aisles between leading by artful circumlocution to an open space at the center of the rectangle, where there is a cozy arbor with rustic seats, restful hammocks, inviting swings, and easy chairs, for the persons, who can find their way through the mystic maze, to enjoy.

You enter the "enchanted aisle" with bright-hued flowers peeping forth from every niche and cranny in the evergreen walls on either side, and the peculiarly stimulating fragrance of thousands of delicate young cypress sprigs—just springing into life since the cruel shears of the pruner passed over the hedge for the one hundredth time only a few days before—greeting you like a balmy, spice-laden breeze from some far-away fairy land. You feel certain that the walk to the center of the labarynth—the sanctum sanctorum about which you have heard so much—will not be a long one, and that, with such an inviting prospect and enjoyable surroundings, a delightfully pleasant one as well. So on and on you go. Now appearing to make rapid progress toward the goal of your desire as you glide along between walls of living

green, and now—because of your ignorance of the correct way failing to turn to the right or to the left when you should have done so, coming abruptly to the end of the aisle, as hundreds of others had done—compelled to reluctantly retrace your steps. Then you come to this or that opening in the hedge and halt and wonder whether you should turn to the right or left into another aisle or continue in the one in which you are walking. You can only guess, for it is impossible to decide with any feeling or assurance of certainty. You choose, and find as you go forward that your choice was wrong, for here is the end of the narrow passage into which you turned! When you have been turned back thus again and again, and growing weary from the prolonged tramp, you venture to inquire of some person whom you chance to meet, how you should proceed to arrive as quickly as possible at your desired destination, and he is unable to give you the slightest clue to the mystery, you become more perplexed than ever.

If, after repeated efforts, you are lucky enough to “thread the materialized fantasy of an idealist’s imagination,” and feel the thrill of your success or good luck, and enjoy as long as you desire the easy retreat you have found, you realize that it would be impossible for you to direct another to this place of secluded enjoyment, and that it would be equally as difficult for you to find your way thither again as it was at first.

APPLICATION.

Similar to this are many of the experiences of life, particularly that of gaining a knowledge of the hidden things of nature. There is no royal road to wisdom.

Many of the greatest scientific discoveries have been made by accident, or by experimenting without any definite knowledge of what the result would be or just how it was to be brought about. God has left us to find our way to the center of the mystic maze of scientific knowledge and to seek out the hidden wonders of nature, but has made the way of salvation so plain that the prophet exultingly proclaimed, "An highway shall be there . . . and wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein."

—————:O:—————

MY FATHER'S CARE.

—O—

Along my paths on journeys new,
 Where they divided;
 My father kept my feet in view,
 Each footstep guided.
 No way so intricate, but what
 A light was shining,
 No cloud intensified, where not
 A "silver lining,"

Illumed its edges in a way
 So purely tender,
 I knew behind the god of day
 Shone forth in splendor.
 And that the dawn thro' low'ring skies
 With flood of glory
 Would clear a way that otherwise
 Was dark before me.

HELEN A. RAINS

—————:O:—————



THE THREE AGES.—From the Painting by M. Pillini.

House Damaged by Fire.

Wickedness burneth as the fire.—Is. 9: 18.

Early this morning the villagers were aroused by the cry of fire, than which there is nothing more thrilling and exciting. Men, running from every direction, shouted, "Fire! fire!! fire!!!" till they were hoarse, and the sharp, quick strokes of the bell, as they rang out in startling contrast with the usual stillness of the dawning day, responded "Fire! fire!! fire!!!"

The occasion for the alarm being given was that great volumes of smoke were pouring forth from a neat cottage that stood near the center of the little town. The people who occupied the house were temporarily absent, visiting relatives and friends in Scotland, and in some mysterious manner the building had been set on fire—probably by an incendiary—sometime during the night, and notwithstanding the volunteer firemen responded quickly and worked heroically to save the property of their fellow-townsmen, the whole interior of the building was charred and blackened and the furniture ruined before the fire could be extinguished.

The exterior of the building, aside from a few broken panes of glass, and here and there the traces of smoke on the white paint, appears just as it did before the fire, but the cozy and homelike interior has been completely transformed by the destroyer into a perfect picture of wretchedness and ruin.

APPLICATION.

In like manner we have all seen the terrible devastation that sin has wrought. A young man begins to

live a "fast life." The better part of his nature is observed to be on fire. The alarm is given, and kind, Christian friends respond, and after long and heroic work succeed in extinguishing the flames, but there has been sad havoc made with the furniture of the soul. Self-respect has been charred, memory begrimed, purity tarnished, innocence consumed, and manhood blackened by "the smoke of his torment that ascendeth forever and ever." Irreparable damage has been sustained. Outwardly the man may appear substantially as he did before the awful holocaust, but in the secret archives of his selfhood he knows what a terrible loss has been sustained by the conflagration of iniquity that first smouldered and then burned fiercely there. Let it be written everywhere in letters that glow: "Wickedness burneth as the fire."

—:O:—

LOSSES.

—O—

Upon the white sea sand
 There sat a pilgrim band,
 Telling the losses which their lives had known,
 While evening waned away
 From breezy cliff and bay,
 And the strong tides went out with a weary moan.

One spake with quivering lip
 Of a fair freighted ship,
 With all his household to the deep gone down.
 But one had wilder woe,
 For a fair face long ago,
 Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were some who mourned their youth
With a most loving truth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green,
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest,
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more:
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free.
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wreck of land and sea,
But howe'er it came to thee—
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

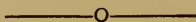
FRANCIS BROWN.

JERUSALEM.



Where is thine olden glory, O city of the King?
What worthy thing is in thee of which the bard might sing?
Where are the watchmen valiant who stood upon the wall,
That thee and all thy treasures no evil should befall?
Thy mountains still are round thee, and evermore shall stand,
But scattered are thy children, exiles in every land.
A hundred times thy foemen have circled thee around,
And laid thy noble palaces in ruins on the ground.
Where is the glorious temple that stood on Zion's Hill?
Is there one stone remaining upon another still?
Its cedars brought from Lebanon have mouldered long ago,
Its pavements holy have been trod by many a heathen foe;
And ages numberless ago its vail was rent in twain,
And all its holy mysteries exposed to eyes profane.
Where is the house of Solomon, august beyond compare,
Bedecked with gaudy furnishings and full of treasures rare?
Where now is all his glory, the purple and the gold,
When Sheba's queen acknowledged, "The half has not been told?"
No more the thronging thousands the Lord of Hosts adore,
Thy holy days and sabbaths and feasts are held no more,
No spotless lambs are offered upon thy altars now,
And in thy holy mountain no more the people bow.
The plagues and desolutions to thee in judgement sent
Caused not the erring people within thee to repent,
Till darkness came upon them and gross darkness filled the land,
And all was swept and scattered by Jehovah's vengeful hand.
Jerusalem, the olden, no more thy towers shall rise,
But in the golden future beyond the arching skies
A city shall be builded of jasper and of gold,
Jerusalem the Beautiful, which shall outshine the old,
As doth the noonday splendor surpass the darkest night,
For Christ the holy Son of God shall be the city's Light.

L. T. RIGHTSELL.





PORTRAIT OF GLADSTONE. — From the Painting by J. McLure Hamilton.

An Improved Water Filter.

Many men died of the waters, because they were made bitter.—Rev. 8: 11.

The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.—Jno. 4: 14.

Being something of an inventor myself, I was interested perhaps more than most persons would have been, in an "improved water filter," which I had the patience to permit the inventor to "show and explain" to me not long ago. It was certainly a novel device if it was not a useful one, for I failed to see its practical utility, though the enthusiastic patentee repeatedly assured me that it was "all right."

Like many filters of a similar pattern, it was a simple mechanism or contrivance for straining the water by being attached to the end of the hydrant or faucet, and if "carefully watched and regularly cleansed according to directions," would undoubtedly remove some of the impurities from the water. But there were at least two very serious objections to the "nickel-plated, ne plus ultra, aqua pura, filter," and these more than counter-balanced the many advantages claimed for it as a purifier. In the first place, it would not remove the impurities unless "carefully watched, and regularly cleansed, according to directions"—neglect would be fatal to its usefulness entirely, and then, no matter how carefully it was watched it could not eliminate the inorganic impurities and disease germs—such as typhoid, cholera, and diphtheria bacilli—from the water. Hence, to my mind it was fatally defective, and consequently worthless, but like many insignificant and useless things, it

started a train of thought from which I derived some benefit, and which may also be profitable to others.

There are many people—especially young men and young women—in this day of indiscriminate novel reading who pour through their minds daily a foul stream of impure literature. In one of these popular works of fiction, I am told, there is a very minute and detailed description of the intemperate and lascivious nocturnal orgies of Roman maidens, men and matrons—plebeians and nobles, each for the time the peer of the other—engaged indiscriminately in a disgraceful bacchanalian carousal, all probably “true to life,” but, what shall the harvest be for those in whose hearts the seeds of impurity have been sown by reading of those shameful, licentious revels?

In another weird, eccentric, yet, in many respects, true story, there is the glorification of the man who successfully impersonated both the villain and the saint, with the tacit suggestion, “Go thou, and do likewise.”

And in still another popular romance, purporting to tell of “Love at First Sight,” there is rather the portrayal and covert commendation of the “social evil”—now lurking in so many unsuspected homes, like skeletons in closets.

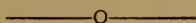
And people by thousands are pouring this vile stream into their minds and hearts and solacing their consciences with the false belief that their purity will not be contaminated thereby because they filter all this pollution and sewage through their “moral sense!”

APPLICATION.

Whatever may be the primary meaning of the state-

ment in Revelation, that "many men died of the waters," in this connection the signification is unmistakable, and does not need to be mentioned to be known.

Why not eschew that water which, though sweet in the mouth is bitter after being drank, and partake more freely of the water that springs up "into everlasting life?" Yes, why not?



J E S U S.

I think of Thee when in the morning hours
 I wander forth alone;
 The still air filled with songs of birds, the flowers
 Waking to life again

I think of Thee when on the velvet sward
 The netted shadows play;
 And 'mong the leafy boughs, the mellow winds
 Murmur a low, sweet lay.

I think of Thee—the gentle breeze of even
 Ripples the summer sea;
 And sweetly breathes of Thee, as soft it floats
 Over the drowsy lea

I think of Thee; the moonbeams coldly fall—
 I linger yet with Thee;
 I see Thee, hear Thee, feel Thy presence near,
 So sweet, so dear to me.

I think of Thee when in the stilly night
 In prayer, I bow alone;
 Life, love and joy abide with Thee, O Christ,
 Make me Thine own, Thine own.

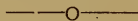
METTIE CRANE NEWTON.

THE SOUL'S ANCHOR.



(Heb. 6: 19.)

O tossing ships upon Life's stormy seas,
 O restless souls, when waves of sorrow roll,—
 Throw out the Anchor, Hope, and be at peace,
 The sure and steadfast anchor of the soul!



A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

Last night in dreams my soul forsook its clay,
 And wandered freely in vast starlit space,
 Whereat a Spirit, slipped from some high place,
 Paused in its course and barred the shining way.
 Then did my soul most fervently entreat:
 "O Spirit, what is Heaven?" Low and clear
 The mystic answer fell upon my ear:
 "'Tis perfect wherein Earth is incomplete."

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.



The Old Peddler.



Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.—Jno. 8: 12.

An old man, with a rude, heavy cane in his hand and a bundle of new brooms on his shoulder, was a familiar sight to all the people in the town. He was very poor, quite infirm, and all alone in the world, and having neither relative nor friend to minister to his wants he had taken up the humble and unenviable business of a peddler in order that he might supply himself with food, clothing and shelter, for beyond these necessary things

his needs were few and simple, aside from the friendship for which his old heart longed. To gain a livelihood, when the days were fair and his bodily infirmities would permit, the old peddler went plodding along the streets shouting, "Buy a broom! Brooms! Brooms for sale! A new broom sweeps clean! Buy a broom!" and his clear, musical voice ran up and down the streets, and climbed the door steps long before the itinerant salesman reached the front gate.

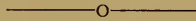
The sea of life had been stormy for him during his long voyage, and seemed likely, until recently, to continue so to the end. He had endured the hardships of the civil war, and had suffered from a series of privations equally as severe after it was over. To add to and intensify all his disappointments and afflictions he had been living "without God and without hope in the world." He was a cynical sceptic, tired of life, yet afraid to end his earthly existence. Without friends, sick and despondent. More to be pitied, perhaps, than blamed for his misspent life, he was realizing every day that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

His last affliction was that his eye-sight failed, leaving him almost in darkness. For him the midday sun shone but dimly, his eyes responding but feebly to the brightness of the king of day. But this affliction had been a blessing in disguise. He had been compelled to go to the county hospital for treatment, and there came in contact with Christian people who took an interest in his temporal and spiritual welfare and finally led him to that One who makes the blind to see, and there he was given a light and a joy in his old age that he had never

known before. As he expressed it, "In my blindness the Light of the world enabled me to see."

APPLICATION.

It appears strange indeed that it is with such difficulty that blind eyes are opened. People seem to prefer to walk in darkness, struggling along the broad road to ruin, rather than to follow Jesus, and, walking in safety and security, enter in through the gates into that city whose inhabitants have "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it," but where "the Lamb is the light thereof." Heed wisdom's admonition and begin early in life to follow that Light that makes walking in darkness impossible.



IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.



In the valley of the shadow
Though the Savior lead me, still,
With his arm of love about me,
I can fear no harm nor ill.

For he's promised he will hide me,
As I journey through the land,
When the storms are gathering round me,
In the shadow of his hand

Then I'll hasten to that refuge,
Unto him my grief confide,
And there rest in peace securely
Whate'er sorrow may betide.

Living in his care and favor,
Walking with him day by day,
I will live upon his promise
Till the shadows flee away.

IDA B. DAVISON.

An Expensive Boquet,

Whatsoever mine eyes desired I kept not from them, I withheld not my heart from any joy; . . . and this was my portion of all my labor: . . . all was vanity and vexation of spirit.—Ecc1. 2: 18, 11.

Slowly the long train of passenger cars had been hauled up the heavy grade by two ponderous engines—designated in the peculiar nomenclature of professional railroad men as a “double-header”—and halted not far from the mouth of the tunnel that pierced the mountain near the summit of the “divide,” where one of the engines was detached and left behind as there was no further use for it.

The cars were filled with passengers, many of whom had never been “out west” before, and every new thing, no matter how insignificant and trivial, was to them peculiarly interesting. They wanted to inspect every object they saw, and often did so with much inconvenience, and sometimes danger to themselves, and discomfort to others. The train had scarcely halted at the tunnel before many of them began to leave the cars to pluck some of the beautiful wild flowers that grew in great profusion on the side of the mountain. Some of them, more venturesome than others, had wandered quite a distance away when the signal was given for the train to start. Men, women and children came running from every direction and there was a general scramble to get aboard the moving cars as quickly as possible.

When the train was well under way a man from one of the southern states came into the car, agitated and excited, clutching nervously a few tattered fragments of

bright red flowers, and holding them up—when he had somewhat regained his usual composure—said, “This ought to be a very valuable boquet—it cost enough. In my attempt to get on board the cars I lost a pair of spectacles for which I recently paid five dollars, and I was almost dragged under the moving train.” Then looking at the flowers a moment, as if disgusted, he tossed the torn and broken pieces out at the window just as the train entered the tunnel.

APPLICATION.

This is typical of common experiences. It not infrequently happens that all a man has in his possession, when the train plunges into the tunnel we call the grave, is some trivial and worthless thing he has secured at great peril, and he casts that away in utter disgust. Only a few tattered fragments of broken resolutions and unpaid vows! These all there is of life! It is not strange that he should cry out “vanity and vexation of spirit!” It would be well for us to ask the question now, “Must I meet my Savior so!”



ONLY TRUST HIM.

When the days seem dark and dreary
And clouds o’erspread the sky;
When our hearts are sad and weary,
Then our Savior draweth nigh.

He can feel our deepest sorrow,
All our grief and all our pain;
Only trust Him and to-morrow
It will all be right again.



EASTER MORNING.

From the Painting by Gustave Dore.

The False Telegram.

And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they rent the coat of many colors, and they brought it to their father; and said, This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no. And he knew it, and said, It is my son's coat: an evil beast hath devoured him: Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days.—Gen. 37: 31-34.

Suppose your name is John Jones, and that you are the only man of that name in a certain town and that you are in a large audience, when a messenger from the telegraph office enters the room with a telegram which he gives to the presiding officer, or, if the meeting you are attending is of a religious character, to the preacher, who, glancing at the name and address on the envelope containing the message, says, "Here is a telegram for John Jones. Is the gentleman present?"

You indicate your presence and the message is delivered to you. You open the envelope and it takes you but a moment to read the startling news that your mother is dead. A feeling of inexpressible sadness siezes you. Your manly heart is touched as never before, for you have never before had such cause for grief. She who loved you with an incomprehensible love and whose matchless tenderness was as refreshing to your soul as the dew of early morning to the new-blown flowers, has taken her departure and will never return. You will never have the pleasure of looking into her face again. Her musical voice will never more fall on your ears except in memory. She is gone.

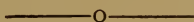
Through your blinding tears you endeavor to read

again the message that has brought you so much sorrow—that in a moment has taken all the happiness out of your heart. But how difficult it is to stanch the flow of tears. You can not read it a second time, so without saying a word—for there are times when the tongue is unable to find language with which to express the cause of the unutterable sorrow that fills the heart—you hand the message to one who sits near you. He reads the name and address, and says to you, “This is not your message. The name is not John Jones.” Just so. There is an “a” instead of an “e”. The message is not meant for Jones at all. Your mother is not dead, as you had believed her to be. The belief of a falsehood swayed your emotional nature like a reed in a hurricane.

APPLICATION.

The first thing that should be done, when information is brought to one’s attention, is to determine whether it is true or false before believing it. This is especially important where people are taught to rely on their “feelings” as evidence that certain religious doctrines or practices are true. The wise and safe course to pursue is to “prove all things, and hold fast that which is good,” as Paul admonishes those to whom his Thessalonian letter was addressed, for “many false prophets are gone out into the world,” and many people are inclined to accept as true the statements made to them by these false teachers without investigation. Their “feelings” have been touched—emotional nature aroused—and they are thus confirmed in the belief of a falsehood, just as Jacob was convinced that Joseph, his favorite son, was dead.

In all things pertaining to the religious life, bear in mind that he who spake as never man spake declared that a knowledge of the truth, and not the belief of a falsehood, no matter how much the sensibilities may be stirred by that belief, makes free.



“DON'T LOOK AT THE WATER, LOOK UP
AT THE SKY.”

God's sermons are not always written by sages,
Or carefully worded by the wise ones of earth:—
To teach precious lessons he sometimes engages
The things that are simple, the lowly in birth,
One time I remember—my spirit was bending
Beneath a great sorrow that darkened my way—
I rode all alone, save a slave boy attending,
To a swift river's ford I had crossed the same day.

The current had deepened and widened since morning,
But sorrowful thoughts were absorbing my mind,
And into the stream I rode, heedless of warning
That came from the dark-visaged rider behind.
But soon, with a thrill, o'er my feet surely brimming,
I felt the cold water rise higher and higher—
My horse shivered 'neath me—sank—rose—and was swimming;
The current seemed swifter and darker and nigher.

Bewildered and dizzy, I reeled and seemed falling;
When o'er the hoarse water I heard a low cry:
The voice of my faithful boy earnestly calling,
“Don't look at the water—look up at the sky!”
Even then to my spirit with sweet double meaning,
These simple words flashed like a message benign;
My mind from its fright and bewilderment weaning
To calmness and trust in the Helper divine.

I ne'er shall forget the sweet feeling of quiet
 That steadied my frame as I lifted my eyes
 With bosom now tranquil where fear had run riot,
 To a rift of bright blue in the rain-clouded skies,
 I looked at the dusky form, breathing beside me
 The rough river current, with humble surprise,
 That such should be given the mission to guide me
 Through life's troubled waters to God and the skies.

And when from the water in safety emerging,
 Across the green, daisy-starred meadow I rode,
 New thoughts and resolves in my bosom were surging.
 Where faith like a rekindled beacon light glowed.
 Of the lesson thus given time hath not bereft me;
 For often when life's troubled waters rise high,
 I say to my spirit: "Thy God hath not left thee"—
 "Don't look at the water—look up at the sky."

If dangers assail thee, God's hand can prevent them
 O'erthrowing his children, secure in his smile;
 If sorrow befall, it is he who hath sent them—
 Be strong to endure, it is but for a while,
 Think more of his loving and less of his chastening;
 In praises and prayer lift thy spirit on high;—
 There is strength in the thought of deliverance hastening;—
 "Don't look at the water—look up at the sky."

MRS. ANNE CABLE WILSON.

—:O:—

Wild Morning-glories.

Every priest standeth daily ministering and offering often-times the same sacrifices, which can never take away sins.—Heb. 10: 11.

Almost every farmer and horticulturist in the state of California has had more or less experience with the wild morning-glory that is indigenous to nearly every part of the state. The bean growers of Ventura, the fruit

raisers of the Santa Clara valley, the raisin makers of Fresno, the sugar beet producers of the Pajaro valley, the hop growers of Ukiah, and the grain farmers of the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys have all had similar and unsatisfactory experiences, for their efforts have only resulted, in most instances, in holding the pest in check, and seldom, if ever, in completely eradicating it. Spreading out its long, white, friable roots, with amazing rapidity in every direction and in every soil alike whether rich or poor, it sends forth a vigorous vine and soon produces an abundant crop of seed. And not only so, but the smallest fragment of a root—and being very brittle the roots are easily broken by the cultivator—if left in the soil sends up a thrifty vine which in a very short time brings forth a harvest. Thus by this double method of propagation it spreads rapidly and unless constant vigilance is exercised, soon takes complete possession of the soil. The pinkish-white, bell-shaped blossoms may be the symbol of glory when full blown in the early morning, but they have no such signification to the farmer who vainly labors during the remainder of the long day, and day after day, to exterminate the noisome plant.

APPLICATION.

This is at least suggestive of sin, and the ineffectual efforts that have been put forth from time immemorial to rid the world of the awful pest. Every sacrifice offered by priest on Jewish or heathen alter has only been a vain attempt to eradicate sin and iniquity from the hearts of the people. And every prayer that has been uttered, as well as every good resolution that has ever

been formed has been for the same, but, alas, unavailing purpose. The most that has ever been done at any time has been to hold it somewhat in check. Christ alone is the all-sufficient Savior.

—:O:—

Now or Never.

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jerico, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.—Luke 10: 30-32.

The way is dangerous and the night is very dark. Suppose you have a lighted lantern in your hand and when near the end of your journey you meet a man carrying an unlighted lantern. There is plenty of oil in it to last till he shall reach his destination, but he has no means of lighting it. He knows that the road over which he must travel is a very difficult and dangerous one, though he has never gone that way before. He requests, then pleads, that he may light his lantern at yours, but you selfishly refuse to grant his request. He must go on alone in the darkness. You too proceed on your way, congratulating yourself that you have the helpful light of your lantern to guide you, and wonder whether the unlucky man you met will reach his destination in safety! The next day you learn that the luckless traveler, losing his way in the darkness, fell over a precipice and was killed. But your remorse will not bring the dead to life, nor will it give you serenity and



TO THE RESCUE.—From the Painting by A. P. E. Morton.

peace of mind, for you realize that you are guilty. His request was reasonable and ought to have been granted.

Imagine that the night is bitterly cold. You are at home with your family. A bright, genial fire is burning on the hearth. A poor man—one of your neighbors—enters and says, "While we were temporarily away from home our fire went out. Let me take a brand from your fire with which to rekindle mine? Fortunately we have fuel enough, but neither matches nor fire." But you turn him away, telling him that he ought to have been more thoughtful. You have enough to do to provide fuel and fire for your own house. You selfishly deny him one small brand from your glowing hearth! The poor man goes forth to spend the night with his family in his cheerless cottage. Sickness, suffering and death result from your cruel selfishness. You go to the grave where your neighbor's child lies buried to weep out your sorrow, but the tears gush forth from a perennial fountain. The life—your life—has been made joyless. There is no longer the happiness for you that you had before that night when the poor man made of you the reasonable request you so ungraciously refused.

Think that you are a passenger on a great steamship, bound for some distant land where you expect to meet loved ones from whom you have long been separated. A joyous reunion is fondly anticipated, but not more joyous than many of your fellow-passengers expect when the vessel on which you are sailing shall drop anchor in the harbor of the home land. In the darkness of a stormy night you see a man as he falls overboard, but you make no effort to save him. You catch one awful

glimpse of despair in his countenance as the ship's lights flash in his upturned face as she glides by, leaving the helpless man vainly struggling and crying for aid. He might have been rescued if you had done your duty. The vessel enters the harbor. Friends and relatives crowd the wharf to greet and welcome loved ones. There are those who vainly scan every face as the passengers go ashore. You know that they are doomed to sad disappointment. They are expecting to meet the husband and father who fell overboard and was lost. Lost because you selfishly neglected to put forth any effort to save him. You meet those whom you had long desired to see, but in each loving face is the unmistakable countenance of your fellow-passenger who perished, and in each voice you detect the wail of the man who went down to a watery grave. You would seek peace of mind in solitude, but you can not find a place where you are alone. That man is there!

APPLICATION.

Are the illustrations too strong? I think not. And if they are not over-drawn, what must be the regret when sometime, those who might have rescued perishing souls, "come to themselves," and fully realize what has resulted from their selfishness. God grant that we may be aroused from our lethargy to save the lost before it is too late. Salvation does not belong to regrets. Remorse will not bring back neglected opportunities. "Now is the accepted time"—because it is the only time. The traveler is among thieves. To the rescue—now or never!



LOW TIDE.—From the Painting by P. Baudit.

EBB-TIDE.

Swiftly seaward from the broad lagoon,
The ebbing tide has set;
Flung on its bosom from the flying moon,
Bright jewels gleam and fret.

The bending reeds upon its shore,
A nodding farewell sigh;
The seagull circles o'er and o'er,
Between its wave and sky.

Far out beyond the dim expanse,
To gateways of the dawn,
Where white capped billows madly dance,
The hurrying tide sweeps on.

But that myserious, subtle force,
Will wane and pale and die,
And sweeping backwards on its course,
Shoreward the tide will fly.

The fisherman within his boat,
And e'en the fisher boy,
Will laugh to see his craft afloat,
And hail thy flood with joy.

Behold, I stand upon the shore,
And cry again, again,
For youthful days that are no more
Or gone beyond my ken,

Youth's joys that would not here abide,
Drift they on some fair sea ?
Will belated reflux tide,
Bear them again to me ?

The ebb-tide of my youth has set,
Seaward to an unknown shore;
Vain—all vain is each regret,
It will return no more.

The Mirage.

“The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal.”—2 Cor. 4: 15.

I spent last night away from home, and this morning when the sun arose I looked across the broad Rio Solado valley in the direction of where I lived, but could not see the church spires and roofs of the tallest buildings above the tops of the beautiful green trees as I had done many times before, and as I had expected to do again. I saw instead a mirage—and not a beautiful one either. The imaginary lake was dark and ominous, like a real lake appears when a storm is approaching. In the distance across the water the “White Tank” mountains lifted their blue outlines against the western sky. Columns of black smoke rose from the surface of the water and floated away towards the north, and it required no stretch of the imagination to see the steam-boats speeding away freighted with passengers and merchandise. A river—the Rio Solado—bordered with willow and cotton-wood trees, was immediately before me, and then the desert covered with *Suhara* and other varieties of cacti, and beyond, the lake, as real to my vision as the river and the desert.

I knew that I was being deceived, but it was not easy to realize that there was no lake, but that where I saw the water was the city of Phoenix, and that the smoke curling gracefully from the steam boats was the smoke from the mills and the power houses. I stepped to my room in the hotel where I had spent the night and secured a field glass, but I could not penetrate the mist



LILACS.

From the painting by J. E. Millais.

—it only made that which was apparent appear the more real. Then I said, I know my home and loved ones are there if I cannot see anything but a great lake stretching far away to the distant mountains. And I can go to them for there is a ferry and also a bridge across the river, that winds along at my very feet, and an easy road across the desert leading directly to the city, only a few miles away, where is my home where I and my loved ones reside.

APPLICATION.

The things that are seen are temporal—and often unreal—but the things that are not seen are eternal—and real. The margin on this side the river is very narrow, and the boatman stands ready to ferry us over to the opposite shore as soon as our feet touch the waters of Jordan. Then we all shall immediately be at home with our loved ones in the city of God—having exchanged the ideal for the real and the temporal for the eternal.

—:O:—

BLOSSOM TO-NIGHT.

To day I plucked a frail convolvuli,
 From tangle wild, where shyly hid, it grew,—
 And held it 'gainst the torquoise of the sky;
 It gleamed a dainty bell against the blue
 Soft silver gray, and faintest amethyst,
 To purest snow, the sunlight glinted through;
 As if some fay had woven twilight mist
 With moon beams pale, and gemmed it thick with dew—
 And left it there upsmiling to the morn.

Oh! wonder fashioned flower, thou blossom rare,
 Some wand'rer-from the shining gates of day;
 Perchance hath dropped thee from her sunny hair,
 In tender love, beside the trodden way.
 To lift some soul o'er-burdened with its care,—
 As I, whom thou hath cheered, and blessed this day,
 Reminding me, no earthly taint is there,
 Some joys of life are sweet and pure alway.
 As from the Father's mighty love they're born.

'Twas He. who formed this bell, and hung it there.
 A fragrant sencer 'mid the thicket's sheen;
 Where 'morn's first kiss upon the blossom fair—
 A subtle incense 'woke, by man unseen.
 Pure as a sinless heart's most holy prayer
 When God's dear throne there falls no veil between;
 So doth His mercies greet us every where—
 Like scattered blossoms 'mid the way-side greet.
 'Though adverse winds blow bleak, and lorn.

WINFIELD L. SCOTT.



A PRAYER.

Holy Savior, our own dear King,
 Our young lives to thee we bring;
 We thank thee for thy presence dear,
 God bless our friends both far and near;
 'Tis sweet to look, and trust and pray,
 To thee, our Savior every day.
 Keep us good and pure within,
 Free from every strife and sin;
 May we advance in all things good,
 "Add to our faith" as Christians should;
 Help us each day some good to do,
 We would be noble, kind and true;
 Help us all to grow in grace,
 That we may see thy holy face;
 Grant to each a starry crown
 When we lay this earth-life down.

MRS. MATTIE DOAK DEVER.

WHEN I AWAKEN.

When I awaken from my final slumber,
Whether my sleep be broken whether deep,
Whether alone or 'mid a mighty number,
It matters little so I wake from sleep
To see the face which I have longed to see,
To find myself where I have longed to be.

A little slumber, yet a little folding—
A little folding of the hands to sleep;
A closing of the eyes then the beholding
Of Christ the King. I think we could not keep
So long awake except for work of His,
Which makes life's day seem shorter than it is,

But just an end of all that doth encumber,—
But just an end of what the day demands,—
And then a little sleep, a little slumber,
And yet a little folding of the hands.
It is so simple, why do people weep?
A little folding of the hands to sleep.

GRACE PEARL BRONAUGH.

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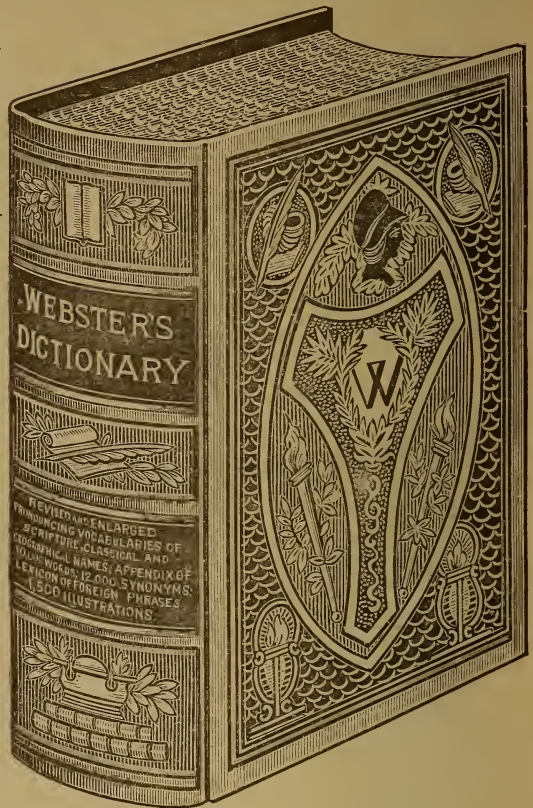
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